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GENERAL McCLELLAN.

TIME was when the name of George B. McClellan called forth unbounded eulogy from one side which was met by unbounded animadversion from the other. That time is past, and we have reached the standpoint where his strength and weakness as a soldier and military leader may be considered with the judicial temperament that weighs both sides of a question calmly. Thirty years ago, no one could look at General McClellan without viewing him through the distortion of political clouds and mist. For or against, it was the same; no one could see him in a true light. But the years have rolled away, and with them the clouds, so that even a nation of politicians like ourselves, when it comes to estimate personal or public character of the past, will be unaffected by the politics of thirty years ago. It was his good fortune to gain the love and admiration of his armies to an extent never attained by any other general whom the Americans have produced, save one. It was his misfortune to incur the distrust and opposition of his government to a degree experienced by no other commander. Here is evidence at once of strength and of weakness. Wherein did this strength and weakness lie? What were their causes?

The ensuing consideration of McClellan's character as a military leader is confined to the Peninsular campaign. In that remarkable movement, he had to contend with difficulties, in front and in rear, which brought out his character in

startling relief; and consequently it is the campaign which affords us the best opportunity of knowing him. Moreover, the limits of a magazine article allow no further discursion.

Let it be premised, however, that his first campaign as a commander was in West Virginia. It was a brief one. On May 26, 1861, McClellan made his proclamation to the Union men of that locality, and also issued his address to his troops. On the 22d of July he received the dispatch calling him to Washington to take command of the armies of the United States. In this short time he had acquired complete possession of the country west of the mountains and north of the Kanawha, holding also the lower portion of the Kanawha valley. Only the first step of this campaign had been taken when he was called to the commandership-in-chief. His whole plan involved an advance to Wytheville, and the severance of the railway between Memphis, Tennessee, and Lynchburg, Virginia, where it united with the eastern railway system. Had this been accomplished at so timely a stage of the game, the evacuation of Richmond might have been one of the early events of the war instead of being one of the very latest.

A retrospect of this campaign discloses, first, a clear conception of the work to be performed, great personal energy, fertility of resources, readiness in meeting unexpected contingencies, and the power of evolving an organization out of chaos; in a word, McClellan in

exhibited his capacity for organization from the start. Secondly, his plan of campaign, his strategical conception, was sound. Thirdly, the execution of this plan, so far as he had progressed in it, had been prompt and vigorous. Though his opponents had the advantage of familiarity with a country peculiarly adapted for defense, he did not hesitate to take the initiative. In this campaign appear the wonderful power he possessed of attaching men to him, and the enthusiastic devotion of the troops to his person, and their implicit trust in him. There appears, also, the characteristic which afterwards brought so much obloquy upon him, — the determination to have everything in readiness before moving. "I have ever," he says, "regarded our true policy as being that of fully preparing ourselves, and then striking for the most decisive results."

Upon his arrival at Washington, McClellan found the government with a dozen plans, but none of them adopted. It was, besides, bewildered and in a state of panic. Utter confusion and lack of preparation pervaded the Western armies. A disordered and dispirited mob, still bespattered with the mud of Bull Run, cowered upon the hills south of the Potomac, into which river it could easily have been driven, had the Confederates had more than a handful of cavalry and field batteries. It is even asserted by the critics that the enemy, just as he was, could have carried Arlington Heights and have placed the city at the mercy of his guns, or have crossed the river at Great Falls and have entered the capital by the north bank, and that he committed his greatest error of the war in not doing so. No general defensive line of fortifications covered Washington, which was crowded with drunken stragglers, and fugitives were sneaking back to their homes in the far North. Mr. Stanton, the day after McClellan's arrival, wrote to ex-President Buchanan: "The dreadful disaster

of Sunday can scarcely be mentioned. The imbecility of this administration culminated in that catastrophe. . . . The capture of Washington seems now to be inevitable. During the whole of Monday and Tuesday it might have been taken without any resistance. Even now I doubt whether any serious opposition to the entrance of the Confederate forces could be offered. . . . General McClellan reached here last evening, but if he had the ability of Cæsar, Alexander, or Napoleon, what can he accomplish?" He was soon to see.

There is no need of entering into the details by which the wreck was cleared, but on the 4th of August McClellan was able to write home: "I have Washington perfectly quiet now. You would not know that there was a regiment here. I have restored order very completely." In eight days he had cleared the decks and righted the ship; but this is not the place to dwell upon the details of organization. If there is any one thing creditable to our army since the day it took shape under the muzzles of Gage's guns at Boston, it is the organization of the Army of the Potomac. The creation of an army — its organization, the institution of discipline, the transformation of an inert mass into an active, living, efficient being — is not striking to the eye which delights only in the deeds of the new immortal. But the most sentimental of creatures must be alive to the prosaic fact that the first and indispensable step necessary to a warring host is the creation of a host that can war. The capacity for organization, therefore, has always been considered one of the highest order, and he who displays it ranks among the foremost of the great captains. Frederick reorganizing his broken army after Kolin redeems Frederick at Kolin. An army, like Lord Chatham's confidence, is a plant of slow growth. All the critics are unanimous in giving McClellan great praise for his organization of the

Army of the Potomac. In eight months it was in marching order. It was not fully developed, it is true, but its capacity was more than merely defensive. It could and did take the field against a victorious foe, and did wage war effectively in the jungles of the Chickahominy at a distance from its depot, the capital; compelling its enemy to fight on the field of its own choosing. Sherman, Buell, McDowell, half the generals whose names are now inseparably connected with the war, were on the ground; why could not they accomplish the task of restoring order and organizing an army? They did not do so, but McClellan did, and well might he say, "Let those who criticise me for the delay in creating an army and its material point out an instance when so much has been done with the same means in so short a time." When spring opened, the capital was fortified and garrisoned, and the Army of the Potomac took the field. Before following it and taking leave of McClellan as an organizer of armies, let us observe him in the character of a strategist.

McClellan's general plan of the war is to be found in the Memorandum of August 20, 1861, submitted to the President; and his forecast of Lee's strategical operations, with what should be the counteraction of the Army of the Potomac, is set forth in his letter of September 8 to Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War. The Memorandum covered the whole country, even as to operations having California for their base. The letter embraced that portion of the theatre of war which is in the vicinity of Washington and Baltimore. Even when in a subordinate position McClellan asserted: "I always looked beyond the Army of the Potomac. I was never satisfied in my own mind with a barren victory, but looked to combined and decisive operations." This is the keynote of his strategical conceptions.

These conceptions, so far as the Army of the Potomac only is concerned, are to

be found in his letter of February 3, 1862, to Mr. Stanton, then Secretary of War; and as his career thenceforth was confined to this army, it is proper to dwell somewhat upon them as there set forth. Two bases of operation, he says, seemed to present themselves for the army's advance: first, that of Washington, which involves a direct attack upon the intrenched positions of the enemy at Centreville, Manassas, etc., or a movement to turn one or both flanks of those positions, or a combination of the two plans; second, that of the lower Chesapeake Bay, which affords the shortest possible land route to Richmond, and strikes directly at the heart of the enemy's power in the east.

After a discussion of the probable operations from the base first mentioned, and virtually rejecting this plan, afterwards known as "the President's plan," McClellan turns his attention to the second scheme of operations, which, as the one adopted by him, is the one that interests us. Let it be observed in advance, however, that the source of all our woes was the ceaseless interference of the government in the operations of plan number two, and its constant endeavor to substitute for it plan number one. In truth, the government never recovered from the panic of Bull Run, and the spectacle of the Confederate flag flying within sight of the capital. It would not see that a threatened Richmond meant a secure Washington, and, deaf to expostulation, insisted upon large armies being maintained inactive upon the line that led from the Northern to the Southern capital. Even the direful loss of bloody battles on this line, and ocular demonstration, twice afforded, of Washington freed from the presence of the enemy by distant operations against the hostile communications, could not rid the government of its infatuation upon this score. It never got over its first scare.

The line suggested by McClellan as

the best one upon which the advance to Richmond could be made was that from Urbana, on the lower Rappahannock. "This point was easily reached by vessels of heavy draught; it was neither occupied nor observed by the enemy; it was but one march from West Point, the key of that region, where a railroad from Richmond terminated at tide water, and thence to the Southern capital there were but two marches. A rapid movement from this base might cut off Magruder in the Peninsula, and enable us to occupy Richmond before it could be strongly reinforced. Should we fail in that, we could, with the coöperation of the navy, *cross the James and throw ourselves in the rear of Richmond, thus forcing the enemy to come out and attack us; for his position would be untenable with us on the southern bank of the river.*"

Such was McClellan's plan of advance on Richmond, — a plan which has been demonstrated at last to be the true one; for the establishment of the army upon the south bank of the James was the recourse to which his latest successor was finally driven, and the one which terminated in the downfall of Richmond. The day came when, after a succession of incredibly bloody and useless battles, General Grant abandoned "the President's line" forever, and adopted that of McClellan. This line was demonstrated to be, also, the line of real safety for Washington as well as the true line for the reduction of Richmond; for, whenever it was occupied, the tranquillity of the capital was undisturbed, except in the one instance of Early's quixotic and futile diversion, a movement which served to prove the point. This was clearly indicated by McClellan in his letter to Mr. Stanton: "A movement in force on that line obliges the enemy to abandon his intrenched position at Manassas in order to hasten to cover Richmond and Norfolk. He *must* do this; for, should he permit us to occupy Richmond, his

destruction can be averted only by entirely defeating us in a battle in which he must be the assailant. This movement, if successful, gives us the capital, the communications, the supplies of the rebels; Norfolk would fall; all the waters of the Chesapeake would be ours; all Virginia would be in our power, and the enemy forced to abandon Tennessee and North Carolina. The alternative presented to the enemy would be to beat us in a position selected by ourselves, disperse, or pass beneath [the yoke of] the Caudine Forks."

If the line from Urbana (now diminished in importance by the retirement of the enemy from his northernmost positions, but still retaining its superiority in relation to the Peninsula) should not commend itself to the government, McClellan's next choice was that by way of the Peninsula, with Fort Monroe for the base. The government rejected the Urbana line, but gave him his choice between that of Manassas and that of the Peninsula. Needless to say, he chose the latter. It would require from 110,000 to 140,000 men; but of course this estimate contemplated effectives, and did not include those merely auxiliary to an attacking column; it presupposed, too, that this number should be maintained by a constant stream of recruits making good the deficiency caused by disease, loss in battle, and the ordinary casualties of an army. One hundred and fifty-five thousand men for daily duty was what McClellan considered the proper strength of this column, a number since demonstrated by events to be little enough; but the promise of 110,000 to 140,000 effectives was what he had to content himself with at the last, and these he never got *en bloc*.

By the beginning of April, 1862, the Army of the Potomac was concentrated at Fort Monroe, 121,500 men, or less than 90,000 effectives, all told. The stars which hitherto had been so gracious to McClellan now fought in their

courses against him. It needs no argument to prove that a general sent into the field without the confidence of his government departs for his post destitute of the most sustaining force necessary to the efficient performance of his duty, and that to withhold such moral support from him is the greatest injury that can be inflicted upon him and the army which takes its tone from him. Will it be believed that on the 8th of March, when the troops were getting ready for embarkation, the President sent for McClellan early in the morning, and, after some fault-finding in respect to matters at Harper's Ferry, went on to say that it had been represented that his plan of campaign had been conceived with the traitorous intent of removing the defenders of Washington, so that the capital and the government, left defenseless, might be handed over to the enemy! McClellan resented this accusation (for such it was), and the President, with great agitation, apologized, and disclaimed for himself any such idea; and from the fact that he did not demand McClellan's resignation on the spot, or have him cashiered at the earliest possible moment, it is to be presumed that the disclaimer was good for what it expressed. This interview, however, was enough to satisfy the commander that, so far from having the confidence of his government, he would be followed by its positive distrust, and that its good wishes in his behalf were out of the question.

Three days after this scene, on the 11th of March, McClellan learned through the newspapers that he had been displaced from the command of the armies of the United States, and that he was restricted to that of the Department of the Potomac. Henceforth unity of action on the part of all the armies was impossible, and a single grand plan of operations was discarded for a bunch of petty plans. Two good generals, said Napoleon, speaking of a divided command, are worse than one

poor one; but in this instance the command was parceled out among almost as many leaders as there were columns. The Department of the Potomac included at that time all that part of Virginia east of the Alleghanies and north of the James River, with the exception of Fort Monroe and the country for sixty miles around it, which was styled the Department of Virginia, and was under the exclusive command of General Wool. The District of Columbia, and the States of Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, likewise belonged to the Department of the Potomac. During the latter part of March the Department of Virginia was added to McClellan's command; but the day after his arrival on the Peninsula this order was countermanded, and he was actually not in command of his immediate base of operations. Nor was he in command of Washington, for that post was taken from him, also; so that when he started on his march up the Peninsula this commander was really without the power of enforcing an order either at his base or his depot; his authority was limited to the troops immediately under him. He would have to fight his way to his own department.

McClellan expected to take with him 146,000 men present for duty, this force to be increased by 10,000 from the troops at Fort Monroe, so that he would have altogether 156,000 men; but a few hours before he sailed he received a letter from the President, which informed him that he had felt constrained to send Blenker's division to Fremont. McClellan was thus deprived of 10,000 of the men he already had. On the 2d of April he arrived at Fort Monroe, and was greeted the next day by a telegraphic order withdrawing the Department of Virginia from his command, and forbidding him to remove any of General Wool's troops without that general's sanction: there went 10,000 more out of the 156,000. Three days after-

wards, while his right and left wings were under fire at Yorktown, he received another shot from the rear in the shape of a dispatch from the adjutant-general, informing him that, by direction of the President, the whole of McDowell's corps had been detached from his forces, and the Department of the Rappahannock erected at the cost of his own : there went from 30,000 to 40,000 men at one swoop. In addition to these losses, nine regiments of much-needed cavalry, or 10,000 men, were held back from him ; and, to cap the climax, after all these reductions, and as if to invoke the aid of disease, loss in battle, and desertion in weakening him, on the fatal 3d of April, *dies iræ*, the government had issued its order discontinuing the recruiting of volunteers ; this cut off his recruits. Even at this late day, the remorseless action of the government is so appalling that one can scarcely exert self-control enough to suggest the parallel between this shearing of McClellan and that of the general in the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein.

McClellan was now cut down to less than 80,000 fighting men ; yet with these he was expected, over roads whose badness is indescribable, to operate against an intrenched army ; to break his way, without the aid of the navy, through the fortifications of Yorktown, which Keyes averred were " of the strongest ever opposed to an invading force in any country ; " to fight every foot of his advance ; and, this done, to defeat the whole Army of Virginia, reinforced to the last man, and then to take the fortified capital of the enemy : and all this knowing that, in consequence of the stoppage of recruiting, whenever a man fell his loss could not be made good. He has been taunted with his incessant cry for more troops, and it is true that his iteration was pushed to a point where it became damnable ; but the retrospection of thirty years still places the blame where he placed it, upon the government. The

administration that has invited the confidence of its people by putting a great undertaking in a man's hands is bound to maintain this confidence before the world until he himself destroys it. To place him in a position of confidence, when it has no confidence, is to deceive the people and wrong him ; and this the administration did. In vain do its apologists set forth that Franklin's division of 13,000 men was sent from McDowell to McClellan in April, that another 13,000 were dispatched from the same corps in June, and that Dix in the mean time had lent him 10,000 more. It was not so nominated in the bond, for when McClellan left Washington all these troops were his, and made his in order to effect the accomplishment of plans which had been devised by him and accepted by the government as the best for the country. By what standard of good faith and by what standard of official duty can the abstraction of these forces, and the peddling of them back again at the will of the abductors, be defended ? It is one thing to send forth an army strong at the start, and another to dispatch it weak, and afterwards to forward dribblets. Apart from the derangement of accepted plans resulting from the latter course, it makes a general irresolute, for he knows not what to rely upon, and it provokes unseemly importunity on his part, as this very case clearly testifies ; it places him in a false position, and subjects him and his army to the ills that follow inevitably from false positions. Worse than all, it is not keeping faith. The government was never able to give an explanation of its conduct that was satisfactory to the country, nor to exculpate itself from the blame of neglecting to carry out the precautionary plans for securing the Valley from invasion ; it failed, too, to justify the stoppage of recruiting on the eve of opening the year's campaigns, when men were eagerly offering themselves, and its neglect to employ the navy, after

leaving McClellan under the delusion that he was to enjoy its coöperation. On the other hand, McClellan's importunity, when it had ceased to be availing, overstepped the limits prescribed by self-respect and his official character, and weakened the moral force of his position by provoking accusations of querulousness, half-heartedness, disposition to shirk responsibility, and indisposition to act. Action, action, was what the country was looking to him for, and it refused to be comforted with either promises or complaints. McClellan was a greatly injured man, it is true, but neither in his personal character nor in his character of military leader did he rise superior to a situation in which Washington, Marlborough, and Wellington had set him clear examples. He sulked in his tent when the enemy had delivered himself into his hand, and when he should have been smiting that enemy hip and thigh. The country began to echo the lament of Madame de Créqui: "This is not the son that I had in my head!"

The strategical and tactical conditions of the Peninsula require notice. The adoption of this route to Richmond was unfortunate. The cardinal principle in strategical operations is, to operate upon the enemy's communications without exposing one's own. This principle could not be applied on that line. An advance from Urbana would certainly have threatened the communications of the Confederates in the Peninsula, and would have compelled these forces to retire. The true line, of course, was the one which McClellan had pointed out in his Memorandum, the line of the James River, with a base of operations on the south bank; but he could not avail himself of this one, for in response to the feeling all over the land, which deepened daily, against the inactivity of the army, the President had issued an order specifying the 18th of March as the day on which active operations were to begin; and on that day, and for weeks afterwards, the

James was closed by the Merrimac. With the Manassas line in the air exposing both flanks of an advancing column, and with no fortified base supporting, forbidden to advance from Urbana, McClellan had nothing left but Hobson's choice. The Peninsula offered security, but security was all that it did offer. This line was what military men call an exterior one; that is, it did not operate upon the enemy's communications directly, but acted from without and upon his front. An army acting in the latter manner has to push and pound its way against the whole available force of the enemy, and does so in the hope of breaking through this front and effecting a lodgment within the hostile line, in which case the advancing line would be instantly changed from an exterior to an interior one.

If a stern chase is a long chase, in nautical parlance, so is the pursuit of an enemy by a column acting on an exterior line. Strategy gives place to brute force, and the grandest successes of distant and bloodless movements are cast aside for the precarious and unfruitful results which must be won at the very point of the bayonet. A glance at the history of this campaign clearly illustrates these remarks, and leads to the inference that it would have been better to wait until the effect of Burnside's operations became apparent, or until the Monitor had tried successful conclusions with the Merrimac. But the country was in no humor for any more waiting, and its impatience was diverted by a siege at Yorktown, in which irredeemable time was lost, and by a barren victory over a Confederate rear guard at Williamsburg. What the effect of adopting the line of the James would have been in 1862 is demonstrated by what actually occurred in 1864. The Confederate army was forced to come out and attack us on a field of our own choosing, a field which was the scene of its surrender.

If the strategical conception of this campaign be closely observed, it will be found radically defective in another respect. One great and fundamental maxim in the art of war is to concentrate all disposable forces, and to act with the whole of them against a part only of those of the enemy. Had McClellan remained in command of the armies of the United States, there is good reason to suppose that this would have been observed. Had the Department of the Potomac, even, been preserved in its integrity, he would have carried out this principle, for his plan unmistakably required it. But the breaking up of this department into three small ones, and the retention of the Department of Virginia, rendered application of the rule hopeless. Whereupon the spectacle was presented of five different armies operating upon five different lines against Richmond. Could anything be more inviting to an eager enemy? Stonewall Jackson rose to the occasion, and made short work of clearing the Valley. He did more: he prevented the junction of McDowell with McClellan. *Hinc illa lacrimæ!*

On the 12th of May the Merrimac was destroyed, and the James was open. Two courses at once presented themselves to the army: to abandon the line of York River, cross the lower Chickahominy, gain the James, and adopt that river as its line of supply; or to use the railroad from West Point to Richmond as such a line, in which case the army would have to cross the Chickahominy above White Oak Swamp instead of below. McClellan's choice was the former of these lines, but he was not to determine where his army was to be led. The Aulic Council at Washington, composed of the President, the Secretary of War, Stanton, and the congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, attended to that part of the business itself, and the general was informed that McDowell had been ordered to march

on Richmond by the overland route and effect a junction with him; for which purpose he was to keep his right wing extended to the north of that city. This settled the question; for, as such an attitude would be impossible with the base on the James River, he had to take to the swamp, "the like of which," said Secretary Stanton, "we did not imagine existed this side of the Isthmus of Darien until we got into it."

In order to effect this junction with McDowell, three corps remained on the north bank of the Chickahominy, while, in order to threaten Richmond, two corps crossed to the south bank. The army, therefore, lay across the Chickahominy, was severed by it; and this position, at all times inconvenient and risky, was perilous in the extreme until communication between the sundered portions had been established by the construction of many bridges. The right wing was thrust out towards the northwest, like a great outstretched tentacle. Its weakness lay in its being so long drawn out, and in its further extremity being *en l'air* and exposed to the assault of the enemy whenever he chose to exert a crushing force. He could move, too, around this flank and take the right wing in rear. Nevertheless, the ground was well chosen, as events proved, and when the enemy did attack he found this flank resting on Beaver Dam Creek, covered with earthworks, and so securely placed that, do what he might with greatly superior forces, he failed to dislodge it by direct attack.

On the 24th of May the army was fairly upon the Chickahominy and in occupation of both banks, when, as if to intensify the imminence of peril, McClellan received a dispatch from the President, saying that, in consequence of General Banks's critical position, he had been compelled to suspend McDowell's junction with the Army of the Potomac. The cause of this was the irruption of Stonewall Jackson into the Valley, and

his overthrow of two of the dispersed columns. There being no intrenched camp at Manassas, he had matters all his own way. It will be observed that this order did not revoke the one which directed McDowell to effect the junction, but merely suspended it. Had the later order revoked the former one, McClellan would have been at liberty to pursue his original intention of moving on to the James River. As it was, he remained fast in the swamp, and with insecure dispositions, which his antagonist, General Joseph E. Johnston, one of the most astute and vigorous of American commanders, would not fail to comprehend and take advantage of. McClellan had not long to wait to be convinced of this fact; for on the 31st, in full confidence of driving him into the swamp and destroying him, while the Federal right wing remained helpless spectators on the north bank, Johnston precipitated upon McClellan's isolated two corps the whole available force of his army. The attack was a complete failure.

Another month dragged along, with the *ignis fatuus*, McDowell's corps, still as far off as ever. McClellan had resolved to advance upon Richmond, on the south bank, and *on the 25th of June this movement was actually begun*, when the torpidity of the army was rudely broken by the long-threatened catastrophe. Lee, who had succeeded Johnston, crossed the Chickahominy in force, and fell upon the exposed flank of the right wing at Mechanicsville. This attack was poorly executed. Stonewall Jackson did not even appear on the field, and the Confederates from Richmond were dreadfully cut up. One would suppose that the depletion of the enemy's lines would have moved McClellan to urge forward his advance, already begun upon the 25th, but Jackson's presence on the Federal flank and his impending junction with the Richmond column were sufficient to compel the withdrawal of the Federals, who fell back six miles to Gaines' Mill,

at the heads of the bridges, where was fought one of the most obstinate and bloody battles in the annals of any people. Again Stonewall Jackson was tardy; he seemed also confused; and the Union troops crossed the Chickahominy during the night, destroying the bridges behind them. The Confederates were completely baffled, but they had one consolation,—they had rid the north bank of their foe, and it was evident that he was moving from his position on the south bank. Where was he going? It did not take them long to find out, and, recrossing the Chickahominy, they strained every nerve to head off McClellan from the James, towards which his columns were now unmistakably directed. Longstreet and A. P. Hill were to do the heading off; Stonewall Jackson was to pursue. This general overtook the Federal rear guard at White Oak Crossing, but it was safe on the further bank of the stream. Again Jackson had been too late, and it was now apparent even to his corporals that Jackson hanging on the heels of a skillful and concentrated foe was a different man from Jackson chasing the dispersed and raw generals of northern Virginia. Chary of encountering the Federal columns he became at Gaines' Mill, and chary he remained throughout the whole operation. Not so Longstreet, who attacked violently at Glendale, but who nevertheless failed to arrest the movement towards Malvern Hill, where, in a grand action which did little credit to Lee's judgment or generalship, the Federals repulsed him with frightful loss, and retired to the James at Harrison's Landing. General Lee committed the unmilitary fault of despising his enemy, and suffered for it.

The connection between character and the results of character is manifested by no captain more than by McClellan, and it must be apparent to all that what he lacked was decision of character, and

what he had in fatal plenitude was the predominance of one idea or plan to the exclusion of present opportunity. It took him a long time to come to a decision; when he did so, it possessed him entirely and unduly. Therein lay his great weakness. There are three elements with which every commander-in-chief has to do: his government, which represents the country, and which also controls his supplies; his army, which executes his plans; and his enemy, whom he is to destroy. The Napoleonic maxim that moral force in war is three fourths of the game must not be restricted to strategy and tactics, but is to be taken for what it is upon its face, a maxim of ethics applicable to war. The first duty of McClellan, then, was to put himself right with the administration; or, if that could not be done, to retire in favor of one whose acceptability would call forth its unstinted support. It must have been evident to McClellan, on January 12, 1862, that already he was the quarry of a cabal in the highest quarters, against whose enmity he had nothing to oppose but the unsubstantial popularity of the hour. Yet this popularity was founded more upon what was expected of him than upon what he had done. It rested upon the unknown future, which was the very subject in question; but he bore himself as one above the blows of fortune. Let us not be hard upon him. It was natural for him to treat this cabal with contempt, for it was one of those exasperating combinations which torment the existence of every rising general, and which are relegated to limbo by the first military success.

When, however, on the eve of departure with his army to the seat of war, the President virtually questioned his fidelity, McClellan should have looked the situation squarely in the face, and have met it by asking on the spot to be relieved of his command. He could have done so with honor, for the re-

sponsibility of the act would be upon the President; and it would have been the best thing for the country, for his retirement, under such circumstances, would be a substantial appeal to it, and who can doubt the effect upon the people! Had this appeal fallen flat, he would have but to bide his time until the set of incompetents who afterwards took their tricks at the wheel had run their courses, when he would have been recalled with enthusiasm, as was yet to be done before the coming leaves had fallen. Had this appeal been effective, he would have been reinstated in short order in complete mastery of his army, and with full power to carry out his plans, and there would have been an end forever to the Aulic Council which wrought such untold evil upon the republic. But McClellan was a man with the over-sensitiveness and the extreme consciousness of duty which are such frequent characteristics of men of breeding. He was the victim of this very sensitiveness and susceptibility to the calls of duty. He could not, on the moment, see his way out, and he went on in obedience to what he verily believed to be the call of God and of the people to save the country. Then followed the inevitable. The government which lacked confidence in him and feared his popularity showed to the world this lack of confidence, and made no concealment of its reluctance to support him, and, having raised him up, cast him down twice. Had McClellan possessed the decisive character of a Washington or a Marlborough, he would never have put it into the power of politicians, by his first error, to accomplish his downfall.

So much for his indecision of character, which, it is needless to say, manifested itself in minor matters, and particularly after taking the field. The great defect of his mental constitution was the domination of one idea, which depended upon the future for its realization, and which excluded all others that were

excited by the immediate and urgent present. Never did a general have more opportunities to attain his end than McClellan had after his arrival upon the Chickahominy, and never did a general so persistently let them slip through his fingers. This was due to the fact that his establishment upon the James was such an all-controlling motive that he sacrificed everything else to it. Several of the writers assert that this design was an afterthought, and that he had no intention of casting off the Pamunkey as a line until he was cut off. Our reading of the Memorandum, official documents, and his private correspondence leads to a contrary conclusion: that this design had been constantly uppermost in his mind; that he regarded the James as his immediate goal, and looked upon the Chickahominy as a vexatious episode. However it be, the conclusion is inevitable, that the opportunities of the Chickahominy were rejected for the promises of the James.

As a tactician, McClellan was not quick to comprehend the situation, lacked fertility of resources, shrank from taking the initiative, and had not the art of drawing victory from defeat, or even of profiting by victory. Thus, the battle of Fair Oaks demonstrated that the massed force of the Confederates, led by so able a general as Johnston, was unavailing to dislodge two of the Federal corps, reinforced by a third, from the south bank of the Chickahominy, and it has been asked, Why, with the knowledge of this fact, was McClellan's pursuit not more vigorous and protracted, when the tables were turned, or why did he not concentrate his whole force instantly upon that bank, and enter Richmond on the heels of the distressed Confederates? It is no answer that the badness of the roads prevented a Federal pursuit, for it did not prevent a Confederate retreat; nor is it an answer that the exhausted Federals would encounter the enemy's fresh reserves, for McClellan's own fresh re-

serves, overwhelming in number and flushed with victory, would certainly be more than a match for Johnston's feeble reserves, depressed by defeat. There is little comprehension of the situation or vigor of execution here.

Again, and in respect to the operations on the north bank. General Lee made his attack upon the Federal right flank at Mechanicsville, on the 26th of June. To do so, he had to denude Richmond of the great mass of its defensive troops, and Stonewall Jackson's corps was miles away northward. Four hostile corps were thus absent from McClellan's front on the south bank. He certainly was aware of this, and must assuredly have inferred that what were left could make no effectual resistance. The battle of Mechanicsville had demonstrated the security of the Federal position there, and that, had McClellan strengthened Porter sufficiently, the junction between Lee and Jackson would have been prevented, with the possibility of the former being driven into the Chickahominy, and the latter thrown back to the northwest. General Webb was present at an interview after the battle, when, on the ground, Fitz John Porter suggested his being reinforced, in which case he asserted his capability of holding the Confederate army in his front while McClellan should take Richmond. In other words, he urged McClellan to continue his advance, already begun, on the south bank.

The next day, the conditions so clear to Porter's mind were repeated with greater emphasis. The mere statement of Lee's movement shows that it was a false one. Now, it is a military principle that when your enemy is making a false movement you should not strike him until he has completed it; but then you must do so. On the afternoon of the 27th, at Gaines' Mill, Lee had completed his false movement, and its falsity was apparent, for he now had McClellan's whole army between him and Richmond:

he was in the toils, and so fast in the gripe of the Tartar, Porter, that he could not have got away to the relief of Richmond, or even to secure his own safety, for retreat before Porter would have been disaster. Why did not McClellan seize the golden opportunity, and, bursting through Magruder's thin lines, enter the capital? Those who heard the cry at the bridge head that evening, "McClellan's in Richmond!" and listened to the storm of cheers which broke from the lips of Porter's worn-out fighters at the news that what they had been fighting for had really been accomplished, have been asking the question ever since. Magruder said that this could have been done; Porter had urged its execution the night before, and that McClellan had it in contemplation is shown by his dispatch of the 23d of June to Fitz John Porter. This dispatch is as follows: "The troops on this side [that is, on the south bank] will be held ready either to support you directly, or to attack the enemy in their front. If the force attacking you is large, the general would prefer the latter course, counting upon your skill and the admirable troops under your command to hold their own against superior numbers long enough for him to make the decisive movement which will determine the fate of Richmond."

One thing is certain: the Confederates were open to counter-attack. There were two places where this could be made, — on the north bank and on the south. There was, too, a choice between two modes of operation: either by an overwhelming concentration at Gaines' Mill, followed by a furious assault, or by an advance on Richmond from the position on the south bank. Neither was done, and either could have been done. After the battle of Savage's Station, General Sumner retired with the greatest reluctance, so convinced was he that, properly reinforced, he could push the advantage of the day to the rout of the enemy. At Glendale, the unsupported Longstreet

could have been destroyed, and it is ever to be deplored that McClellan abandoned Malvern Hill. The country would have forgiven everything could it have beheld its camps pitched on that victorious field; the *morale* of the troops would have been heightened by occupying the scene of their triumph; the effect upon the enemy would have been correspondingly depressing, and the word "retreat" would not have impaired the moral effect of a glorious victory nor have detracted from its renown.

It would be unjust to close a notice of McClellan without recalling those personal qualities which lent such weight to his official character. He was exceedingly pure and honest, and in a volunteer army, drawn almost to a man from the reputable classes of society, this went for a great deal. The men respected him; they believed in his truthfulness, and his fidelity to the cause was never questioned by *them*. It must be borne in mind that the armies of those days were popular armies, and that they represented the body of the people as truly as Congress itself does. The testimony which an army of this kind bears to its commander is conclusive, and the testimony which the Army of the Potomac offered was its unstinted affection and confidence. His soldiers took great pride in him, and a common expression among them was, "He's a thoroughbred." He was an excellent disciplinarian, and possessed the faculty of speedily making soldiers out of raw material. No army was ever in better tone than was the Army of the Potomac when McClellan was its chief. He was, too, a lovable man, and a notable care-taker of his men, he himself seeing to it that they received the few comforts their lot permitted. He went much among them, and, on their part, they never grew tired of seeing and cheering him. No one who saw McClellan riding down the ranks of the Pennsylvanians, on the morning of Malvern Hill, can ever

forget the spectacle ; it was very pathetic. The tired and smitten remnant of a division which had entered the fight a few days before, thirteen thousand strong, was lying on the ground, asleep or resting, when, at the approach of McClellan, it rose to its feet as one man. Cheers mingled with sobs and blessings broke from the men's lips. They clung around his horse like bees, and implored him not to let the day go by without sending them to the front once more. It was evident that he was greatly touched, and his bearing was full of sympathy, withal courtly.

A study of the Peninsular campaign, from its preliminaries to its completion, leads to the following conclusions as to the strength and weakness of McClellan as a military leader. His personal character, as has been seen, was beyond reproach and inspired respect in the hearts of his troops, and his sympathetic yet soldierly manners won him their love and confidence. In his purely military character, he stands among the greatest organizers of armies known to military history, and, judging from the plans submitted to the government, he was in the main a sound strategist. Such were the elements of his strength. It was as a politician and tactician that he exhibited weakness. It has already been shown that, of the three parties with which a commander-in-chief has to do, his government is the foremost. The members of a government are from civil life and from active life, and for them there is no success without action ; their days have been passed before the world, and nothing is more offensive to them than the prudent reticence and secrecy of a commander. Ignorant of the art of war, they cannot see why an army cannot take the field in winter as well as in summer, as is illustrated by the President's General War Order, No. 1, which directed that the 22d of February, 1862, should be the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States ; and by his Special War Order, No. 1,

commanding the Army of the Potomac to seize and occupy a point on the railroad southwestward of Manassas, and to move upon the same day, — a day when the gun-wheels were so firmly frozen in the mud that it would have required pick-axes to dig them out, and the men in bivouac would have perished. McClellan was not lacking in self-control so much as he was in the tact requisite to deal with such men. There was, however, some reason in the cry for action of these men and of the people, of whom they stood in mortal dread, for he might at least have made an early attempt to reduce or turn Norfolk, which was in a milder climate, and thus open the James and obviate an advance by the Peninsula. In trusting to his popularity McClellan betrayed a want of knowledge of human nature ; for when men are tired with waiting, they become, like children, unreasonable and unjust. Of his constant cry for reinforcements mention has been made already. Its monotony alone would have augmented vexation, but when coupled with promises, while unfulfilled ones strewed his path, the people began to waver, and the exasperation of the Committee on the Conduct of the War grew apace. When Marlborough fell under the displeasure of the politicians, he retorted by forcing the lines of the Mehaigne, whereupon every man of them had to rise in his place in Parliament and dutifully eat his leek. Perhaps McClellan thought he would turn the tables upon his politicians by a similar action. But he was no Marlborough ; he did not have the political capacity for a commander-in-chief.

As a tactician, he had an unerring eye for favorable positions whereon to fight, and he took things coolly. His great fault was the one already indicated, that of allowing the single strategical idea which filled his mind to prevail over present tactical conditions. A check or even a fancied derangement of his plans unsettled him. As illustrative of this grave defect, observe that his advance upon

Richmond, already begun, was changed into a retreat to the James by Lee's attack at Mechanicsville, and this in spite of Fitz John Porter's solicitation that he turn not back from the plough unto which he had put his hand, now that the conditions were infinitely more favorable than when the order to advance was given. His action was tantamount to making the depletion of his enemy a reason for not attacking him; or, to illustrate it by a homely example, the moment that he became aware that his adversary had been discarding trumps, he threw up the game. At Yorktown, it is said that a reconnoitring party pushed its way through the enemy's works, but that no assaulting columns were in readiness. If so, he never should have undertaken a siege. It is apparent that he was not quick to take advantage of circumstance, and that he was wanting in the bulldog tenacity which the meekest of commanders must display some time or another. He shrank

from taking the initiative, and wasted time in tentatives. He was a hard hitter when on the defensive, but he left too much to his corps commanders, with the exception of Porter. The pursuit by the Confederates, which culminated in the colossal blunder of the attack on Malvern Hill, ought not to enhance the reputation of General Lee or his subordinates, Longstreet excepted. On the other hand, several men on our side gained great glory from this retreat, but no one approaches Fitz John Porter in this respect.

The promise that McClellan gave as a general in West Virginia did not hold good on the Peninsula, any more than the promise of great things by Stonewall Jackson in the Valley was made good by him on the same field. Salutory results might be drawn from a comparison of the deeds of McClellan and of Grant on this line: it would not inure to the disadvantage of McClellan, and yet, for all this, he was not a great captain.

Eben Greenough Scott.

IN A JAPANESE GARDEN.

I.

My little two-story house by the Ōhashigawa, although dainty as a bird-cage, proved much too small for comfort, at the approach of the hot season; the rooms being scarcely higher than steamship cabins, and so narrow that an ordinary mosquito-net could not be suspended in them. I was very sorry to lose the beautiful lake view, but I found it necessary to remove to the northern quarter of the city, into a very quiet street behind the mouldering castle. My new home is a *katchiū-yashiki*, the ancient residence of some *samurai* of high rank. It is shut off from the street, or rather roadway, skirting the castle moat by a long, high wall coped with tiles.

One ascends to the gateway, which is almost as large as that of a temple court, by a low, broad flight of stone steps; and projecting from the wall, to the right of the gate, is a lookout window, heavily barred, like a big wooden cage. Thence, in feudal days, armed retainers kept keen watch on all who passed by, — invisible watch, for the bars are set so closely that a face behind them cannot be seen from the roadway. Inside the gate the approach to the dwelling is also walled in on both sides, so that the visitor, unless privileged, could see before him only the house entrance, always closed with white *shōji*. Like all *samurai* homes, the residence itself is but one story high, but there are fourteen rooms within, and these are lofty, spacious, and beautiful.

There is, alas, no lake view nor any charming prospect. Part of the O-Shiroyama, with the castle on its summit, half concealed by a park of pines, may be seen above the coping of the front wall, but only a part; and scarcely a hundred yards behind the house rise densely wooded heights, cutting off not only the horizon, but a large slice of the sky as well. For this immurement, however, there exists fair compensation in the shape of a very pretty garden, or rather a series of garden spaces, which surround the dwelling on three sides. Broad verandas overlook these, and from a certain veranda angle I can enjoy the sight of two gardens at once. Screens of bamboos and woven rushes, with wide gateless openings in their midst, mark the boundaries of the three divisions of the pleasure-grounds. But these structures are not intended to serve as true fences; they are ornamental, and only indicate where one style of landscape gardening ends and another begins.

II.

Now a few words upon Japanese gardens in general.

After having learned — merely by seeing, for the practical knowledge of the art requires years of study and experience, besides a natural, instinctive sense of beauty — something about the Japanese manner of arranging flowers, one can thereafter consider European ideas of floral decoration only as vulgarities. This observation is not the result of any hasty enthusiasm, but a conviction settled by long residence in the interior. I have come to understand the unspeakable loveliness of a solitary spray of blossoms arranged as only a Japanese expert knows how to arrange it, — not by simply poking the spray into a vase, but by perhaps

one whole hour's labor of trimming and posing and daintiest manipulation, — and therefore I cannot think now of what we Occidentals call "a bouquet" as anything but a vulgar murdering of flowers, an outrage upon the color-sense, a brutality, an abomination. Somewhat in the same way, and for similar reasons, after having learned what an old Japanese garden is, I can remember our costliest gardens at home only as ignorant displays of what wealth can accomplish in the creation of incongruities that violate nature.

Now, a Japanese garden is not a flower garden; neither is it made for the purpose of cultivating plants. In nine cases out of ten there is nothing in it resembling a flower bed. Some gardens may contain scarcely a sprig of green; some have nothing green at all, and consist entirely of rocks and pebbles and sand, although these are exceptional.¹ As a rule, a Japanese garden is a landscape garden, yet its existence does not depend upon any fixed allowance of space. It may cover one acre or many acres. It may also be only ten feet square. It may, in extreme cases, be much less; for a certain kind of Japanese garden can be contrived small enough to put in a *tokonoma*. Such a garden, in a vessel no larger than a fruit-dish, is called *koniwa* or *toko-niwa*, and may occasionally be seen in the *tokonoma* of humble little dwellings so closely squeezed between other structures as to possess no ground in which to cultivate an outdoor garden. (I say "an outdoor garden," because there are indoor gardens in some large Japanese houses.) The *toko-niwa* is usually made in some curious bowl, or shallow carved box, or quaintly shaped vessel impossible to describe by any English word. Therein are created minuscule hills with minuscule houses upon

¹ Such as the garden attached to the abbot's palace at Tokuwamouji, cited by Mr. Conder, which was made to commemorate the legend of stones which bowed themselves in assent to the doctrine of Buddha. At Togo-ike, in Tot-

tori-ken, I saw a very large garden consisting almost entirely of stones and sand. The impression which the designer had intended to convey was that of approaching the sea over a verge of dunes, and the illusion was beautiful.

them, and microscopic ponds and rivulets spanned by tiny humped bridges; and queer wee plants do duty for trees, and curiously formed pebbles stand for rocks, and there are tiny *toro*, perhaps a tiny *torii* as well, — in short, a charming and living model of a Japanese landscape.

Another fact of prime importance to remember is that, in order to comprehend the beauty of a Japanese garden, it is necessary to understand — or at least to learn to understand — the beauty of stones. Not of stones quarried by the hand of man, but of stones shaped by nature only. Until you can feel, and keenly feel, that stones have character, that stones have tones and values, the whole artistic meaning of a Japanese garden cannot be revealed to you. In the foreigner, however æsthetic he may be, this feeling needs to be cultivated by study. It is inborn in the Japanese; the soul of the race comprehends Nature infinitely better than we do, at least in her visible forms. But although, being an Occidental, the true sense of the beauty of stones can be reached by you only through long familiarity with the Japanese use and choice of them, the characters of the lesson to be acquired exist everywhere about you, if your life be in the interior. You cannot walk through a street without observing tasks and problems in the æsthetics of stones for you to master. At the approaches to temples, by the side of roads, before holy groves, and in all parks and pleasure-grounds, as well as in all cemeteries, you will notice large, irregular, flat slabs of natural rock, mostly from the river beds and water-worn, sculptured with ideographs, but unhewn. These have been set up as votive tablets, as commemorative monuments, as tombstones, and are much more costly than the ordinary cut-stone columns and *haka* chiseled with the figures of divinities in relief. Again, you will see before most of the shrines,

even in the grounds of nearly all large homesteads, great irregular blocks of granite or other hard rock, worn by the action of torrents, and converted into water-basins (*chodzubachi*) by cutting a circular hollow in the top. Such are but common examples of the utilization of stones even in the poorest villages; and if you have any natural artistic sentiment, you cannot fail to discover, sooner or later, how much more beautiful are these natural forms than any shapes from the hand of the stone-cutter. It is probable, too, that you will become so habituated at last to the sight of inscriptions cut upon rock surface, especially if you travel much through the country, that you will often find yourself involuntarily looking for texts or other chiselings where there are none, and could not possibly be, as if ideographs belonged by natural law to rock formation. And stones will begin, perhaps, to assume for you a certain individual or physiognomical aspect, — to suggest moods and sensations, as they do to the Japanese. Indeed, Japan is particularly a land of suggestive shapes in stone, as high volcanic lands are apt to be; and such shapes doubtless addressed themselves to the imagination of the race at a time long prior to the date of that archaic text which tells of demons in Izumo “who made rocks, and the roots of trees, and leaves, and the foam of the green waters to speak.”

As might be expected in a country where the suggestiveness of natural forms is thus recognized, there are in Japan many curious beliefs and superstitions concerning stones. In almost every province there are famous stones supposed to be sacred or haunted, or to possess miraculous powers, such as the Women's Stone at the temple of Hachiman at Kamakura, and the *Sesshō-seki*, or Death Stone of Nasu, and the Wealth-giving Stone at Enoshima, to which pilgrims pay reverence. There are even legends of stones having manifested sensibility,

like the tradition of the Nodding Stones which bowed down before the monk Daita when he preached unto them the word of Buddha; or the ancient story from the Kojiki, that the Emperor Ō-Jin, being augustly intoxicated, "smote with his august staff a great stone in the middle of the Ohosaka road, *whereupon the stone ran away*"!¹

Now, stones are valued for their beauty; and large stones, selected for their shape, may have an æsthetic worth of hundreds of dollars. And large stones form the skeleton, or framework, in the design of old Japanese gardens. Not only is every stone chosen with a view to its particular expressiveness of form, but every stone in the garden or about the premises has its separate and individual name, indicating its purpose or its decorative duty. But I can tell you only a little, a very little, of the folk lore of a Japanese garden; and if you want to know more about stones and their names, and about the philosophy of gardens, read the unique essay of Mr. Conder on the Art of Landscape Gardening in Japan, and his beautiful book on the Japanese Art of Floral Decoration; and also the brief but charming chapter on Gardens, in Morse's Japanese Homes.²

III.

No effort to create an impossible or purely ideal landscape is made in the Japanese garden. Its artistic purpose is to copy faithfully the attractions of a veritable landscape, and to convey the real impression that a real landscape communicates. It is therefore at once a picture and a poem; perhaps even more a poem than a picture. For as nature's scenery, in its varying aspects, affects us with sensations of joy or of solemnity,

¹ The Kojiki, translated by Professor B. H. Chamberlain, page 254.

² The observations of Dr. Rein on Japanese gardens are not to be recommended, in respect either to accuracy or to comprehension of the subject. Rein spent only two years in Japan, the larger part of which time he devoted to

of grimness or of sweetness, of force or of peace, so must the true reflection of it in the labor of the landscape gardener create not merely an impression of beauty, but a mood in the soul. The grand old landscape gardeners, those Buddhist monks who first introduced the art into Japan, and subsequently developed it into an almost occult science, carried their theory yet further than this. They held it possible to express moral lessons in the design of a garden, and abstract ideas, such as chastity, faith, piety, content, calm, and connubial bliss. Therefore were gardens contrived according to the character of the owner, whether poet, warrior, philosopher, or priest. In those ancient gardens (the art, alas, is passing away under the withering influence of the utterly commonplace Western taste) there were expressed both a mood of nature and some rare Oriental conception of a mood of man.

I do not know what human sentiment the principal division of my garden was intended to reflect; and there is none to tell me. Those by whom it was made passed away long generations ago, in the eternal transmigration of souls. But as a poem of nature it requires no interpreter. It occupies the front portion of the grounds, facing south; and it also extends west to the verge of the northern division of the garden, from which it is partly separated by a curious screen-fence structure. There are large rocks in it, heavily mossed; and divers fantastic basins of stone for holding water; and stone lamps green with years; and a *shachi-hoko*, such as one sees at the peaked angles of castle roofs, — a great stone fish, an idealized porpoise, with its nose the study of the lacquer industry, the manufacture of silk and paper, and other practical matters. On these subjects his work is justly valued. But his chapters on Japanese manners and customs, art, religion, and literature show extremely little acquaintance with those topics, and teem with errors.

in the ground and its tail in the air.¹ There are miniature hills, with old trees upon them; and there are long slopes of green, shadowed by flowering shrubs, like river banks; and there are green knolls like islets. All these verdant elevations rise from spaces of pale yellow sand, smooth as a surface of silk, and miming the curves and meanderings of a river course. These sanded spaces are not to be trodden upon; they are much too beautiful for that. The least speck of dirt would mar their effect; and it requires the trained skill of an experienced native gardener — a delightful old man he is — to keep them in perfect form. But they are traversed in various directions by lines of flat unhewn rock slabs, placed at slightly irregular distances from one another, exactly like stepping-stones across a brook. The whole effect is that of the shores of a still stream in some lovely, lonesome, drowsy place.

There is nothing to break the illusion, so secluded the garden is. High walls and fences shut out streets and contiguous things; and the shrubs and the trees, heightening and thickening toward the boundaries, conceal from view even the roofs of the neighboring *katchiū-yashiki*. Softly beautiful are the tremulous shadows of leaves on the sunned sand, and the scent of flowers comes thinly sweet with every waft of tepid air, and there is a humming of bees.

IV.

By Buddhism all existences are divided into *hijō*, things without desire, such as stones and trees; and *ujō*, things having desire, such as men and animals. This division does not, so far as I know, find expression in the written philosophy of gardens; but it is a convenient one. The folk lore of my little domain relates

¹ This attitude of the *shachihoko* is somewhat *de rigueur*, whence the common expression *shachihoko dai*, signifying "to stand on one's head."

² The magnificent perch called *tai* (*Serranus marginalis*), which is very common along the Izumo coast, is not only justly prized as

both to the inanimate and the animate. In natural order, the *hiyō* may be considered first, beginning with a singular shrub near the entrance of the *yashiki*, and close to the gate of the first garden.

Within the front gateway of almost every old samurai house, and usually near the entrance of the dwelling itself, there is to be seen a small tree with large and peculiar leaves. The name of this tree in Izumo is *tegashiwa*, and there is one beside my door. What the scientific name of it is I do not know; nor am I quite sure of the etymology of the Japanese name. However, there is a word *tegashi*, meaning a bond for the hands; and the shape of the leaves of the *tegashiwa* somewhat resembles the shape of a hand.

Now, in old days, when the samurai retainer was obliged to leave his home in order to accompany his daimyō to Yedo, it was customary, just before his departure, to set before him a baked *tai*² served up on a *tegashiwa* leaf. After this farewell repast, the leaf upon which the *tai* had been served was hung up above the door, as a charm to bring the departed knight safely back again. This pretty superstition about the leaves of the *tegashiwa* had its origin not only in their shape, but in their movement. Stirred by a wind, they seem to beckon, — not indeed after our Occidental manner, but in the way that a Japanese signs to his friend to come, by gently waving his hand up and down, with the palm towards the ground.

Another shrub to be found in most Japanese gardens is the *nanten*,³ about which a very curious belief exists. If you have an evil dream, a dream which bodes ill luck, you should whisper it to the most delicate of Japanese fish, but is also held to be an emblem of good fortune. It is a ceremonial gift at weddings and on congratulatory occasions. The Japanese call it also "the king of fishes."

³ *Nantena domestica*.

the nanten early in the morning, and then it will never come true.¹ There are two varieties of this graceful plant: one which bears red berries, and one which bears white. The latter is rare. Both kinds grow in my garden. The common variety is placed close to the veranda (perhaps for the convenience of dreamers); the other occupies a little flower bed in the middle of the garden, together with a small citron-tree. This most dainty citron-tree is called "Bud-dha's fingers,"² because of the wonderful shape of its fragrant blossoms. Near it stands a kind of laurel, with lanciform leaves glossy as bronze; it is called by the Japanese *yuzuru-ha*,³ and is almost as common in the gardens of old samurai homes as the tegashiwa itself. It is held to be a tree of good omen, because no one of its old leaves ever falls off before a new one, growing behind it, has well developed. For thus the yuzuru-ha symbolizes hope that the father will not pass away before his son has become a vigorous man, well able to succeed him as the head of the family. Therefore, on every New Year's Day the leaves of the yuzuru-ha, mingled with fronds of fern, are attached to the *shimenawa*, which is then suspended before every Izumo home.

v.

The trees, like the shrubs, have their curious poetry and legends. Like the stones, each tree has its special landscape

name, according to its position and purpose in the composition. Just as rocks and stones form the skeleton of the ground-plan of a garden, so pines form the framework of its foliage design. They give body to the whole. In this garden there are five pines, — not pines tormented into fantasticalities, but pines made wondrously picturesque by long and tireless care and judicious trimming. The object of the gardener has been to develop to the utmost possible degree their natural tendency to rugged line and massings of foliage, — that spiny sombre-green foliage which Japanese art is never weary of imitating in metal inlay or golden lacquer. The pine is a symbolic tree, in this land of symbolism. Ever green, it is at once the emblem of unflinching purpose and of vigorous old age; and its needle-shaped leaves are credited with the power of driving demons away.

There are two *sakuranoki*,⁴ Japanese cherry-trees, — those trees whose blossoms, as Professor Chamberlain so justly observes, are "beyond comparison more lovely than anything Europe has to show." Many varieties are cultivated and loved; those in my garden bear blossoms of the most ethereal pink, a flushed white. When, in spring, the trees flower, it is as though fleeciest masses of cloud faintly tinged by sunset had floated down from the highest sky to fold themselves about the

¹ The most lucky of all dreams, they say in Izumo, is a dream of Fuji, the Sacred Mountain. Next in order of good omen is dreaming of a falcon (*taka*). The third best subject for a dream is the egg-plant (*nasubi*). To dream of the sun or of the moon is very lucky; but it is still more so to dream of stars. For a young wife it is most fortunate to dream of *swallowing a star*: this signifies that she will become the mother of a beautiful child. To dream of a cow is of good omen; to dream of a horse is lucky, but it signifies traveling. To dream of rain or fire is good. Some dreams are held in Japan, as in the West, "to go by contraries." Therefore, to dream of having one's house burned up, or of funerals, or of

being dead, or of talking to the ghost of a dead person, is good. Some dreams which are good for women mean the reverse when dreamed by men; for example, it is good for a woman to dream that her nose bleeds, but for a man this is very bad. To dream of much money is a sign of loss to come. To dream of the *koi*, or of any fresh-water fish, is the most unlucky of all. This is curious, for in other parts of Japan the *koi* is a symbol of good fortune.

² *Tebushukan*: *Citrus sarkodactilis*.

³ *Yuzuru* signifies to resign in favor of another; *ha* signifies a leaf. The botanical name, as given in Hepburn's dictionary, is *Daphniphyllum macropodum*.

⁴ *Cerasus pseudo-cerasus* (Lindley).

branches. This comparison is no poetical exaggeration; neither is it original; it is an ancient Japanese description of the most marvelous floral exhibition which nature is capable of making. The reader who has never seen a cherry-tree blossoming in Japan cannot possibly imagine the delight of the spectacle. There are no green leaves; these come later: there is only one glorious burst of blossoms, veiling every twig and bough in their delicate mist; and the soil beneath each tree is covered deep out of sight by fallen petals as by a drift of pink snow.

But these are cultivated cherry-trees. There are others which put forth their leaves before their blossoms, such as the *yamazakura*, or mountain cherry.¹ This too, however, has its poetry of beauty and of symbolism. Sang the great Shintō writer and poet, Motowori:—

Shikishima no
Yamato-gokoro wo
Hito towaba,
Asa-hi ni niou
*Yamazakura bana.*²

Whether cultivated or uncultivated, the Japanese cherry-trees are emblems. Those planted in old samurai gardens were not cherished for their loveliness alone. Their spotless blossoms were regarded as symbolizing that delicacy of sentiment and blamelessness of life belonging to high courtesy and true knightliness. "As the cherry flower is first among flowers," says an old proverb, "so should the warrior be first among men."

Shadowing the western end of this garden, and projecting its smooth dark

limbs above the awning of the veranda, is a superb *umenoki*, Japanese plum-tree, very old, and originally planted here, no doubt, as in other gardens, for the sake of the sight of its blossoming. The flowering of the *umenoki*,³ in the earliest spring, is scarcely less astonishing than that of the cherry-tree, which does not bloom for a full month later; and the blossoming of both is celebrated by popular holidays. Nor are these, although the most famed, the only flowers thus loved. The wistaria, the convolvulus, the peony, each in its season, form displays of efflorescence lovely enough to draw whole populations out of the city into the country to see them. In Izumo, the blossoming of the peony is especially marvelous. The most famous place for this spectacle is the little island of Daikonsima, in the grand Naka-umi lagoon, about an hour's sail from Matsue. In May the whole island flames crimson with peonies; and even the boys and girls of the public schools are given a holiday, in order that they may enjoy the sight.

Though the plum flower is certainly a rival in beauty of the *sakura-no-hana*, the Japanese compare woman's beauty — physical beauty — to the cherry flower, never to the plum flower. But womanly virtue and sweetness, on the other hand, are compared to the *ume-no-hana*, never to the cherry blossom. It is a great mistake to affirm, as some writers have done, that the Japanese never think of comparing a woman to trees and flowers. For grace, a maiden is likened to the slender willow;⁴ for youthful charm,

¹ About this mountain cherry there is a humorous saying which illustrates the Japanese love of puns. In order fully to appreciate it, the reader should know that Japanese nouns have no distinction of singular and plural. The word *ha*, as pronounced, may signify either "leaves" or "teeth;" and the word *hana*, either "flowers" or "nose." The *yamazakura* puts forth its *ha* (leaves) before its *hana* (flowers). Wherefore a man whose *ha* (teeth) project in advance of his *hana* (nose) is called a

yamazakura. Prognathism is not uncommon in Japan, especially among the lower classes.

² "If one should ask you concerning the heart of a true Japanese, point to the wild cherry flower glowing in the sun."

³ There are three noteworthy varieties, — one bearing red, one pink and white, and one pure white flowers.

⁴ The expression *yanagi-goshi*, "a willow-waist," is one of several in common use comparing slender beauty to the willow-tree.

to the cherry-tree in flower; for sweetness of heart, to the blossoming plum-tree. Nay, the old Japanese poets have compared woman to all beautiful things. They have even sought similes from flowers for her various poses, for her movements, as in the verse —

Tateba shakuyaku; ¹
Suwareba botan;
Aruku sugatawa;
Himeyuri ² *no hana*.³

Why, even the names of the humblest country girls are often those of beautiful trees or flowers prefixed by the honorific *O*:⁴ *O-Matsu* (Pine), *O-Také* (Bamboo), *O-Umé* (Plum), *O-Hana* (Blossom), *O-Iné* (Ear-of-Young-Rice), not to speak of the professional flower-names of dancing-girls and of *jōrōs*. It has been argued with considerable force that the origin of certain tree-names borne by girls must be sought in the folk-conception of the tree as an emblem of longevity, or happiness, or good fortune, rather than in any popular idea of the beauty of the tree in itself. But however this may be, proverb, poem, song, and popular speech to-day yield ample proof that the Japanese comparisons of women to trees and flowers are in no wise inferior to our own in æsthetic sentiment.

VI.

That trees, at least Japanese trees, have souls cannot seem an unnatural

fancy to one who has seen the blossoming of the *umenoki* and the *sakuranoki*. This is a popular belief in Izumo and elsewhere. It is not in accord with Buddhist philosophy, and yet in a certain sense it strikes one as being much closer to cosmic truth than the old Western orthodox notion of trees as "things created for the use of man." Furthermore, there exist several odd superstitions about particular trees, not unlike certain West Indian beliefs, which have had a good influence in checking the destruction of valuable timber. Japan, like the tropical world, has its goblin trees. Of these, the *enoki* (*Celtis Willdenowiana*) and the *yanagi* (drooping willow) are deemed especially ghostly, and are rarely now to be found in old Japanese gardens. Both are believed to have the power of haunting. "*Enoki ga bakeru*," the Izumo saying is. You will find in a Japanese dictionary the word "*bakeru*" translated by such terms as "to be transformed," "to be metamorphosed," "to be changed," etc.; but the belief about these trees is very singular, and cannot be explained by any such rendering of the verb "*bakeru*." The tree itself does not change form or place, but a spectre called *Ki-no-o-bake* disengages itself from the tree and walks about in various guises.⁵ Most often the shape assumed by the phantom is that of a beautiful woman. The tree spectre seldom speaks, and seldom ven-

¹ *Peonia albiflora*. The name signifies the delicacy of beauty. The simile of the *botan* (the tree peony) can be fully appreciated only by one who is acquainted with the Japanese flower.

² Some say *keshiyuri* (poppy) instead of *himeyuri*. The latter is a graceful species of lily, *Lilium callosum*.

³ "Standing, she is a *shakuyaku*; seated, she is a *botan*; and the charm of her figure in walking is the charm of a *himeyuri*."

⁴ In the higher classes of Japanese society to-day, the honorific *O* is not, as a rule, used before the names of girls, and showy appellations are not given to daughters. Even among the poor respectable classes, names resembling those of *geishas*, etc., are in disfavor. But

those above cited are good, honest, every-day names.

⁵ Mr. Satow has found in Hirata a belief to which this seems to some extent akin, — the curious Shintō doctrine "according to which a divine being throws off portions of itself by a process of fissure, thus producing what are called *waki-mi-tama*, — parted spirits, with separate functions." The great god of Izumo, *Oho-kuni-nushi-no-kami*, is said by Hirata to have three such "parted spirits": his rough spirit (*ara-mi-tama*) that punishes, his gentle spirit (*nigi-mi-tama*) that pardons, and his benedictory or beneficent spirit (*saki-mi-tama*) that blesses. There is a Shintō story that the rough spirit of this god once met the gentle spirit without recognizing it.

tures to go very far away from its tree. If approached, it immediately shrinks back into the trunk or the foliage. It is said that if either an old *yanagi* or a young *enoki* be cut blood will flow from the gash. When such trees are very young, it is not believed that they have supernatural habits, but they become more dangerous the older they grow.

There is a rather pretty legend — recalling the old Greek dream of dryads — about a willow-tree which grew in the garden of a samurai of Kyōtō. Owing to its weird reputation, the tenant of the homestead desired to cut it down; but another samurai dissuaded him, saying: "Rather sell it to me, that I may plant it in my garden. That tree has a soul; it were cruel to destroy its life." Thus purchased and transplanted, the *yanagi* flourished well in its new home, and its spirit, out of gratitude, took the form of a beautiful woman, and became the wife of the samurai who had befriended it. A charming boy was the result of this union. A few years later, the daimyō to whom the ground belonged gave orders that the tree should be cut down. Then the wife wept bitterly, and for the first time revealed to her husband the whole story. "And now," she added, "I know that I must die; but our child will live, and you will always love him. This thought is my only solace." Vainly the astonished and terrified husband sought to retain her. Bidding him farewell forever, she vanished into the tree. Needless to say that the samurai did everything in his power to persuade the daimyō to forego his purpose. The prince wanted the tree for the reparation of a great Buddhist temple, the San-jiu-san-gen-dō.¹ The tree was felled, but, having fallen, it suddenly became so heavy that three hundred men could not move it. Then the child, taking a branch in his little hand, said, "Come," and the tree fol-

lowed him, gliding along the ground to the court of the temple.

Although said to be a *bakemono-ki*, the *enoki* sometimes receives highest religious honors; for the spirit of the god Kojin, to whom old dolls are dedicated, is supposed to dwell within certain very ancient *enoki* trees, and before these are placed shrines whereat people make prayers.

VII.

The second garden, on the north side, is my favorite. It contains no large growths. It is paved with blue pebbles, and its centre is occupied by a pondlet, — a miniature lake fringed with rare plants, and containing a tiny island, with tiny mountains and dwarf peach-trees and pines and azaleas, some of which are perhaps more than a century old, though scarcely more than a foot high. Nevertheless, this work, seen as it was intended to be seen, does not appear to the eye in miniature at all. From a certain angle of the guest-room looking out upon it, the appearance is that of a real lake shore with a real island beyond it, a stone's throw away. So cunning the art of the ancient gardener who contrived all this, and who has been sleeping for a hundred years under the cedars of Gesshoji, that the illusion can be detected only from the *zashiki* by the presence of an *ishidōrō*, or stone lamp, upon the island. The size of the *ishidōrō* betrays the false perspective, and I do not think it was placed there when the garden was made.

Here and there at the edge of the pond, and almost level with the water, are placed large flat stones, on which one may either stand or squat, to watch the lacustrine population or to tend the water-plants. There are beautiful water-lilies, whose bright green leaf-disks float oilily upon the surface (*Nuphar Japonica*), and many lotus plants of two kinds, those which bear pink and those which

¹ Perhaps the most impressive of all the Buddhist temples in Kyōtō. It is dedicated to

Kwannon of the Thousand Hands, and is said to contain 33,333 of her images.

bear pure white flowers. There are iris plants growing along the bank, whose blossoms are prismatic violet, and there are various ornamental grasses and ferns and mosses. But the pond is essentially a lotus pond; the lotus plants make its greatest charm. It is a delight to watch every phase of their marvelous growth, from the first unrolling of the leaf to the fall of the last flower. On rainy days, especially, the lotus plants are worth observing. Their great cup-shaped leaves, swaying high above the pond, catch the rain and hold it awhile; but always after the water in the leaf reaches a certain level the stem bends, and empties the leaf with a loud splash, and then straightens again. Rain-water upon a lotus leaf is a favorite subject with Japanese metal-workers, and metal-work only can reproduce the effect, for the motion and color of water moving upon the green oleaginous surface are exactly those of quicksilver.

VIII.

The third garden, which is very large, extends beyond the inclosure containing the lotus pond to the foot of the wooded hills which form the northern and north-eastern boundary of this old samurai quarter. Formerly all this broad level space was occupied by a bamboo grove; but it is now little more than a waste of grasses and wild flowers. In the north-east corner there is a magnificent well, from which ice-cold water is brought into the house through a most ingenious little aqueduct of bamboo pipes; and in the northwestern end, veiled by tall weeds, there stands a very small stone shrine of Inari, with two proportionately small stone foxes sitting before it. Shrine and images are chipped and broken, and thickly patched with dark green moss. But on the east side of the house one little square of soil belonging to this large division of the garden is still cultivated. It is devoted entirely to chrysanthemum plants, which are shielded

from heavy rain and strong sun by slanting frames of light wood fashioned like *shōji*, with panes of white paper, and supported like awnings upon thin posts of bamboo. I can venture to add nothing to what has already been written about these marvelous products of Japanese floriculture considered in themselves; but there is a little story relating to chrysanthemums which I may presume to tell.

There is one place in Japan where it is thought unlucky to cultivate chrysanthemums, for reasons which shall presently appear; and that place is in the pretty little city of Himeji, in the province of Harima. Himeji contains the ruins of a great castle of thirty turrets; and a *dainyō* used to dwell therein whose revenue was one hundred and fifty-six thousand *koku* of rice. Now, in the house of one of that *dainyō*'s chief retainers there was a maid-servant, of good family, whose name was O-Kiku; and the name "*Kiku*" signifies a chrysanthemum flower. Many precious things were entrusted to her charge, and among others ten costly dishes of gold. One of these was suddenly missed, and could not be found; and the girl, being responsible therefor, and knowing not how otherwise to prove her innocence, drowned herself in a well. But ever thereafter her ghost, returning nightly, could be heard counting the dishes slowly, with sobs:—

Ichimai,
Ni-mai,
San-mai,
Yo-mai,
Go-mai,
Roku-mai,
Shichi-mai
Hachi-mai,
Ku-mai—

Then would be heard a despairing cry and a loud burst of weeping; and again the girl's voice counting the dishes plaintively: "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—*nine*"—

Her spirit passed into the body of a

strange little insect, whose head faintly resembles that of a ghost with long disheveled hair; and it is called *O-Kiku-mushi*, or "the fly of O-Kiku;" and it is found, they say, nowhere save in Himeji. A famous play was written about O-Kiku, which is still acted in all the popular theatres, entitled *Banshu-O-Kiku-no-Sarayashiki*; or, *The Manor of the Dish of O-Kiku of Banshu*.

Some declare that *Banshu* is only the corruption of the name of an ancient quarter of Tōkyō (Yedo), where the story should have been laid. But the people of Himeji say that part of their city now called *Go-Ken-Yashiki* is identical with the site of the ancient manor. What is certainly true is that to cultivate chrysanthemum flowers in the part of Himeji called *Go-Ken-Yashiki* is deemed unlucky, because the name of O-Kiku signifies "Chrysanthemum." Therefore, nobody, I am told, ever cultivates chrysanthemums there.

IX.

Now of the *ujō*, or things having desire, which inhabit these gardens.

There are four species of frogs: three that dwell in the lotus pond, and one that lives in the trees. The tree frog is a very pretty little creature, exquisitely green; it has a shrill cry, almost like the note of a *semi*; and it is called *amagaeru*, or "the rain frog," because, like its kindred in other countries, its croaking is an omen of rain. The pond frogs are called *babagaeru*, *shinagaeru*, and *tono-san-gaeru*. Of these, the first-named variety is the largest and the ugliest: its color is very disagreeable, and its full name ("babagaeru" being a decent abbreviation) is quite as offensive as its hue. The *shinagaeru*, or "striped frog," is not handsome, except by comparison with the previously mentioned

creature. But the *tono-san-gaeru*, so called after a famed daimyō who left behind him a memory of great splendor, is beautiful: its color is a fine bronzed-red.

Besides these varieties of frogs there lives in the garden a huge uncouth goggle-eyed thing which, although called here *hikigaeru*, I take to be a toad. "*Hikigaeru*" is the term ordinarily used for a bullfrog. This creature enters the house almost daily, to be fed, and seems to have no fear even of strangers. My people consider it a luck-bringing visitor; and it is credited with the power of drawing all the mosquitoes out of a room into its mouth by simply sucking its breath in. Much as it is cherished by gardeners and others, there is a legend about a goblin toad of old times, which, by thus sucking in its breath, drew into its mouth, not insects, but men.

The pond is inhabited also by many small fish; *imori*, or newts, with bright red bellies; and multitudes of little water-beetles, called *maimaimushi*, which pass their whole time in gyrating upon the surface of the water so rapidly that it is almost impossible to distinguish their shape clearly. A man who runs about aimlessly to and fro, under the influence of excitement, is compared to a *maimaimushi*. And there are some beautiful snails, with yellow stripes on their shells. Japanese children have a charm-song which is supposed to have power to make the snail put out its horns:—

Daidaimushi,¹ *daidaimushi*, *tsuno chitto dashare!*

*Ame kaze fuku kara tsuno chitto dashare!*²

The playground of the children of the better classes has always been the family garden, as that of the children of the poor is the temple court. It is in the garden that the little ones first

¹ *Daidaimushi* in Izumo. The dictionary word is *dedemushi*. The snail is supposed to be very fond of wet weather; and one who goes out much in the rain is compared to a snail, — *dedemushi no yona*.

² "Snail, snail, put out your horns a little: it rains and the wind is blowing, so put out your horns, just for a little while."

learn something of the wonderful life of plants, and the marvels of the insect world; and there, also, they are first taught those pretty legends and songs about birds and flowers which form so charming a part of Japanese folk lore. As the home training of the child is left mostly to the mother, lessons of kindness to animals are early inculcated; and the results are strongly marked in after life. It is true, Japanese children are not entirely free from that unconscious tendency to cruelty characteristic of children in all countries, as a survival of primitive instincts. But in this regard the great moral difference between the sexes is strongly marked from the earliest years. The tenderness of the woman-soul appears even in the child. Little Japanese girls who play with insects or small animals rarely hurt them, and generally set them free after they have afforded a reasonable amount of amusement. Little boys are not nearly so good, when out of sight of parents or guardians. But if seen doing anything cruel, a child is made to feel ashamed of the act, and hears the Buddhist warning, "Thy future birth will be unhappy, if thou doest cruel things."

Somewhere among the rocks in the pond lives a small tortoise, — left in the garden, probably, by the previous tenants of the house. It is very pretty, but manages to remain invisible for weeks at a time. In popular mythology, the tortoise is the servant of the divinity *Kompira*; ¹ and if a pious fisherman find a tortoise, he writes upon its back characters signifying "Servant of the Deity *Kompira*," and then gives it a drink of *saké* and sets it free. It is supposed to be very fond of *saké*.

Some say that the land tortoise, or "stone tortoise," only is the servant of *Kompira*, and the sea tortoise, or turtle, the servant of the Dragon Empire be-

neath the sea. The turtle is said to have the power to create, with its breath, a cloud, a fog, or a magnificent palace. It figures in the beautiful old folk tale of *Urashima*.² All tortoises are supposed to live for a thousand years, wherefore one of the most frequent symbols of longevity in Japanese art is a tortoise. But the tortoise most commonly represented by native painters and metal-workers has a peculiar tail, or rather a multitude of small tails, extending behind it like the fringes of a straw rain coat, *mino*, whence it is called *minogamé*. Now, some of the tortoises kept in the sacred tanks of Buddhist temples attain a prodigious age, and certain water-plants attach themselves to the creatures' shells and stream behind them when they walk. The myth of the *minogamé* is supposed to have had its origin in old artistic efforts to represent the appearance of such tortoises with *confervæ* fastened upon their shells.

X.

Early in summer the frogs are surprisingly numerous, and, after dark, are noisy beyond description; but week by week their nightly clamor grows feebler, as their numbers diminish under the attacks of many enemies. A large family of snakes, some fully three feet long, make occasional inroads into the colony. The victims often utter piteous cries, which are promptly responded to, whenever possible, by some inmate of the house, and many a frog has been saved by my servant-girl, who, by a gentle tap with a bamboo rod, compels the snake to let its prey go. These snakes are beautiful swimmers. They make themselves quite free about the garden; but they come out only on hot days. None of my people would think of injuring or killing one of them. Indeed, in *Izumo* it is said that to kill a snake is unlucky. "If you kill a snake without provoca-

¹ A Buddhist divinity, but within recent times identified by *Shintō* with the god *Kotohira*.

² See Professor Chamberlain's version of it in *The Japanese Fairy-Tale Series*, with charming illustrations by a native artist.

cicadæ: its music is exactly like the song of a bird. Its name, like that of the minminzemi, is onomatopoeic; but in Izumo the sounds of its chant are given thus:—

Tsuku-tsuku uisu,¹
Tsuku-tsuku uisu,
Tsuku-tsuku uisu; —
Ui-ōsu,
Ui-ōsu,
Ui-ōsu,
Ui-ōs-s-s-s-s-s-s-sū.

However, the semi are not the only musicians of the garden. Two remarkable creatures aid their orchestra. The first is a beautiful bright green grasshopper, known to the Japanese by the curious name of *hotoke-no-uma*, or “the horse of the dead.” This insect’s head really bears some resemblance in shape to the head of a horse, — hence the fancy. It is a queerly familiar creature, allowing itself to be taken in the hand without struggling, and generally making itself quite at home in the house, which it often enters. It makes a very thin sound, which the Japanese write as a repetition of the syllables *jun-ta*; and the name *junta* is sometimes given to the grasshopper itself. The other insect is also a green grasshopper, somewhat larger, and much shyer: it is called *gisu*,² on account of its chant:—

Chon,
Gisu;
Chon,
Gisu;
Chon,
Gisu;
Chon . . . (ad libitum).

Several lovely species of dragon-flies (*tombo*) hover about the pondlet on hot, bright days. One variety — the most beautiful creature of the kind I ever saw, gleaming with metallic colors indescribable, and spectrally slender — is called *tenshi-tombo*, “the emperor’s dragon-

fly.” There is another, the largest of Japanese dragon-flies, but somewhat rare, which is much sought after by children as a plaything. Of this species it is said that there are many more males than females; and what I can vouch for as true is that, if you catch a female, the male can be almost immediately attracted by exposing the captive. Boys, accordingly, try to secure a female, and when one is captured they tie it with a thread to some branch, and sing a curious little song, of which these are the original words:—

Konna ³ *danshō Korai ō*
Adzuma no metō ni makete
Nigeru wa haji dewa naikai?

Which signifies, “Thou, the male, King of Korea, dost thou not feel shame to flee away from the Queen of the East?” (This taunt is an allusion to the story of the conquest of Korea by the Empress Jin-gō.) And the male comes invariably, and is also caught. In Izumo the first seven words of the original song have been corrupted into “*konna unjo korai abura no mito*”; and the name of the male dragon-fly, *unjo*, and that of the female, *mito*, are derived from two words of the corrupted version.

XII.

Of warm nights all sorts of unbidden guests invade the house in multitudes. Two varieties of mosquitoes do their utmost to make life unpleasant, and these have learned the wisdom of not approaching a lamp too closely; but hosts of curious and harmless things cannot be prevented from seeking their death in the flame. The most numerous victims of all, which come thick as a shower of rain, are called *Sanemori*. At least they are so called in Izumo, where they do much damage to growing rice.

Now the name *Sanemori* is an illus-

¹ Some say “*Chokko-chokko-uisu*.” “*Uisu*” would be pronounced in English very much like “weecee,” the final *u* being silent. “*Ui-ōsu*” would be something like “we-occe.”

² Pronounced almost as “geecee.”

³ Contraction of *kore naru*.

trious one, that of a famous warrior of old times, belonging to the Genji clan. There is a legend that while he was fighting with an enemy on horseback his own steed slipped and fell in a ricefield, and he was consequently overpowered and slain by his antagonist. He became a rice-devouring insect, which is still respectfully called by the peasantry of Izumo *Sanemori San*. They light fires, on certain summer nights, in the ricefields, to attract the insect, and beat gongs and sound bamboo flutes, chanting the while, "O Sanemori, augustly deign to come hither!" A *kammshi* performs a religious rite, and a straw figure representing a horse and rider is then either burned or thrown into a neighboring river or canal. By this ceremony it is believed that the fields are cleared of the insect.

This tiny creature is almost exactly the size and color of a rice-husk. The legend concerning it may have arisen from the fact that its body, together with the wings, bears some resemblance to the helmet of a Japanese warrior.¹

Next in number among the victims of fire are the moths, some of which are very strange and beautiful. The most remarkable is an enormous creature popularly called *okori-chōchō*, or the "ague moth," because there is a superstitious belief that it brings intermittent fever into any house it enters. It has a body quite as heavy and almost as powerful as that of the largest humming-bird, and its struggles, when caught in the hand, surprise by their force. It makes a very loud whirring sound while flying.

¹ A kindred legend attaches to the *shiwan*, a little yellow insect which preys upon cucumbers. The *shiwan* is said to have been once a physician, who, being detected in an amorous intrigue, had to fly for his life; but as he went his foot caught in a cucumber vine, so that he fell and was overtaken and killed, and his ghost became an insect, the destroyer of cucumber vines.

In the zoological mythology and plant mythology of Japan there exist many legends offering a curious resemblance to the old Greek tales of metamorphoses. Some of the most re-

The wings of one which I examined measured, outspread, five inches from tip to tip, yet seemed small in proportion to the heavy body. They were richly mottled with dusky browns and silver grays of various tones.

Many flying night-comers, however, avoid the lamp. Most fantastic of all visitors is the *tōrō* or *kamakiri*, called in Izumo *kamakaké*, a bright green praying mantis, extremely feared by children for its capacity to bite. It is very large. I have seen specimens over six inches long. The eyes of the *kamakaké* are a brilliant black at night, but by day they appear grass-colored, like the rest of the body. The mantis is very intelligent and surprisingly aggressive. I saw one attacked by a vigorous frog easily put its enemy to flight. It fell a prey subsequently to other inhabitants of the pond, but it required the combined efforts of several frogs to vanquish the monstrous insect, and even then the battle was decided only when the *kamakaké* had been dragged into the water.

Other visitors are beetles of divers colors, and a sort of small roach called *goki-kaburi*, signifying "one whose head is covered with a bowl." It is alleged that the *goki-kaburi* likes to eat human eyes, and is therefore the abhorred enemy of Ichibata-Sama, — Yakushi Nyōrai of Ichibata, — by whom diseases of the eye are healed. To kill the *goki-kaburi* is consequently thought to be a meritorious act in the sight of this Buddha. Always welcome are the beautiful fireflies (*hotaru*), which enter quite noise-

markable bits of such folk lore have originated, however, in comparatively modern time. The legend of the crab called *heikegami*, found at Nagato, is an example. The souls of the Taira warriors who perished in the great naval battle of Dan-no-ura (now Seto-Nakai), 1185, are supposed to have been transformed into *heikegami*. The shell of the *heikegami* is certainly surprising. It is wrinkled into the likeness of a grim face, or rather into exact semblance of one of those black iron visors, or masks, which feudal warriors wore in battle, and which were shaped like frowning visages.

lessly, and at once seek the darkest place in the house, slow-glimmering, like sparks moved by a gentle wind. They are supposed to be very fond of water; wherefore children sing to them this little song:—

*Hotaru kôe midzu nomashô ;
Achi no midzu wa ni gaizo ;
Kochi no midzu wa amaizo.*¹

A pretty gray lizard, quite different from some which usually haunt the garden, also makes its appearance at night, and pursues its prey along the ceiling. Sometimes an extraordinarily large centipede attempts the same thing, but with less success, and has to be seized with a pair of fire-tongs and thrown into the exterior darkness. Very rarely, an enormous spider appears. This creature seems inoffensive. If captured, it will feign death until certain that it is not watched, when it will run away with surprising swiftness, if it gets a chance. It is hairless, and very different from the tarantula, or *fukurogumo*. It is called *mi-yamagumo*, or mountain spider. There are four other kinds of spiders common in this neighborhood: *tenagakumo*, or "long-armed spider;" *hiratakumo*, or "flat spider;" *jikumo*, or "earth spider;" and *totatekumo*, or "door-shutting spider." Most spiders are considered evil beings. A spider seen anywhere at night, the people say, should be killed; for all spiders that show themselves after dark are goblins. While people are awake and watchful, such creatures make themselves small; but when everybody is fast asleep, then they assume their true goblin shape and become monstrous.

XIII.

The high wood of the hill behind the garden is full of bird life. There dwell wild *uguisu*, owls, wild doves, too many

crows, and a queer bird that makes weird noises at night, long, deep sounds of *hoo, hoo*. It is called *awamakidori*, or the "millet-sowing bird," because, when the farmers hear its cry, they know that it is time to plant the millet. It is quite small and brown, extremely shy, and, so far as I can learn, altogether nocturnal in its habits.

But rarely, very rarely, a far stranger cry is heard in those trees at night, a voice as of one crying in pain the syllables "*ho-to-to-gi-su*." The cry and the name of that which utters it are one and the same, *hototogisu*.

It is a bird of which weird things are told; for they say it is not really a creature of this living world, but a night wanderer from the Land of Darkness. In the Meido its dwelling is, among those sunless mountains of Shide over which all souls must pass to reach the place of judgment. Once in each year it comes; the time of its coming is the end of the fifth month, by the antique counting of moons; and the peasants, hearing its voice, say one to the other, "Now must we sow the rice; for the Shide-no-taosa is with us." The word *taosa* signifies the head man of a *mura*, or village, as villages were governed in the old days; but why the *hototogisu* is called the *taosa* of Shide I do not know. Perhaps it is deemed to be a soul from some shadowy hamlet of the Shide hills, whereat the ghosts are wont to rest on their weary way to the realm of Emma, the King of Death.

Its cry has been interpreted in various ways. Some declare that the *hototogisu* does not really repeat its own name, but asks, "*Honzon kaketaka?*" (Has the *honzon*² been suspended?) Others, resting their interpretation upon the wisdom of the Chinese, aver that the

¹ "Come, firefly, I will give you water to drink. The water of that place is bitter; the water here is sweet."

² By "*honzon*" is here meant the sacred *Kakemono*, exposed to public view in the temples

only upon the birthday of the Buddha, which is the eighth day of the old fourth month. "*Honzon*" also signifies the principal image in a Buddhist temple.

bird's speech signifies, "Surely it is better to return home." This, at least, is true: that all who journey far from their native place, and hear the voice of the hototogisu in other distant provinces, are seized with the sickness of longing for home.

Only at night, the people say, is its voice heard, and most often upon the nights of great moons; and it chants while hovering high out of sight, wherefore a poet has sung of it thus:—

*Hito koe wa.
Tsuki ga naitaka?
Hototogisu!*¹

And another has written:—

*Hototogisu
Nakitsuru kata wo
Nagamureba,—
Tada ariake no
Tsuki zo nokoveru.*²

The dweller in cities may pass a lifetime without hearing the hototogisu. Caged, the little creature will remain silent and die. Poets often wait vainly in the dew, from sunset till dawn, to hear the strange cry which has inspired so many exquisite verses. But those who have heard found it so mournful that they have likened it to the cry of one wounded suddenly to death.

*Hototogisu
Chi ni naku koe wa
Ariake no
Tsuki yori hokani
Kiku hito mo nashi.*³

Concerning Izumo owls, I shall content myself with citing a composition by one of my Japanese students:—

"The Owl is a hateful bird that sees in the dark. Little children who cry are frightened by the threat that the Owl will come to take them away; for the Owl cries, '*Ho! ho! sorōtto kōka! sorōtto kōka!*' which means, 'Thou!

¹ "A solitary voice!

Did the Moon cry?

"T was but the hototogisu."

² "When I gaze towards the place where I heard the hototogisu cry, lo! there is naught save the wan morning moon."

must I enter slowly!' It also cries, '*Noritsuke hose! ho! ho!*' which means, 'Do thou make the starch to use in washing to-morrow!' And when the women hear that cry, they know that to-morrow will be a fine day. It also cries, '*Tototo,*' 'The man dies,' and '*Kotokōkko,*' 'The boy dies.' So people hate it. And crows hate it so much that it is used to catch crows. The Farmer puts an Owl in the ricefield; and all the crows come to kill it, and they get caught fast in snares. This should teach us not to give way to our dislikes for other people."

The kites, which hover over the city all day, do not live in the neighborhood. Their nests are far away upon the blue peaks; but they pass much of their time in catching fish, and in stealing from back yards. They pay the wood and the garden swift and sudden piratical visits; and their sinister cry—*pi-yoroyoro, pi-yoroyoro*—sounds at intervals over the town from dawn till sundown. Most insolent of all feathered creatures they certainly are,—more insolent than even their fellow-robbers, the crows. A kite will drop five miles to filch a tai out of a fish-seller's bucket, or a fried cake out of a child's hand, and shoot back to the clouds before the victim of the theft has time to stoop for a stone. Hence the saying, "to look as surprised as if one's *aburage*⁴ had been snatched from one's hand by a kite." There is, moreover, no telling what a kite may think proper to steal. For example, my neighbor's servant-girl went to the river the other day, wearing in her hair a string of small scarlet beads made of rice-grains prepared and dyed in a certain ingenious way. A kite lighted upon her head, and tore away and swallowed the string of beads. But it is great fun to feed these

³ "Save only the morning moon, none heard the heart's-blood cry of the hototogisu."

⁴ A sort of doughnut made of bean-flour, or *tofu*.

birds with dead rats or mice which have been caught in traps over night, and subsequently drowned. The instant a dead rat is exposed to view a kite pounces from the sky to bear it away. Sometimes a crow may get the start of the kite, but the crow must be able to get to the woods very swiftly indeed in order to keep his prize. Children sing this song:—

*Tobi, tobi, maute mise!
Ashita no ban ni
Karasu ni kakushite
Nezumi yaru.*¹

The mention of dancing refers to the beautiful balancing motion of the kite's wings in flight. By suggestion this motion is poetically compared to the graceful swaying of a *maiko*, or dancing-girl, extending her arms and waving the long wide sleeves of her silken robe.

Although there is a numerous sub-colony of crows in the wood behind my house, the headquarters of the corvine army are in the pine grove of the ancient castle grounds, visible from my front rooms. To see the crows all flying home at the same hour every evening is an interesting spectacle, and popular imagination has found an amusing comparison for it in the hurry-skurry of people running to a fire. This explains the meaning of a song which children sing to the crows returning to their nests:—

*Ato no karasu saki ine,
Ware ga iye ga yakeru ken,
Hayō inde midzu kake,
Midzu ga nakya yarozo,
Amatara ko ni yare,
Ko ga nakya modose.*²

Confucianism seems to have discovered virtue in the crow. There is a Japanese proverb, "*Karasu ni hampo no ko ari*," meaning that the crow performs the filial

¹ "Kite, kite, let me see you dance, and tomorrow evening, when the crows do not know, I will give you a rat."

² "O tardy crow, hasten forward! Your house is all on fire. Hurry to throw water upon it. If there be no water, I will give you. If you have too much, give it to your child."

duty of hampo, or, more literally, "the filial duty of hampo exists in the crow."

"Hampo" means, literally, "to return a feeding." The young crow is said to requite its parents' care by feeding them when it becomes strong. Another example of filial piety has been furnished by the dove. "*Hato ni sanshi no rei ari*,"—the dove sits three branches below its parent; or, more literally, "has the three-branch etiquette to perform."

The cry of the wild dove (*yamabato*), which I hear almost daily from the wood, is the most sweetly plaintive sound that ever reached my ears. The Izumo peasantry say that the bird utters these words, which it certainly seems to do if one listen to it after having learned the alleged syllables:—

*Tété
pōppō,
Kaka
pōppō,
Tété
pōppō,
Kaka
pōppō,
Tété . . . (sudden pause).*

"Tété" is the baby word for "father," and "kaka" for "mother;" and "pōppō" signifies, in infantile speech, "the bosom."³

Wild uguisu also frequently sweeten my summer with their song, and sometimes come very near the house, being attracted, apparently, by the chant of my caged pet. The uguisu is very common in this province. It haunts all the woods and the sacred groves in the neighborhood of the city, and I never made a journey in Izumo during the warm season without hearing its note from some shadowy place. But there are uguisu and uguisu. There are uguisu to be had for one or two *yen*, but the finely trained, If you have no child, then give it back to me."

³ The words *papa* and *mamma* exist in Japanese baby language, but their meaning is not at all what might be supposed. *Mamma*, or, with the usual honorific, *O-mamma*, means "boiled rice." *Papa* means "tobacco."

cage-bred singer may command not less than a hundred.

It was at a little village temple that I first heard one curious belief about this delicate creature. In Japan, the coffin in which a corpse is borne to burial is totally unlike an Occidental coffin. It is a surprisingly small square box, wherein the dead is placed in a sitting posture. How any adult corpse can be put into so small a space may well be an enigma to foreigners. In cases of pronounced *rigor mortis* the work of getting the body into the coffin is difficult even for the professional *dōshin-bozu*. But the devout followers of Nichiren claim that after death their bodies will remain perfectly flexible; and the dead body of an uguisu, they affirm, likewise never stiffens, for this little bird is of their faith, and passes its life in singing praises unto the Sutra of the Lotus of the Good Law.

XIV.

I have already become a little too fond of my dwelling-place. Each day, after returning from my college duties, and exchanging my teacher's uniform for the infinitely more comfortable Japanese robe, I find more than compensation for the weariness of five class-hours in the simple pleasure of squatting on the shaded veranda overlooking the gardens. Those antique garden walls, high-mossed below their ruined coping of tiles, seem to shut out even the murmur of the city's life. There are no sounds but the voices of birds, the shrilling of semi, or, at long, lazy intervals, the solitary plash of a diving frog. Nay, those walls seclude me from much more than city streets. Outside them hums the changed Japan of telegraphs and newspapers and steamships; within dwell the all-reposing peace of nature and the dreams of the sixteenth century. There is a charm of quaintness in the very air, a faint sense of something viewless and sweet all about one; perhaps the gentle haunting of dead ladies who looked like

the ladies of the old picture-books, and who lived here when all this was new. Even in the summer light — touching the gray, strange shapes of stone, thrilling through the foliage of the long-loved trees — there is the tenderness of a phantom caress. These are the gardens of the past. The future will know them only as dreams, creations of a forgotten art, whose charm no genius may reproduce.

Of the human tenants here no creature seems to be afraid. The little frogs resting upon the lotus leaves scarcely shrink from my touch; the lizards sun themselves within easy reach of my hand; the water-snakes glide across my shadow without fear; bands of semi establish their deafening orchestra on a plum branch just above my head, and a praying mantis insolently poses on my knee. Swallows and sparrows not only build their nests on my roof, but even enter my rooms without concern, — one swallow has actually built its nest in the ceiling of the bath-room, — and the weasel purloins fish under my very eyes without any scruples of conscience. A wild uguisu perches on a cedar by the window, and in a burst of savage sweetness challenges my caged pet to a contest in song; and always through the golden air, from the green twilight of the mountain pines, there purls to me the plaintive, caressing, delicious call of the yamabato. No European dove has such a cry. He who can hear, for the first time, the voice of the yamabato without feeling a new sensation at his heart little deserves to dwell in this happy world.

Yet all this — the old *katchiū-yashiki* and its gardens — will doubtless have vanished forever before many years. Already a multitude of gardens, more spacious and more beautiful than mine, have been converted into ricefields or bamboo groves; and the quaint Izumo city, touched at last by some long-projected railway line, — perhaps even within the present decade, — will, as well, and change,

and grow commonplace, and demand these grounds for the building of factories and mills. Not from here alone, but from all the land the ancient peace and the ancient charm seem doomed to pass away. For impermanency is the nature of all, more particularly in Japan, and the changes and the changers

shall also be changed until there is found no place for them, and regret is vanity. The dead art that made the beauty of this place was the art, also, of that faith to which belongs the all-consoling text, "*Verily, even plants and trees, rocks and stones, all shall enter into Nirvana.*"

Lafcadio Hearn.

CHICAGO.

HARDLY fifty years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth white men found their way to the site of the great city of the West. A small river flowing into Lake Michigan, and the short portage connecting it with a tributary of the Mississippi, had long afforded the natives their best communication between the Father of Waters and the Great Lakes. Hither, in 1673, they led Louis Joliet and Jacques Marquette, returning from their famous discovery of the Upper Mississippi, who doubtless thus became the earliest of Europeans to behold the stretch of sand and swamp at the mouth of the little stream. The word "Chicago" probably appears first in Marquette's journal of his visit to this region the following year, in the term "Chicagou-essiou," the title of an Illinois Indian who was, he says, much esteemed in his nation. This may have been the noted chief who, according to the tradition of after years, was drowned in the Chicago River, and whose appellation was given to it and to its shores. The place certainly was known by its present name to the great La Salle, who dated a letter written June 4, 1683, at "Portage de Checagou." Soon after its discovery it became the objective point of the fur traders, missionaries, travelers, and colonizers who followed hard upon the footsteps of the first explorers. As early as 1685 a fort was built there, com-

manded by an officer in the Canadian service, and before the end of the seventeenth century the Jesuits made it the site of a mission. Such were the beginnings of Chicago.

For many years little change occurred. French settlers on the Mississippi sometimes communicated with Canada by the Chicago route. But Indian hostilities interfered with this line of travel, and the few notices of the place in the first half of the eighteenth century relate mostly to expeditions against savage tribes. At the close of the old French war the territory ceded by France to England included Chicago, and in the war of the Revolution it was once, at least, the point of assembly for forces menacing the posts held by Virginian troops in the Illinois country. When that contest ceased, it became a place of refuge for a family or two who had removed here from more exposed portions of the border. It seems to have had a certain prominence in the minds of those who knew anything of the West in the early day, and by the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, Anthony Wayne expressly stipulated for the cession to the United States of the Indian title to a piece of land, six miles square, at the mouth of the Chicago River. Yet in that year, so far as we now know, there was but one settler on the site of Chicago, aside from the Indians, a negro from San Domingo,

engaged in the fur trade. A hundred years and more had passed since the discovery of the place, and this was all the promise it gave of future greatness.

Early in the present century our government established there a frontier post, which did not withstand the Indian allies of Great Britain in the war of 1812. Its evacuation was closely followed by the massacre of its garrison, which seemed to quench the tiny spark of civilization at this point forever. Yet it was very soon rekindled, and gradually a little village began to straggle over the prairie, but so forlornly that a distinguished engineer officer of our army, who visited it in 1823, was of the opinion that Chicago offered no inducement to the settler, and could hardly become of any commercial importance. It continued to grow, however, and in 1835 attained a town organization. Two years later, or fifty-five years ago, it became a city, though then, perhaps, the smallest in the land. To-day it is second only to New York in population, which has increased from four thousand in 1837 to twelve hundred and fifty thousand in 1892, while its area has been enlarged from the ten square miles of its first city charter to the one hundred and eighty-two square miles of to-day.

The causes which have led to this marvelous growth may well attract attention. They are not far to seek. The same reasons which induced the natives to erect their wigwams there controlled those who followed them. It was the point at which the passage from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi was easiest and most direct. Its little river furnished the only harbor for many miles along the southwestern shore of Lake Michigan, and for those journeying by land around the southern end of the lake it was the natural halting-place. When the fur trade began, the bateaux followed the route of the canoe, and came there to make the portage, or in time of high water to dispense with it.

When the need for better communication arose, the canal took the place of the portage and the river, and commerce adhered to the ancient lines. When railroads were built from the eastward, this was the terminus to which they were obliged to come, after winding around Lake Michigan. The first vessels found there a haven where cargoes could be discharged and loaded along its river banks. By its geographical position, Chicago has become on the one hand the port of the great inland seas, and on the other the distributing centre of the vast and fertile Northwest. There is a power in its situation which is far reaching and irresistible. This is well illustrated by the fact that important railways, originally constructed to carry business past Chicago, have been turned by this compelling force into tributaries to it. It is also shown by the significant circumstance that not a dollar of the city's money or credit has ever been given or pledged to any railroad company, an instance unique in the history of Western cities. Chicago never sought a railroad; all of its thirty-one lines of railway sought it. The natural advantages of the location, first of all, have made Chicago what it is, and they are as potent to-day as ever.

To these must be added the climatic influences, which have played no mean part in this development. The great isothermal line which is the high-water mark of trade and commerce in the leading marts of the world passes through Chicago. That American atmosphere, which always changes men of European race into a different people from their ancestors, is here intensified by the proximity of the broad inland seas on the one hand, and the boundless prairies on the other. Of this are born the energy, the hopefulness, and the enterprise that have been powerful factors in the city's expansion. The healthfulness of its climate, which, notwithstanding the adverse conditions produced by

the suddenness of its growth, keeps its death-rate, as a rule, lower than that of any other great city in the world, is also in its favor. Nature, with her lake winds and prairie breezes, maintains the purity of the air, despite man's devices to the contrary. To these circumstances add an unequaled summer climate, which permits business to proceed at its normal rate, when impeded in other cities by the heat, and we recognize the beneficial effect of atmospheric causes upon the life of Chicago.

Another element to be taken into account is the composite and remarkable make-up of its people. Let it be remembered that for half a century men have been attracted to this place by its unrivaled opportunities for the transaction of business. It is not too much to say that they have been, to a great degree, picked men, and in their youth, and this concentration of young blood has been a fountain of energy. The city comprises in its manifold population natives of every region under the sun; but it is not simply that there are so many names upon its muster roll from so many different climes, but that these are the selected men of their various races, animated by a common purpose, and working together for those things which make their city great in more ways than one.

Such being some of the causes, it may be well to consider what they have produced. The result has been a community which, though still in its youth, has become a unique entity, possessing certain well-defined characteristics of its own. The untiring energy of its people is that which is most apparent. It is noticeable in the very appearance of the throngs which fill its streets, in the rapidity with which its buildings and business undertakings are completed, and in the promptness with which all work is done. Whether by example or by atmospheric effect, it is contagious, so that the new-comer soon feels himself borne along by the rush, and instinct

with a new vitality. This quality has inspired the grappling with grave problems concerning the city's welfare, and their solution, regardless of all considerations of expense. It has accomplished great works; it will accomplish still greater ones in the future.

Without doubt the leading trait of the citizens is their public spirit, their desire and intention to do in many ways the best for their city as a whole. A signal instance of this, and upon a large scale, was the change of the level of the city. Built originally upon the flat prairie, its elevation was not sufficient to secure proper drainage. When this became patent to the community of not more than eighty thousand souls, in 1855, all agreed that a sufficient remedy must be found at once. By a simple resolution of its common council, the grade of the whole city was raised seven feet, and the streets were brought with great rapidity to the changed level. A novel industry sprang up, by which whole blocks of buildings and large hotels were successfully elevated to the new grade, while business went on in these structures almost without interruption. Again, the water system became insufficient, and straightway a tunnel, two miles long, was driven under Lake Michigan, to obtain an abundant supply of the pure element; later it was continued under the whole city to a distributing point nearly three miles inland, and to-day new tunnels, four miles long, are burrowing under the lake to increase and better the supply. At the present time the drainage problem has again presented itself, to be met by the legislation of the State and city, involving the expenditure of many million dollars, to restore for this purpose the prehistoric connection of Lake Michigan with the valley of the Mississippi, and to compel the Chicago River to reverse its course.

The unconquerable determination of the typical Chicago man has been repeatedly shown, but most grandly in the

rebuilding of the city after its well-nigh total destruction by fire, twenty years ago. A conflagration which destroyed the business centre and swept over an area of more than three square miles, annihilated property of the value of two hundred million dollars, and rendered a hundred thousand people homeless seemed a calamity from which the city could not recover. But its people, their immediate needs supplied by the world's generosity, began the work of reconstruction while the embers were glowing, and carried it to such swift completion that within three years buildings were erected of greater capacity than those burned, and of more than twice their value.

Mention should also be made of the remarkable prevision of the city's future which has led its citizens again and again to provide in advance for the demands of its growth. When the first water tunnel was constructed to a point then sufficient for the needs of the people, another section was built still further into the lake and temporarily closed, ready for the commencement of the extension which the expected increase of population would render necessary. So, too, when attention was directed to the importance of beautifying the city and of furnishing driveways and breathing-spaces, a system of parks and boulevards was forthwith adopted by popular vote, on a scale large enough for a million souls, although the census then gave Chicago a population of but two hundred and fifty thousand. These great works, commenced in the outlying prairies, seemingly too far away to be of any avail for a century to come, now comprise a grand total of twenty-two hundred acres of pleasure-grounds and seventy miles of drives, all in use by the people of the city which they girdle with a zone of beauty. The perfection of this grand system, and the readiness with which its enormous cost has been met, are alike remarkable.

All these characteristics are supplemented by the feeling of pride in their city which leads the best citizens of Chicago to labor unselfishly for it when the occasion demands. This feeling set on foot and perfected the organization which made known to the country the advantages of Chicago as the site of the World's Fair, and won for it that honor. In obedience to it, men of the highest standing in business and the professions laid aside all other duties, and made the round trip of two thousand miles, to and from the national capital, to advocate the choice of their city as the fitting place for the celebration of the discovery of America. It has harmonized all local differences, provided more than Chicago's promised contribution, and inspired the unanimous determination of its citizens that this celebration shall be all it should be, for the sake of Chicago. This splendid civic pride is moving the very men who have the responsibilities of this great undertaking upon their shoulders to begin to plan for the city a permanent memorial of its connection with the World's Fair, worthy of the success which they know it is to have. It has been asked recently whether diligent search would discover in either New York or Chicago anything of the devotion to the city as a personality which distinguished the people of Florence and Venice. It may be truly replied that there is something of this spirit in the Western metropolis, and, though it may fall short of the mediæval ideal, its existence is surely a good omen.

These natural causes and personal characteristics have led to grand material results. Their union has made Chicago, in various departments of business, the most important market and the principal railway centre in the world. They have given it a system of docks comprising thirty-five miles of frontage, and a lake commerce of ten million tons burden annually. They have created in different lines of trade the most ex-

tensive establishments anywhere known, and they have afforded the opportunities for a remarkable number of instances of marvelous financial success on the part of men who began poor and alone, at the foot of the ladder, and now stand on its topmost round. Their ceaseless operation adds annually to Chicago a greater number of buildings than the whole city comprised thirty years ago. There is apparently no limit to this wonderful development. To the question whether there are any indications of its proceeding at a less rapid rate than heretofore, the current report of the Commissioner of Public Works makes answer. It states that twelve thousand buildings, occupying a frontage of fifty-three miles and costing fifty-five million dollars, were erected during 1891, and that the population is increasing at the rate of more than one hundred thousand a year.

In all communities material prosperity precedes great results in other directions. With such a history of business success, what is Chicago's record on the moral side? Its six hundred churches speak well for the zeal of its religious denominations; its public school system, providing for one hundred and fifty thousand children, at an annual expenditure of more than four million dollars, is one of the best in the country; and its fine hospitals and other charitable institutions are worthy of the age in which we live. Some of them are founded by the noble bequests of individuals, and some by those who prefer to be their own executors. A signal example of the latter class is that of one man who is doing the work of a thousand, and is expending under his own eye a million or more upon an institution for the public good, comprising a free dispensary, reading-room, mission and manual training school, and a square of apartment buildings which furnish the income to maintain the several departments, and are a model object lesson to all desiring to bring the comforts and graces of life

within the reach of those of small means. While it may not be said that the city's moral progress is commensurate with its material advance, and much remains to be done, yet such instances are a promise and an inspiration for the future.

The city has developed intellectually in a ratio not disproportionate to its material growth. Some of the outward and visible signs are its great libraries, which bid fair to make it a city of books. The Chicago Public Library, supported by general taxation, has accumulated one hundred and seventy-five thousand volumes, increases at the rate of twenty thousand annually, has a general circulation of twelve hundred thousand, and is the seventh in size in our country. The new Chicago University Library takes rank in a single day as the third of our great libraries by the purchase of three hundred thousand volumes at Berlin. Other institutions were preparing to negotiate for this collection, when a few citizens of Chicago subscribed the requisite sum, and secured the prize by cable. The Newberry Library, of recent organization, already comprises eighty thousand volumes, is about to be housed in a superb library building, and has an endowment of three million dollars. The Crerar Library is soon to be established, with a fund of the same amount. Some of the rarest literary treasures in books and manuscripts are in the possession of the private collectors of Chicago. Its bookstores and publishing houses show the concern of its people for other than things material. Its many literary organizations are proofs of the general interest in literature in a wide sense, and the welcome which men of intellectual eminence receive is that of a community in touch with what is best and newest in science and letters. In the sphere of art good work is going on, and rapid progress has been made. Flourishing classes and schools provide instruction for more than eight hundred students.

In many private houses works of art are treasured, and the collections of the Art Institute are well worthy of note. This institution has outgrown its present very creditable building, and is soon to remove to a magnificent structure in the heart of the city. In the domain of music Chicago is prominent. It has drawn from many lands those who have made it one of the homes of the divine art. The numerous associations devoted to its culture and enjoyment reveal a music-loving community that rejoices in the success of the effort which has established the Thomas Orchestra in its midst. An event of special moment in the intellectual history of the city is the founding of the new Chicago University by generous gifts from abroad, well supplemented by aid at home. Its organization is hardly yet completed, but it already numbers among its corps some of the most eminent instructors on either side of the Atlantic, and fifteen hundred students have applied for admission to its classes before the opening of its doors. A university cannot be built in a day, yet certainly this is a notable beginning.

In the daily life of the citizens, among the matters worthy of notice is the course of their principal clubs. Though established largely for social purposes, these associations recognize and perform a duty toward the public. The Union League, with more than a thousand members, is a leader in municipal reform and improvement, and has instituted an annual celebration of Washington's birthday which arouses and strengthens the feeling of patriotism in the community. The Commercial Club, composed of sixty or more of the leading business men, who dine together monthly and discuss some topic of public interest, has founded a manual training school, and given largely to other good works. The influence of such organizations is most beneficial. They inspire individuals to undertake the accomplishment of im-

portant works for the public good, and assure the support which may be needed. It may fairly be said that Chicago is distinctly an American city. American ways and ideas are dominant, partly for the reason that so many of its citizens are native born, but also for the reason that men of other countries, coming here, seem to leave behind their national beliefs, and to conform readily to those of the great republic. The prevailing sentiment among them is that their children shall become American citizens. At the centennial of Washington's inauguration, the committee in charge of the celebration in the public schools was asked to print copies of the programme of exercises in foreign languages. Although, as it happened, the members were all of foreign birth, they nevertheless resolved with one accord that none but the English tongue should be used on that occasion. This is one indication of the depth and unanimity of the national feeling in the city which made its commemoration of the birth of our nation one of the most memorable in the whole country.

With so much to be proud of, it is not remarkable that boastfulness should be attributed to the citizens of Chicago. It is the fault which arises most naturally, in such a state of things. It has been suggested that it will cure itself by its inability to keep pace with the city's expansion, or because, as a recent visitor puts it, "Chicago beats its own brag." But its correction should result from its citizens becoming thoughtful and silent in presence of the new responsibilities which come with this unprecedented growth. Another fault, undoubtedly, is the disposition to assume that the near future will right whatever may be wrong, and to leave the present to take care of itself. This accounts in part for the lack of finish which prevails, and the tendency to overlook the little things, which, after all, are a large part of life. To this is due the unkempt appearance

of many of the streets, the toleration of the grievous smoke nuisance, and the uncleanly condition of the city. It is a reproach to its people, who make light of great undertakings and are ready to do so much on a large scale, that they willfully neglect those lesser matters which are in their way as important as the greater ones. The incongruity between fine structures and their surroundings, and the sharp contrasts between the new and the old which occur in the same neighborhood, offend the eye and mar the general appearance of the city. Time may bring a remedy, but concerted effort should be directed to the removal of these blemishes.

The chief defect of Chicago is in the matter of its local government, which is in especial disrepute just now. Its valuable franchises, which should have paid its municipal expenses, have been parted with for a song, and a number of its aldermen are under indictment for corruption. It is true that this evil is more or less general in our land, and high authority has pronounced the government of cities the one conspicuous failure of this country. But there is less reason for this in Chicago than in other large cities, and therefore its people are the more to blame. It is too new a place to be under the influence of tradition or long habit. It does not spring from roots struck into colonial soil, but is a city of to-day, with almost unlimited power over its own present and future. Its people, moreover, have shown again and again that they can stand for and accomplish the right, if they choose. When a ring of rascals possessed themselves of the taxing power in one large division of the city, a monster mass meeting compelled their resignation. When both political parties made unfit nominations for important local offices, an independent ticket was put in the field, at a day's notice, and elected. When the foes of law and order became dangerous, they were throttled with an iron

grip, and on the spot where the demon of anarchy was quelled a statue was placed in honor of the valiant defenders of law and order, bearing the memorable inscription, "In the name of the people of Illinois, I command peace." The indictment of its present unworthy servants is another manifestation of the same spirit, and it has repeatedly happened that the people, after enduring abuses in the good-humored American fashion, have arisen and punished the wrong-doers. But these spasms of virtue do not remove the vice, and the need of more radical reform is apparent.

It is the more remarkable that there should be any toleration of such evil in Chicago while its citizens have constantly before them examples of what local government should be in their own park commissions. The contrast between their work and that of the common council ought to cause the most thoughtless citizen to pause and consider the reasons for the difference. The park commissioners, appointed upon a non-partisan basis and following good business methods, have wisely expended twenty million dollars with the most admirable results, and administer their great trusts so perfectly as to leave no room for criticism. The aldermen, for the most part the creatures of local politics, uphold the spoils system and mismanage the city affairs.

The New York Municipal Commission of 1876, whose very able report is a document not without honor save in its own country, agreed upon certain requisites for good municipal government. Some of these Chicago already possesses. It is entirely free from interference by the state legislature, and there is a constitutional limitation upon its power to incur indebtedness. It has no financial burden, since its total debt of but fifteen million dollars is not as much as its annual expenditure for city purposes. It is possible that it could adopt other remedies suggested, such as the election

of a part or all of its common council upon a general ticket, and the creation of a second municipal board, to be chosen by taxpayers alone. But most of all it needs what this commission very earnestly recommended, the elimination of party politics from its local government. To this add the application of civil service reform rules to all of its municipal departments, and the city will be saved from its greatest danger.

It is strange indeed that a people so successful in all other spheres of business should permit mismanagement in that which concerns them more nearly than any other matter, and is more exclusively their own affair. There are, however,

signs of the times which are encouraging. The formation of a Smoke Prevention Association and of a City Cleaning League, and the increase in the numbers of the independent voters, tell of an awakened public spirit which may lead to the best results. This typical American city, in which, more emphatically than elsewhere, democracy and civilization are both on trial, cannot afford to let either lose its cause. If its people will be true to what is best in its record and what is most characteristic of themselves, they will have a future of which others may boast, and a city of which the whole country may be unreservedly proud.

Edward G. Mason.

DON ORSINO.¹

XIV.

THE short Roman season was advancing rapidly to its premature fall, which is on Ash Wednesday, after which it struggles to hold up its head against the overwhelming odds of a severely observed Lent, to revive only spasmodically after Easter, and to die a natural death on the first warm day. In that year, too, the fatal day fell on the 15th of February, and progressive spirits talked of the possibility of fixing the movable feasts and fasts of the Church in a more convenient part of the calendar. Easter might be made to fall in June, for instance, and society need not be informed of its inevitable and impending return to dust and ashes until it had enjoyed a good three months, or even four, of what an eminent American defines as "brass, sass, lies, and sin."

Rome was very gay that year, to compensate for the shortness of its playtime. Everything was successful, and every one was rich. People talked

of millions less soberly than they had talked of thousands a few years earlier, and with less respect than they mentioned hundreds twelve months later. Like the vanity-struck frog, the franc blew itself up to the bursting-point, in the hope of being taken for the louis, and momentarily succeeded, even beyond its own expectations. No one walked, although horseflesh was excessively dear, and a good coachman's wages amounted to just twice the salary of a government clerk. Men who, six months earlier, had climbed ladders with loads of brick or mortar were now transformed into flourishing sub-contractors, and drove about in smart pony-carts, looking the picture of Italian prosperity, rejoicing in the most flashy of ties and smoking the blackest and longest of long black cigars. During twenty hours out of the twenty-four the gates of the city roared with traffic. From all parts of the country laborers poured in, bundle in hand and tools on shoulder, to join in the enormous work,

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and earn their share of the pay that was distributed so liberally. A certain man who believed in himself stood up and said that Rome was becoming one of the greatest of cities; and he smacked his lips and said that he had done it, and that the Triple Alliance was a goose which would lay many golden eggs. The believing bulls roared everything away before them,—opposition, objections, financial experience; and the vanquished bears hibernated in secret places, sucking their paws, and wondering what in the name of Ursa Major and Ursa Minor would happen next. Distinguished men wrote pamphlets in the most distinguished language to prove that wealth was a baby capable of being hatched artificially and brought up by hand. Every unmarried swain who could find a bride married her forthwith; those who could not followed the advice of an illustrious poet and, being over-anxious to take wives, took those of others. Everybody was decorated. It positively rained decorations and hailed grand crosses, and enough commanders' ribbons were reeled out to have hanged half the population. The periodical attempt to revive the defunct carnival in the Corso was made, and the yet unburied corpse of ancient gayety was taken out and painted, and gorgeously arrayed, and propped up in its seat to be a posthumous terror to its enemies, like the dead Cid. Society danced frantically, and did all those things which it ought not to have done, and added a few more, unconsciously imitating Pico della Mirandola.

Even those comparatively few families who, like the Saracinesca, had scornfully declined to dabble in the whirlpool of affairs did not by any means refuse to dance to the music of success which filled the city with such enchanting strains. The Princess Befana rose from her death-bed with more than usual vivacity, and went to the length of opening her palace on two

evenings in two successive weeks, to the intense delight of her gay and youthful heirs, who earnestly hoped that the excitement might kill her at last, and kill her beyond resurrection this time. But they were disappointed. She still dies periodically in winter, and blooms out again in spring with the poppies, affording a perpetual and edifying illustration of the changes of the year, or, as some say, of the doctrine of immortality. On one of those memorable occasions she walked through a quadrille with the aged Prince Saracinesca, whereupon Sant' Ilario slipped his arm round Corona's waist and waltzed with her down the whole length of the ballroom and back again, amidst the applause of his contemporaries and their children. If Orsino had had a wife, he would have followed their example. As it was, he looked rather gloomily in the direction of a silent and high-born damsel with whom he was condemned to dance the cotillion at a later hour.

So all went gayly on until Ash Wednesday extinguished the social flame, suddenly and beyond relighting. And still Orsino did not meet Maria Consuelo, and still he hesitated to make another attempt to find her at home. He began to wonder whether he should ever see her again, and as the days went by he almost wished that Donna Tullia would send him a card for her Lenten evenings, at which Maria Consuelo regularly assisted, as he learned from the papers. After that first invitation to dinner, he had expected that Del Ferice's wife would make an attempt to draw him into her circle; and indeed she would probably have done so had she followed her own instinct instead of submitting to the higher policy dictated by her husband. Orsino waited in vain, not knowing whether to be annoyed at the lack of consideration bestowed upon him, or to admire the tact which assumed that he would never wish to enter the Del Ferice circle.

It is presumably clear that Orsino

was not in love with Madame d'Aranjuez, and he himself appreciated the fact with a sense of disappointment. He was amazed at his own coldness, and at the indifference with which he had submitted to what amounted to a most abrupt dismissal. He even went so far as to believe that Maria Consuelo had repulsed him designedly in the hope of kindling a more sincere passion. In that case she had been egregiously mistaken, he thought. He felt a curiosity to see her again before she left Rome, but it was nothing more than that. A new and absorbing interest had taken possession of him which at first left little room in his nature for anything else. His days were spent in the laborious study of figures and plans, broken only by occasional short but amusing conversations with Andrea Contini. His evenings were generally passed among a set of people who did not know Maria Consuelo except by sight, and who had long ceased to ask him questions about her. Of late, too, he had missed his daily visits to her less and less, until he hardly regretted them at all, nor so much as thought of the possibility of renewing them. He laughed at the idea that his mother should have taken the place of a woman whom he had begun to love, and yet he was conscious that it was so, though he asked himself how long such a condition of things could last. Corona was far too wise to discuss his affairs with his father. He was too like herself for her to misunderstand him, and if she regarded the whole matter as perfectly harmless, and as a legitimate subject for general conversation, she yet understood perfectly that, having been once rebuffed by Sant' Ilario, Orsino must wish to be fully successful in his attempt before mentioning it again to the latter; and she felt so strongly in sympathy with her son that his work gradually acquired an intense interest for her, and she would have sacrificed much rather than see it fail. She did not, on that ac-

count, blame Giovanni for his discouraging view when Orsino had consulted him. Giovanni was the passion of her life, and was not fallible in his impulses, though his judgment might sometimes be at fault in technical matters for which he cared nothing. But her love for her son was as great and sincere in its own way, and her pride in him was such as to make his success a condition of her future happiness.

One of the greatest novelists of this age begins one of his greatest novels with the remark that "all happy families resemble each other, but every unhappy family is unhappy in its own especial way." Generalities are dangerous in proportion as they are witty or striking, or both, and it may be asked whether the great Tolstóy has not fallen a victim to his own extraordinary power of striking and witty generalizations. Does the greatest of all his generalizations, the wide disclaimer of his early opinions expressed in the postscript subsequently attached by him to his *Kreutzer Sonata*, include also the words I have quoted, and which were set up, so to say, as the theme of his *Anna Karjenina*? One may almost hope so. I am no critic, but those words somehow seem to me to mean that only unhappiness can be interesting. It is not pleasant to think of the consequences to which the acceptance of such a statement might lead.

There are no statistics to tell us whether the majority of living men and women are to be considered happy or unhappy; but it does seem true that whereas a single circumstance can cause very great and lasting unhappiness, felicity is always dependent upon more than one condition, and often upon so many as to make the explanation of it a highly difficult and complicated matter.

Corona had assuredly little reason to complain of her lot during the past twenty years, but, unruffled and perfect as it had seemed to her, she began to

see that here were sources of sorrow and satisfaction before her which had not yet poured their bitter or sweet streams into the stately river of her mature life. The new interest which Orsino had created for her became more and more absorbing, and she watched it and tended it, and longed to see it grow to greater proportions. The situation was strange in one way, at least. Orsino was working, and his mother was helping him to work, in the hope of a financial success which neither of them wanted or cared for. Possibly the certainty that failure could entail no serious consequences made the game a more amusing if a less exciting one to play.

"If I lose," said Orsino to her, "I can lose only the few thousands I invested. If I win, I will give you a string of pearls as a keepsake."

"If you lose, dear boy," answered Corona, "it must be because you had not enough to begin with. I will give you as much as you need, and we will try again."

They laughed happily together. Whatever chanced, things must turn out well. Orsino worked very hard, and Corona was very rich in her own right, and could afford to help to any extent she thought necessary. She could, indeed, have taken the part of the bank and advanced him all the money he needed, but it seemed useless to interfere with the existing arrangements.

In Lent the house had reached an important point in its existence. Andrea Contini had completed the Gothic roof and the turret which appeared to him in the first vision of his dream, but to which the defunct baker had made objections on the score of expense. The masons were almost all gone, and another set of workmen were busy with finer tools, moulding cornices and laying on the snow-white stucco. Within, the joiners and carpenters kept up a ceaseless hammering.

One day Andrea Contini walked into the office after a tour of inspection, with a whole cigar, unlighted and intact, between his teeth. Orsino was well aware from this circumstance that something unusually fortunate had happened or was about to happen, and he rose from his books as soon as he recognized the fair-weather signal.

"We can sell the house whenever we like," remarked the architect, his bright brown eyes sparkling with satisfaction.

"Already!" exclaimed Orsino, who, though equally delighted at the prospect of such speedy success, regretted in his heart the damp walls and the constant stir of work which he had learned to like so well.

"Already, — yes. One needs luck like ours! The count has sent a man up in a cab to say that an acquaintance of his will come and look at the building to-day between twelve and one with a view to buying. The sooner we look out for some fresh undertaking, the better. What do you say, Don Orsino?"

"It is all your doing, Contini. Without you I should still be standing outside and watching the mattings flap in the wind, as I did on that never-to-be-forgotten first day."

"I conceive that a house cannot be built without an architect," answered Contini, laughing, "and it has always been plain to me that there can be no architects without houses to build. But as for any especial credit to me, I refute the charge indignantly. I except the matter of the turret, which is evidently what has attracted the buyer. I always thought it would. You would never have thought of a turret, would you, Don Orsino?"

"Certainly not, nor of many other things," said Orsino, laughing. "But I am sorry to leave the place. I have grown into liking it."

"What can one do? It is the way of the world, — '*lieto ricordo d'un amor che fù*,' " sang Contini in the thin but expressive falsetto which seems to

be the natural inheritance of men who play upon stringed instruments. He broke off in the middle of a bar, and laughed out of sheer delight at his own good fortune.

In due time the purchaser came, saw, and actually bought. He was a problematic personage with a disquieting nose, who spoke few words, but examined everything with an air of superior comprehension. He looked keenly at Orsino, but seemed to have no idea who he was, and put all his questions to Contini. After agreeing to the purchase he inquired whether Andrea Contini and Company had any other houses of the same description building, and if so where they were situated, adding that he liked the firm's way of doing things. He stipulated for one or two slight improvements, made an appointment for a meeting with the notaries on the following day, and went off with a rather unceremonious nod to the partners. The name he left was that of a well-known capitalist from the south, and Contini was inclined to think he had seen him before, but was not certain.

Within a week the business was concluded; the buyer took over the mortgage as Orsino and Contini had done, and paid the difference in cash into the bank, which deducted the amounts due on notes of hand before handing the remainder to the two young men. The buyer also kept back a small part of the purchase money, to be paid on taking possession, when the house was to be entirely finished. Andrea Contini and Company had realized a considerable sum of money.

"The question is, what to do next," said Orsino thoughtfully.

"We had better look about us for something promising," said his partner, — "a corner lot in this same quarter. Corner houses are more interesting to build, and people like them to live in because they can see two or three ways at once. Besides, a corner is always a good place for a turret. Let us take

a walk. Smoking and strolling, we shall find something."

"A year ago, no doubt," answered Orsino, who was becoming worldly wise, — "a year ago that would have been well enough. But listen to me. That house opposite to ours has been finished some time, yet nobody has bought it. What is the reason?"

"It faces north, and not south, as ours does, and it has not a Gothic roof."

"My dear Contini, I do not mean to say that the Gothic roof has not helped us very much, but it alone cannot have helped us. How about those two houses together at the end of the next block? Balconies, travertine columns, superior doors and windows, spaces for hydraulic lifts, and all the rest of it. Yet no one buys. Dry, too, and almost ready to live in, and all the joinery of pitch pine. There is a reason for their ill luck."

"What do you think it is?" asked Contini, opening his eyes.

"The land on which they are built was not in the hands of Del Ferice's bank, and the money that built them was not advanced by Del Ferice's bank, and Del Ferice's bank has no interest in selling the houses themselves. Therefore they are not sold."

"But surely there are other banks in Rome, and private individuals" —

"No, I do not believe that there are," said Orsino, with conviction. "My cousin San Giacinto thinks that the selling days are over, and I fancy he is right, except about Del Ferice, who is cleverer than any of us. We had better not deceive ourselves, Contini. Del Ferice sold our house for us, and unless we keep with him we shall not sell another so easily. His bank has a lot of half-finished houses on its hands, secured by mortgages which are worthless until the houses are habitable. Del Ferice wants us to finish those houses for him, in order to recover their value. If we do it, we shall make a profit. If we attempt anything on our own

account, we shall fail. Am I right or not?"

"What can I say? At all events, you are on the safe side. But why has not the count given all this work to some old established firm of his acquaintance?"

"Because he cannot trust any one as he can trust us, and he knows it."

"Of course I owe the count a great deal for his kindness in introducing me to you. He knew all about me before the baker died, and afterwards I waited for him outside the Chambers one evening and asked him if he could find anything for me to do, but he did not give me much encouragement. I saw you speak to him and get into his carriage, — was it not you?"

"Yes, it was I," answered Orsino, remembering the tall man in an overcoat who had disappeared in the dusk on the evening when he himself had first sought Del Ferice. "Yes, and you see we are both under a sort of obligation to him, which is another reason for taking his advice."

"Obligations are humiliating!" exclaimed Contini impatiently. "We have succeeded in increasing our capital, — your capital, Don Orsino, — let us strike out for ourselves."

"I think my reasons are good," said Orsino quietly. "And as for obligations, let us remember that we are men of business."

It appears from this that the low-born Andrea Contini and the high and mighty Don Orsino Saracinesca were not very far from exchanging places so far as prejudice was concerned. Contini noticed the fact and smiled.

"After all," he said, "if you can accept the situation, I ought to accept it, too."

"It is a matter of business," said Orsino, returning to his argument. "There is no such thing as obligation where money is borrowed on good security and a large interest is regularly paid."

It was clear that Orsino was developing commercial instincts. His grandfather would have died of rage on the spot if he could have listened to the young fellow's cool utterances. But Contini was not pleased, and would not abandon his position so easily.

"It is very well for you, Don Orsino," he said, vainly attempting to light his cigar. "You do not need the money as I do. You take it from Del Ferice because it amuses you to do so, not because you are obliged to accept it. That is the difference. The count knows it, too, and knows that he is not conferring a favor, but receiving one. You do him an honor in borrowing his money. He lays me under an obligation in lending it."

"We must get money somewhere," answered Orsino, with indifference. "If not from Del Ferice, then from some other bank. And as for obligations, as you call them, he is not the bank himself, and the bank does not lend its money in order to amuse me or to humiliate you, my friend. But if you insist, I shall say that the convenience is not on one side only. If Del Ferice supports us, it is because we serve his interests. If he has done us a good turn, it is a reason why we should do him one, and build his houses rather than those of other people. You talk about my conferring a favor upon him. Where will he find another Andrea Contini and Company to make worthless property valuable for him? In that sense, you and I are earning his gratitude by the simple process of being scrupulously honest. I do not feel in the least humiliated, I assure you."

"I cannot help it," replied Contini, biting his cigar savagely. "I have a heart, and it beats with good blood. Do you know that there is blood of Colas di Rienzi in my veins?"

"No. You never told me," said Orsino, one of whose forefathers had been concerned in the murder of the tribune, a fact to which he thought it

best not to refer at the present moment.

"And the blood of Colas di Rienzi burns under the shame of an obligation!" exclaimed Contini, with a heat hardly warranted by the circumstances. "It is humiliating, it is base, to submit to be the tool of a Del Ferice. We all know who and what Del Ferice was, and how he came by his title of 'count,' and how he got his fortune,—a spy, an intriguer! In a good cause? Perhaps. I was not born then, nor you either, Signor Principe, and we do not know what the world was like when it was quite another world. That is not a reason for serving a spy."

"Calm yourself, my friend. We are not in Del Ferice's service."

"Better to die than that! Better to kill him at once and go to the galleys for a few years! Better to play the fiddle, or pick rags, or beg in the streets, than that, Signor Principe! One must respect one's self. You see it yourself. One must be a man, and feel as a man. One must feel those things here, Signor Principe,—here, in the heart!"

Contini struck his breast with his clenched fist and bit the end of his cigar quite through in his anger. Then he suddenly seized his hat and rushed out of the room.

Orsino was less surprised at the outburst than might have been expected, and did not attach any great weight to his partner's dramatic rage. But he lit a cigarette and carefully thought over the situation, trying to find out whether there were really any ground for Contini's first remarks. He was perfectly well aware that, as Orsino Saracinesca, he would cut his own throat with enthusiasm rather than borrow a louis of Ugo Del Ferice. But as Andrea Contini and Company he was another person, and so Del Ferice was not Count Del Ferice nor the Onorevole Del Ferice, but simply a director in a bank with which he had business.

If the interests of Andrea Contini and Company were identical with those of the bank, there was no reason whatever for interrupting relations both amicable and profitable, merely because one member of the firm claimed to be descended from Colas di Rienzi, a defunct personage in whom Orsino felt no interest whatever. Andrea Contini, considering his social relations, might be on terms of friendship with his hatter, for instance, or might have personal reasons for disliking him. In neither case could the buying of a hat from that individual be looked upon as an obligation conferred or received by either party. This was quite clear, and Orsino was satisfied.

"Business is business," he said to himself, "and people who introduce personal considerations into a financial transaction will get the worst of the bargain."

Andrea Contini was apparently of the same opinion, for when he entered the room again, at the end of an hour, his excitement had quite disappeared.

"If we take another contract from the count," he said, "is there any reason why we should not take a larger one, if it is to be had? We could manage three or four buildings, now that you have become such a good book-keeper."

"I am quite of your opinion," said Orsino, deciding at once to make no reference to what had gone before.

"The only question is, whether we have capital enough for a margin."

"Leave that to me."

Orsino determined to consult his mother, in whose judgment he felt a confidence which he could not explain, but which was not misplaced. The fact was simple enough. Corona understood him thoroughly, though her comprehension of his business was more than limited, and she did nothing in reality but encourage his own sober opinion when it happened to be at variance with some enthusiastic inclination

which momentarily deluded him. That quiet pushing of a man's own better reason against his half-considered but often headstrong impulses is after all one of the best and most loving services which a wise woman can render to a man whom she loves, be he husband, son, or brother. Many women have no other secret, and indeed there are few more valuable ones, if well used and well kept. But let not graceless man discover that it is used upon him. He will resent being led by his own reason far more than being made the senseless slave of a foolish woman's wildest caprice. To select the best of himself for his own use is to trample upon his free will. To send him barefoot to Jericho in search of a dried flower is to appeal to his heart. Man is a reasoning animal.

Corona, as was to be expected, was triumphant in Orsino's first success, and spent as much time in talking over the past and the future with him as she could command during his own hours of liberty. He needed no urging to continue in the same course, but he enjoyed her happiness and delighted in her encouragement.

"Contini wishes to take a large contract," he remarked to her, after the interview last described. "I agree with him, in a way. We could certainly manage a larger business."

"No doubt," Corona said thoughtfully, for she saw that there was some objection to the scheme in his own mind.

"I have learned a great deal," he continued, "and we have much more capital than we had. Besides, I suppose you would lend me a few thousands if we needed them, would you not, mother?"

"Certainly, my dear. You shall not be hampered by want of money."

"And then it is possible that we might make something like a fortune in a short time. It would be a great satisfaction. But then, too" — He stopped.

"What then?" asked Corona, smiling.

"Things may turn out differently. Though I have been successful this time, I am much more inclined to believe that San Giacinto was right than I was before I began. All this movement does not rest on a solid basis."

A financier of thirty years' standing could not have made the statement more impressively, and Orsino was conscious that he was assuming an elderly tone. He laughed the next moment.

"That is a stock phrase, mother," he continued. "But it means something. Everything is not what it should be. If the demand were as great as people say it is, there would not be half a dozen houses — better houses than ours — unsold in our street. That is why I am afraid of a big contract. I might lose all my money and some of yours."

"It would not be of much consequence if you did," answered Corona. "But of course you will be guided by your own judgment, which is much better than mine. One must risk something, but there is no use in going into danger."

"Nevertheless I should enjoy a big venture immensely."

"There is no reason why you should not try one, when the moment comes, my dear. I suppose that a few months will decide whether there is to be a crisis or not. In the mean time you might take something moderate, neither so small as the last nor so large as you would like. You will get more experience, risk less, and be better prepared for a crash if it comes, or to take advantage of anything favorable if business grows safer."

Orsino was silent for a moment.

"You are very wise, mother," he said. "I will take your advice."

Corona had indeed acted as wisely as she could. The only flaw in her reasoning was her assertion that a few months would decide the fate of Roman affairs. If it were possible to predict

a crisis even within a few months, speculation would be a less precarious business than it is.

Orsino and his mother might have talked longer and perhaps to better purpose, but they were interrupted by the entrance of a servant bearing a note. Corona instinctively put out her hand to receive it.

"For Don Orsino," said the man, stopping before him.

Orsino took the letter, looked at it and turned it over.

"I think it is from Madame d'Aranjuez," he remarked, without emotion. "May I read it?"

"There is no answer, *Eccellenza*," said the servant, whose curiosity was satisfied.

"Read it, of course," said Corona, looking at him.

She was surprised that Madame d'Aranjuez should write to him, but she was still more astonished to see the indifference with which he opened the missive. She had imagined that he was more or less in love with Maria Consuelo.

"I fancy it is the other way," she thought. "The woman wants to marry him. I might have suspected it."

Orsino read the note, and tossed it into the fire without volunteering any information.

"I will take your advice, mother," he said, continuing the former conversation as though nothing had happened.

But the subject seemed to be exhausted, and before long Orsino made an excuse to his mother and went out.

XV.

There was nothing in the note burnt by Orsino which he might not have shown to his mother, since he had already told her the name of the writer. It contained the simple statement that Maria Consuelo was about to leave Rome, and expressed the hope that she

might see Orsino before her departure, as she had a small request to make of him in the nature of a commission. She hoped he would forgive her for putting him to so much inconvenience.

Though he betrayed no emotion in reading the few lines, he was in reality annoyed by them, and he wished that he might be prevented from obeying the summons. Maria Consuelo had virtually dropped the acquaintance, and had refused repeatedly and in a marked way to receive him; and now, at the last moment, when she needed something of him, she chose to recall him by a direct invitation. There was nothing to be done but to yield, and it was characteristic of Orsino that, having submitted to necessity, he did not put off the inevitable moment, but went to her at once.

The days were longer now than they had been during the time when he had visited her every day, and the lamp was not yet on the table when Orsino entered the small sitting-room. Maria Consuelo was standing by the window, looking out into the street, and her right hand rested against the pane while her fingers tapped it softly but impatiently. She turned quickly as he entered, but the light was behind her, and he could hardly see her face. She came towards him and held out her hand.

"It is very kind of you to have come so soon," she said, as she took her old accustomed place by the table.

Nothing was changed, excepting that the two or three new books at her elbow were not the same ones which had been there two months earlier. In one of them was thrust the silver paper-cutter with the jeweled handle, which Orsino had never missed. He wondered whether there were any reason for the unvarying sameness of these details.

"Of course I came," he said. "And as there was time to-day, I came at once."

He spoke rather coldly, still resenting her former behavior, and expecting that she would immediately say what she wanted of him. He would promise to execute the commission, whatever it might be, and after ten minutes of conversation he would take his departure. There was a short pause, during which he looked at her. She did not seem well. Her face was pale, and her eyes were deep with shadows. Even her auburn hair had lost something of its gloss. Yet she did not look older than before, a fact which proved her to be even younger than Orsino had imagined. Saving the look of fatigue and suffering in her face, Maria Consuelo had changed less than Orsino during the winter, and she realized the fact at a glance. A determined purpose, hard work, the constant exertion of energy and will, and possibly, too, the giving up to a great extent of gambling and strong drinks, had told in Orsino's face and manner as a course of training tells upon a lazy athlete. The bold black eyes had a more quiet glance, the well-marked features had acquired strength and repose, the lean jaw was firmer and seemed more square. Even physically he had improved, although the change was undefinable. Young as he was, something of the power of mature manhood was already coming over his youth.

"You must have thought me very — rude," said Maria Consuelo, breaking the silence, and speaking with a slight hesitation which Orsino had never noticed before.

"It is not for me to complain, madame," he answered. "You had every right" —

He stopped short, for he was reluctant to admit that she had been justified in her behavior towards him.

"Thanks," she said, with an attempt to laugh. "It is pleasant to find magnanimous people now and then. I do not want you to think that I was capricious. That is all."

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"I certainly do not think that. You were most consistent. I called three times and always got the same answer."

He fancied that he heard her sigh, but she tried to laugh again.

"I am not imaginative," she answered. "I dare say you found that out long ago. You have much more imagination than I."

"It is possible, madame; but you have not cared to develop it."

"What do you mean?"

"What does it matter? Do you remember what you said when I bade you good-night at the window of your carriage, after Del Ferice's dinner? You said that you were not angry with me. I was foolish enough to imagine that you were in earnest. I came again and again, but you would not see me. You did not encourage my illusion."

"Because I would not receive you? How do you know what happened to me? How can you judge of my life? By your own? There is a vast difference."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Orsino, almost impatiently. "I know what you are going to say. It will be flattering to me, of course. The unattached young man is dangerous to the reputation. The foreign lady is traveling alone. There is the foundation of a vaudeville in that."

"If you must be unjust, at least do not be brutal," said Maria Consuelo in a low voice, and she turned her face away from him.

"I am evidently placed in the world to offend you, madame. Will you believe that I am sorry for it, though I only dimly comprehend my fault? What did I say? That you were wise in breaking off my visits, because you are alone here, and because I am young, unmarried, and unfortunately a little conspicuous in my native city. Is it brutal to suggest that a young and beautiful woman has a right not to be compromised? Can we not talk freely for half an hour, as we used to talk,

and then say good-by and part good friends until you come to Rome again?"

"I wish we could!" There was an accent of sincerity in the tone which pleased Orsino.

"Then begin by forgiving me all my sins, and put them down to ignorance, want of tact, the inexperience of youth, or a naturally weak understanding. But do not call me brutal on such slight provocation."

"We shall never agree for a long time," said Maria Consuelo thoughtfully.

"Why not?"

"Because, as I told you, there is too great a difference between our lives. Do not answer me as you did before, for I am right. I began by admitting that I was rude. If that is not enough, I will say more, — I will even ask you to forgive me. Can I do more?"

She spoke so earnestly that Orsino was surprised and almost touched. Her manner now was even less comprehensible than her repeated refusals to see him had been.

"You have done far too much already," he said gravely. "It is mine to ask your forgiveness for much that I have done and said. I only wish that I understood you better."

"I am glad you do not," replied Maria Consuelo, with a sigh which this time was not to be mistaken. "There is a sadness which it is better not to understand," she added softly.

"Unless one can help to drive it away." Orsino, too, spoke gently, his voice being attracted to the pitch and tone of hers.

"You cannot do that; and if you could, you would not."

"Who can tell?"

The charm which he had formerly felt so keenly in her presence, but which he had of late so completely forgotten, was beginning to return, and he submitted to it with a sense of satisfaction which he had not anticipated. Though the twilight was coming on, his eyes

had become accustomed to the dimness in the room, and he saw every change in her pale, expressive face. She leaned back in her chair, with eyes half closed.

"I like to think that you would, if you knew how," she said presently.

"Do you not know that I would?"

She glanced quickly at him, and then, instead of answering, rose from her seat and called to her maid through one of the doors, telling her to bring the lamp. She sat down again, but, being conscious that they were liable to interruption, neither of the two spoke. Maria Consuelo's fingers played with the silver knife, drawing it out of the book in which it lay and pushing it back again. At last she took it up and looked closely at the jeweled monogram on the handle.

The maid entered, set the shaded lamp upon the table, and glanced sharply at Orsino. He could not help noticing the look. In a moment she was gone, and the door closed behind her. Maria Consuelo looked over her shoulder to see that it had not been left ajar.

"She is a very extraordinary person, that elderly maid of mine," she said.

"So I should imagine from her face."

"Yes. She looked at you as she passed, and I saw that you noticed it. She is my protector. I never have traveled without her, and she watches over me as a cat watches a mouse."

The little laugh that accompanied the words was not one of satisfaction, and the shade of annoyance did not escape Orsino.

"I suppose she is one of those people to whose ways one submits because one cannot live without them," he observed.

"Yes, that is it. That is exactly it," repeated Maria Consuelo. "And she is very strongly attached to me," she added, after an instant's hesitation. "I do not think she will ever leave me. In fact, we are attached to each other."

She laughed again, as though amused by her own way of stating the relation, and drew the paper-cutter through her hand two or three times. Orsino's eyes were oddly fascinated by the flash of the jewels.

"I should like to know the history of that knife?" he said, almost thoughtlessly.

Maria Consuelo started and looked at him, paler even than before. The question seemed to be a very unexpected one.

"Why?" she asked quickly.

"I always see it on the table or in your hand," answered Orsino. "It is associated with you, — I think of it when I think of you. I always fancy that it has a story."

"You are right. It was given to me by a person who loved me."

"I see, — I was indiscreet."

"No, you do not see, my friend. If you did, you — you would understand many things, and perhaps it is better that you should not know them."

"Your sadness? Should I understand that, too?"

"No, not that."

A slight color rose in her face, and she stretched out her hand to arrange the shade of the lamp, with a gesture long familiar to him.

"We shall end by misunderstanding each other," she continued in a harder tone. "Perhaps it will be my fault. I wish you knew much more about me than you do, but without the necessity of telling you the story. But that is impossible. This paper-cutter, for instance, could tell the tale better than I, for it made people see things which I did not see."

"After it was yours?"

"Yes, after it was mine."

"It pleases you to be very mysterious," said Orsino, with a smile.

"Oh, no, it does not please me at all," she answered, turning her face away again. "And least of all with you, my friend."

"Why least with me?"

"Because you are the first to misunderstand. You cannot help it. I do not blame you."

"If you would let me be your friend, as you call me, it would be better for us both."

He spoke as he had assuredly not meant to speak when he had entered the room, and with a feeling that surprised himself far more than his hearer. Maria Consuelo turned sharply upon him.

"Have you acted like a friend towards me?" she asked.

"I have tried to," he answered, with more presence of mind than truth.

Her tawny eyes suddenly lightened.

"That is not true. Be truthful!"

How have you acted, how have you spoken with me? Are you ashamed to answer?"

Orsino raised his head rather haughtily, and met her glance, wondering whether any man had ever been forced into such a strange position before. But though her eyes were bright, their look was neither cold nor defiant.

"You know the answer," he said.

"I spoke and acted as though I loved you, madame; but since you dismissed me so very summarily, I do not see why you wish me to say so."

"And you, Don Orsino, have you ever been loved — loved in earnest — by any woman?"

"That is a very strange question, madame."

"I am discreet. You may answer it safely."

"I have no doubt of that."

"But you will not? No, that is your right. But it would be kind of you, I should be grateful if you would tell me: has any woman ever loved you dearly?"

Orsino laughed almost in spite of himself. He had little false pride.

"It is humiliating, madame; but since you ask the question and require a categorical answer, I will make my

confession. I have never been loved. But you will observe, as an extenuating circumstance, that I am young. I do not give up all hope."

"No, you need not," said Maria Consuelo in a low voice, and again she moved the shade of the lamp.

Though Orsino was by no means fatuous, he must have been blind if he had not seen by this time that Madame d'Aranjuez was doing her best to make him speak as he had formerly spoken to her, and to force him into a declaration of love. He saw it, indeed, and wondered; but although he felt her charm upon him, from time to time, he resolved that nothing should induce him to relax even so far as he had done already more than once during the interview. She had placed him in a foolish position once before, and he would not expose himself to being made ridiculous again, in her eyes or his. He could not discover what intention she had in trying to lead him back to her, but he attributed it to her vanity. She regretted, perhaps, having rebuked him so soon, or perhaps she had imagined that he would make further and more determined efforts to see her. Possibly, too, she really wished to ask a service of him, and wished to assure herself that she could depend upon him by previously extracting an avowal of his devotion. It was clear that one of the two had mistaken the other's character or mood, though it was impossible to say which was the one deceived.

The silence which followed lasted some time, and threatened to become awkward. Maria Consuelo could not or would not speak, and Orsino did not know what to say. He thought of inquiring what the commission might be with which, according to her note, she had wished to entrust him. But an instant's reflection told him that the question would be tactless. If she had invented the idea as an excuse for seeing him, to mention it would be to force her hand, as card-players say,

and he had no intention of doing that. Even if she really had something to ask of him, he had no right to change the subject so suddenly. He bethought him of a better question.

"You wrote me that you were going away," he said quietly. "But you will come back next winter, will you not, madame?"

"I do not know," she answered vaguely. Then she started a little, as though understanding his words. "What am I saying!" she exclaimed. "Of course I shall come back."

"Have you been drinking from the Trevi fountain by moonlight, like those mad English?" Orsino asked, with a smile.

"It is not necessary. I know that I shall come back — if I am alive."

"How you say that! You are as strong as I" —

"Stronger, perhaps. But then — who knows! The weak ones sometimes last the longest."

Orsino thought she was growing very sentimental, though, as he looked at her, he was struck again by the look of suffering in her eyes. Whatever weakness she felt was visible there; there was nothing in the full, firm little hand, in the strong and easy pose of the head, in the softly colored ear half hidden by her hair, that could suggest a coming danger to her splendid health.

"Let us take it for granted that you will come back to us," said Orsino cheerfully.

"Very well, we will take it for granted. What then?"

The question was so sudden and direct that Orsino fancied there ought to be an evident answer to it.

"What then?" he repeated, after a moment's hesitation. "I suppose you will live in these same rooms again, and, with your permission, a certain Orsino Saracinesca will visit you from time to time, and be rude, and be sent away into exile for his sins. And Ma-

dame d'Aranjuez will go a great deal to Madame Del Ferice's and to other ultra-White houses, which will prevent the said Orsino from meeting her in society. She will also be more beautiful than ever, and the daily papers will describe a certain number of gowns which she will bring with her from Paris, or Vienna, or London, or whatever great capital is the chosen official residence of her great dressmaker; and the world will not otherwise change very materially in the course of eight months."

Orsino laughed lightly, not at his own speech, which he had constructed rather clumsily under the spur of necessity, but in the hope that she would laugh, too, and begin to talk more carelessly. But Maria Consuelo was evidently not inclined for anything but the most serious view of the world, past, present, and future.

"Yes," she answered gravely. "I dare say you are right. One comes, one shows one's clothes, and one goes away again; and that is all. It would be very much the same if one did not come. It is a great mistake to think one's self necessary to any one. Only things are necessary, — food, money, and something to talk about."

"You might add friends to the list," said Orsino, who was afraid of being called brutal again if he did not make some mild remonstrance to such a sweeping assertion.

"Friends are included under the head of 'something to talk about,'" retorted Maria Consuelo.

"That is an encouraging view."

"Like all views one gets by experience."

"You grow more and more bitter."

"Does the world grow sweeter as one grows older?"

"Neither you nor I have lived long enough to know," answered Orsino.

"Facts make life long, not years."

"So long as they leave no sign of age, what does it matter?"

"I do not care for that sort of flattery."

"Because it is not flattery at all. You know the truth too well. I am not ingenious enough to flatter you, madame. Perfection is not flattered when it is called perfect."

"It is at all events impossible to exaggerate better than you can," answered Maria Consuelo, laughing at last at the overwhelming compliment. "Where did you learn that?"

"At your feet, madame. The contemplation of great masterpieces enlarges the intelligence and deepens the power of expression."

"And I am a masterpiece — of what? Of art? Of caprice? Of consistency?"

"Of nature," said Orsino promptly.

Again Maria Consuelo laughed a little, at the mere quickness of the answer. Orsino was delighted with himself, for he fancied he was leading her rapidly away from the dangerous ground upon which she had been trying to force him. But her next words showed him that he had not yet succeeded.

"Who will make me laugh during all these months!" she exclaimed, with a little sadness.

Orsino thought she was strangely obstinate, and wondered what she would say next.

"Dear me, madame," he said, "if you are so kind as to laugh at my poor wit, you will not have to seek far to find some one to amuse you better."

He knew how to put on an expression of perfect simplicity when he pleased, and Maria Consuelo looked at him, trying to be sure whether he were in earnest or not. But his face baffled her.

"You are too modest," she said.

"Do you think it is a defect? Shall I cultivate a little more assurance of manner?" he asked, very innocently.

"Not to-day. Your first attempt might lead you into extremes."

"There is not the slightest fear of

that, madame," he assured her, with some emphasis.

She colored a little, and her closed lips smiled in a way he had often noticed before. He congratulated himself upon these signs of approaching ill temper, which promised an escape from his difficulty. To take leave of her suddenly was to abandon the field, and that he would not do. She had determined to force him into a confession of devotion, and he was equally determined not to satisfy her. He had tried to lead her off her track with frivolous talk, and had failed. He would try to irritate her instead, but without incurring the charge of rudeness. Why she was making such an attack upon him was beyond his understanding, but he resented it, and made up his mind neither to fly nor yield. If he had been a hundredth part as cynical as he liked to fancy himself, he would have acted very differently. But he was young enough to have been wounded by his former dismissal, though he hardly knew it, and to seek almost instinctively to revenge his wrongs. He did not find it easy. He would not have believed that such a woman as Maria Consuelo could so far forget her pride as to go begging for a declaration of love.

"I suppose you will take Gouache's portrait away with you?" he observed, changing the subject with a directness which he fancied would increase her annoyance.

"What makes you think so?" she asked, rather dryly.

"I thought it a natural question."

"I cannot imagine what I should do with it. I shall leave it with him."

"You will let him send it to the Salon in Paris, of course?"

"If he likes. You seem interested in the fate of the picture."

"A little. I wondered why you did not have it here, as it has been finished so long."

"Instead of that hideous mirror, you

mean? There would be less variety. I should always see myself in the same dress."

"No; on the opposite wall. You might compare truth with fiction in that way."

"To the advantage of Gouache's fiction, you would say. You were more complimentary a little while ago."

"You imagine more rudeness than even I am capable of inventing."

"That is saying much. Why did you change the subject just now?"

"Because I saw that you were annoyed at something. Besides, we were talking about myself, if I remember rightly."

"Have you never heard that a man should always talk to a woman about himself or herself?"

"No, I never heard that. Shall we talk of you, then, madame?"

"Do you care to talk of me?" asked Maria Consuelo.

Another direct attack, he thought.

"I would rather hear you talk of yourself," he replied, without the least hesitation.

"If I were to tell you my thoughts about myself at the present moment, they would surprise you very much."

"Agreeably or disagreeably?"

"I do not know. Are you vain?"

"As a peacock!" replied Orsino quickly.

"Ah, then what I am thinking would not interest you."

"Why not?"

"Because if it is not flattering it would wound you, and if it is flattering it would disappoint you by falling short of your ideal of yourself."

"Yet I confess that I should like to know what you think of me, though I should much rather hear what you think of yourself."

"On one condition I will tell you."

"What is that?"

"That you will give me your word to give me your own opinion of me afterwards."

"The adjectives are ready, madame, I give you my word."

"You give it so easily! How can I believe you?"

"It is so easy to give in such a case, when one has nothing disagreeable to say."

"Then you think me agreeable?"

"Eminently!"

"And charming?"

"Perfectly!"

"And beautiful?"

"How can you doubt it?"

"And in all other respects exactly like all the women in society to whom you repeat the same commonplaces every day of your life?"

The feint had been dexterous, and the thrust was sudden, straight, and unexpected.

"Madame!" exclaimed Orsino, in the deprecatory tone of a man taken by surprise.

"You see, — you have nothing to say!" She laughed a little bitterly.

"You take too much for granted," he said, recovering himself. "You suppose that because I agree with you upon one point after another I agree with you in the conclusion. You do not even wait to hear my answer, and you tell me that I am checkmated when I have a dozen moves from which to choose. Besides, you have directly infringed the conditions. You have fired before the signal, and an arbitration would go against you. You have done fifty things contrary to agreement, and you accuse me of being dumb in my own defense. There is not much justice in that. You promise to tell me a certain secret on condition that I will tell you another. Then, without saying a word on your own part, you stone me with quick questions, and cry victory because I protest. You begin before I have had so much as —"

"For Heaven's sake, stop!" cried Maria Consuelo, interrupting a speech which threatened to go on for twenty minutes. "You talk of chess, dueling,

and stoning to death in one sentence. I am utterly confused. You upset all my ideas."

"Considering how you have disturbed mine, it is a fair revenge. And since we both admit that we have disturbed that balance upon which alone depends all possibility of conversation, I think that I can do nothing more graceful — pardon me, nothing less ungraceful — than wish you a pleasant journey, which I do with all my heart, madame."

Thereupon Orsino rose and took his hat.

"Sit down. Do not go yet," said Maria Consuelo, growing a shade paler, and speaking with an evident effort.

"Ah — true!" exclaimed Orsino. "We were forgetting the little commission you spoke of in your note. I am entirely at your service."

Maria Consuelo looked at him quickly, and her lips trembled.

"Never mind that," she said unsteadily. "I will not trouble you. But I do not want you to go away as — as you were going. I feel as though we had been quarreling. Perhaps we have. But let us say we are good friends — if we only say it."

Orsino was touched and disturbed. Her face was very white, and her hand trembled visibly as she held it out. He took it in his own without hesitation.

"If you care for my friendship, you shall have no better friend in the world than I," he replied, simply and naturally.

"Thank you — good-by. I shall leave to-morrow."

The words were almost broken, as though she were losing control of her voice. As he closed the door behind him, the sound of a wild and passionate sob came to him through the panel. He stood still, listening and hesitating. The truth which would have long been clear to an older or a vainer man flashed upon him suddenly. She loved

him very much, and he no longer cared for her. That was the reason why she had behaved so strangely, throwing her pride and dignity to the winds in her desperate attempt to get from him a single kind and affectionate word, — from him, who had poured into her ear so many words of love but two months earlier, and from whom to draw a bare admission of friendship to-day she had almost shed tears.

To go back into the room would be madness; since he did not love her, it would almost be an insult. He bent his head and walked slowly down the corridor. He had not gone far, when he was confronted by a small dark figure that stopped the way. He recognized Maria Consuelo's elderly maid.

"I beg your pardon, Signor Principe," said the little black-eyed woman. "You will allow me to say a few words? I thank you, Eccellenza. It is about my signora, in there, of whom I have charge."

"Of whom you have charge?" repeated Orsino, not understanding her.

"Yes, precisely. Of course I am only her maid. You understand that. But I have charge of her, though she does not know it. The poor signora has had terrible trouble during the last few years, and at times — you understand? She is a little — yes — here." She tapped her forehead. "She is better now. But in my position I sometimes think it wiser to warn some friend of hers, in strict confidence. It saves some little unnecessary complication, and I was ordered to do so by the doctors we last consulted in Paris. You will forgive me, Eccellenza, I am sure."

Orsino stared at the woman for some

seconds in blank astonishment. She smiled in a placid, self-confident way.

"You mean that Madame d'Aranjuez is — mentally deranged, and that you are her keeper? It is a little hard to believe, I confess."

"Would you like to see my certificates, Signor Principe, or the written directions of the doctors? I am sure you are discreet."

"I have no right to see anything of the kind," answered Orsino coldly. "Of course, if you are acting under instructions, it is no concern of mine."

He would have gone forward, but she suddenly produced a small bit of note-paper, neatly folded, and offered it to him.

"I thought you might like to know where we are until we return," she said, continuing to speak in a very low voice. "It is the address."

Orsino made an impatient gesture. He was on the point of refusing the information which he had not taken the trouble to ask of Maria Consuelo herself. But he changed his mind, and felt in his pocket for something to give the woman. It seemed the easiest and simplest way of getting rid of her. The only note he had chanced to be one of greater value than was necessary.

"A thousand thanks, Eccellenza!" whispered the maid, overcome by what she took for an intentional piece of generosity.

Orsino left the hotel as quickly as he could.

"For improbable situations, commend me to the nineteenth century and the society in which we live!" he said to himself as he emerged into the street.

F. Marion Crawford.

UNGUARDED GATES.

WIDE open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, North, South, East, and West;
Portals that lead to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's pine —
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the year
The red rose blossoms somewhere — a rich land,
A later Eden planted in the wilds,
With not an inch of earth within its bound
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free!
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,
And Honor honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the law.
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,
And with the vision brightening in their eyes
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild motley throng —
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
In street and alley what strange tongues are these,
Accents of menace alien to our air,
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!
O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temples of the Cæsars stood
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

April, 1892.

ARABIAN HORSES.

THERE is no other race in the world by whom good birth is valued so highly as it is by the Bedouins of Arabia. And yet these nomadic clans are, in their form of government, the most democratic of people. Every Arab finds himself the member of a tribe, but if he chooses to leave it, he can do so without let or hindrance. He may take refuge with strangers, or pitch his tent in solitude and isolation. Even when the majority determine upon war or upon some warlike expedition, the minority are not obliged, either by law or by public opinion, to join with their fellows. They stay at home, if they prefer, without discredit. Each tribe has a leader, a sheikh, elected by universal suffrage; but his authority is very limited, and his commands are enforceable only so far as they commend themselves to the popular judgment. The sheikh is an agent rather than a ruler. All matters of real importance are decided by vote. The sheikh leads the tribe to new camping-grounds, settles small disputes, transacts political business, entertains strangers, and keeps open house at all hours of the day and night. This last is perhaps his chief function. The humblest shepherd addresses the sheikh by his Christian name, and neither in dress nor in conduct does he affect any superiority. Moreover, the possession of wealth will not procure a man distinction or respect among the Bedouins any more than the possession of office; and this is remarkable, because the Bedouins love money to the point of avarice.

But to high birth the Arab, democrat though he is, renders homage most sincere. There are, among the Bedouins, certain families of traditional good breeding. For such families a respect almost fanatical is shown; and it is from their members that the sheikhs are usually

chosen. Nor is this high value erroneously attached to noble blood. Good breeding and good birth are nearly always found together in the desert, and the sheikhs are commonly distinguished by the quiet elegance and dignity of their manners. If a sheikh be deficient in this regard, he is almost invariably a man of inferior origin, raised to command by force of his own talents and energy.

The respect which the Bedouins have for high birth in their horses is, if possible, even greater, becoming absolutely fanatical. Lady Anne Blunt speaks of the reports which reached her party in the desert as to the extraordinarily fine pedigree of a particular horse owned by a certain old man. “‘*Manéghi ibn Sbéyel*’ [the title of the horse’s family], they kept on repeating in a tone of tenderness, and as if tasting the flavor of each syllable.” The travelers made a considerable detour in order to see this famous animal. When they arrived at the tent of his owner, they found that he had gone to borrow a donkey for the purpose of moving the family furniture to a new encampment; for “‘a horse of the *Manéghi*’s nobility could not, of course, be used for baggage purposes.” Presently, however, the old man appeared, riding his high-born steed, which proved to be “‘a meek-looking little black pony, all mane and tail.”

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt expresses the opinion that the Arabian horse is degenerating through excessive inbreeding, and because animals of the best families, though individually inferior, are preferred to superior individuals, but members of families belonging to an inferior rank. However this may be, it is certain that the extraordinary excellence of the Arabian horse in his present form could never have been developed or maintained, had it not been for the almost

reverential care which the Bedouins bestow upon equine descent.¹

The Arabs have no written pedigrees: it is all an affair of memory and of notoriety in the tribe. Certain alleged pedigrees of Arabian horses, couched in romantic language, and represented as carried in a small bag hung by a cord around the animal's neck, have been published; but these are forgeries, gotten up probably by horse-dealers, Egyptian, Syrian, or Persian. The breeding of every horse is a matter of common knowledge, and it would be impossible for his owner to fabricate a pedigree so as to deceive the natives, even if he were so inclined. The Bedouins, it seems necessary to admit, are in general great liars; and they will lie (to a stranger) about the age, the qualities, or the ownership of a horse, but they will not lie about his pedigree, even when they can do so with impunity. To be truthful on this subject is almost a matter of religion, certainly a point of honor, in the desert.

How far back do these pedigrees run, and what was the origin of the Arabian horse? These questions it is impossible to answer definitely. The Bedouins themselves believe that Allah created the equine genus on their soil. "The root or spring of the horse is," they say, "in the land of the Arab." This pious belief is shared by a few generous souls in England and America, a small but devoted band, who gallantly defend the cause of the Arabian horse against his only rival, the modern English thoroughbred. Chief among these faithful was the late Major R. D. Upton, who visited the desert himself, and who has recorded his experiences and his views.² Major

Upton concluded that the horse was found in Arabia "not later than about one hundred years after the deluge, . . . if indeed he did not find his way there immediately after the exodus from the ark, which is by no means improbable," and this probability the author then proceeds seriously to consider. According to Major Upton and a few kindred spirits, all other breeds are mongrels, and the only way to obtain horseflesh in its best and purest form is to go back to the fountain head, to the horse of the desert.

Naturalists, I believe, have not yet determined where the genus originated; but they gather that three allied animals, the tapir, the rhinoceros, and the horse, have all descended from a common ancestor of the eocene period. Of these three, the tapir and the rhinoceros, certainly, are found in many parts of the world. The immediate precursor of the horse was the small animal called *equida*, which was exceedingly common both in America and in Europe. Fossil skeletons have also been found in almost every part of America varying but slightly from the skeleton of the present horse, although externally the animals which they represent may have differed from him as widely as does the zebra. It is possible, therefore, that, contrary to the usual opinion, horses existed on this continent in a wild state before the coming of the Spaniards. These facts tend to show, although of course they fail to prove, that the primitive horse was widely distributed, not confined even to the salubrious region of Arabia. But there is one argument in favor of the Arabian being the primitive horse which I have chanced upon, and which I here present

is grouped, agrees in all substantial respects with the account given by Major Upton.

² In Newmarket and Arabia, a small book published in 1873; Gleanings from the Desert, a later work, only a part of which is devoted to horseflesh; and a paper concerning Arabian Horses in Fraser's Magazine for September, 1876.

¹ Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and his wife, Lady Anne Blunt, made two journeys to the desert, and their observations are recorded in two interesting books, written chiefly by Lady Anne. These are, *The Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates and Our Pilgrimage to Nejd*. They lived among the Bedouins for some time, and what they report about the Arabian horse, his qualities, his descent, and the families in which he

to those enthusiasts who will appreciate it. There is a conjecture of Darwin's that the dark stripe running along the spine of some horses, and occasionally extending to the shoulders and legs, may indicate a "descent of all the existing races from a single dun-colored, more or less striped primitive stock, to which our horses occasionally revert." In the Cleveland bay family, this dark stripe, or "list," is valued as a mark of pure blood; it is found also in the Exmoor breed of ponies and in some other strains.

Now, Major Upton reports an observation made by him upon horses in the desert as follows: "A line somewhat darker than the general color of the animal is to be seen in *colt* foals, running in continuation of the mane along the spine, and to be traced for some way even among the long hair of the tail. I never saw it in a filly. . . . It can be traced in old horses and in those of a very dark color. . . . It appears as the first or primitive color of the animal, which tones away by almost imperceptible degrees from the back to the belly; it may be seen in lines on the males of other wild animals. At certain seasons, and as the horse ages, and dependent also in some degree on his condition, the dark color spreads over the shoulders and upper parts of the body, . . . as if shaded with black."

To be sure, Major Upton states that this phenomenon is "totally different from the markings of the zebra, quagga, or any of the hybrids;" but nevertheless it seems to be essentially the same. Zebras and quaggas are of the equine family; and this peculiar marking of the Arabian horse would, on Darwin's hypothesis, indicate that if not himself the primitive horse, he at least stands nearer to that animal than any other existing *equus*.

However, this discussion has no practical value, nor is it essential even for the Arabo-maniacs to prove their case historically. This fact is sufficient and

cannot be controverted, namely, that the Arabian horse is the only one now extant of a fixed type. His antiquity is such that, in comparison with him, all other breeds are mongrels of yesterday. It is conjectured that he dates back to the time of Ishmael; and it is reasonably certain that the present breed existed in the days of Mahomet.

This is antiquity enough. The English thoroughbred is a modern product derived from native English stock, from Arab and Barb importations, possibly from some mixture also of European horses; and the first volume of the stud-book, in which every thoroughbred horse is registered, was not issued until the year 1808. According to the standard of the desert, therefore, the English horse is a parvenu; and although he is bigger, stronger, and faster than the Arab, he is less sound, beautiful, intelligent, and gentle. Moreover, as must be the case with a new breed, the English thoroughbred varies greatly in size, in shape, and in all other characteristics; whereas the Arabian, though each family has its peculiarities, is much more nearly of one type, and almost of one size. A pure Arabian ranges from 14 to 15 hands, being commonly about 14.2. Very rarely one stands as low as 13.3, or as high as 15.1. An English officer, speaking of Arabian horses as racers, observes, "They can all gallop about equally fast."

In estimating the Arabian horse, or in comparing him with his English contemporary, it must be borne in mind that an Arabian of absolutely pure breed is an animal which few European eyes have ever looked upon. Of all the Oriental horses imported to England in the eighteenth century, and upon which, in great part, the English thoroughbred is founded, only one, the famous Darley Arabian, imported by Mr. Darley in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, is known to have been of pure lineage. It is probable that no Arabian stallion that was *asil*, that is thoroughbred, has yet

reached our shores;¹ and perhaps the only Eastern mare of that degree ever in the United States is Naomi, a late importation from England.

There are no wild horses in Arabia, although there is a widespread belief to the contrary. This animal, as an old writer explains, "can live only of man's hand in the droughty *khála*." The pure-bred Arabian horses are the possession, almost exclusively, of a single great Bedouin clan known as the Anazeh, and of this clan a tribe called the Gomussa have the best. Even among the Bedouins, apart from the Gomussa, there are not many animals of the highest stamp. "I doubt," says Mr. Blunt, "if there are two hundred really first-class mares in the whole of northern Arabia. By this I of course do not mean first-class in point of blood, for animals of the purest strains are still fairly numerous, but first-class in quality and appearance as well as blood."

Across central Arabia extends a vast territory called the Nejd, composed of sandy deserts and rich pastures. This whole region is a plateau, and the atmosphere is dry and bracing. It is under such conditions that horses thrive, and here was the original home of the Arabian horse. In Flanders, where the air is humid, and the pastures are moist and rank, horses grow large, but they have flat feet, inferior sinews, lymphatic temperaments, and soft hearts. Flemish nags have been imported largely to England for many hundred years, being cheap, big, and showy; but they have always been noted for their lack of endurance. Some years ago, the Job-masters of London recruited their immense stables of carriage horses from Flanders, where handsome pairs could be obtained at a low price; but the experiment failed. The Flemish coachers were found so deficient in toughness and grit that it was cheaper to employ

¹ Except perhaps Kismet, a stallion recently imported, who died soon after landing.

English-bred horses at double the price. Even among thoroughbreds unsoundness is frequent, in the British Isles, due in great part to the moist climate. The English horse, when transplanted to India and Australia, becomes much improved in respect to the soundness of his feet and legs, and this improvement is doubtless the effect of a drier climate.

The Anazeh spend their winters in the Nejd, migrating in spring as far as the Euphrates, and it is among the wandering tribes of this clan that the Arabian steed in his purity must be studied. The Anazeh, and the Bedouins in general, keep their mares, but sell many of their horses; and it is from the horses thus sold, crossed with inferior mares, that the animal known in Europe and in India as an Arab is bred. The Bedouins call these half-breeds "the sons of horses," and they look upon them, as well as all other breeds but their own, with the greatest contempt, stigmatizing them as *kadishes*, or mongrels. The desert is almost surrounded by horse-growing countries, and it is touched here and there by great horse-markets. On the west and northwest is Syria, where many of these bastard Arabs, the "sons of horses," are raised. The chief horse-market of Syria is Damascus, on the shore of the desert. On the opposite, the eastern shore, in almost a straight line from Damascus, is Bagdad, the capital of Turkish Arabia, another great horse-market; and south of Bagdad, between the Euphrates and the Tigris, there is a wide stretch of country where many of these animals are bred, chiefly for sale in India.

The Arabian horses, so called, that are found in Turkey, especially in Constantinople, in Egypt, and in India, are not the true coursers of the desert, but their "sons." They are commonly gray, and hence the popular idea that gray is the normal color of the Arabian horse. As a matter of fact, the Bedouins prefer bay with black points (not objecting to

three white feet), and this is the most frequent color among the Anazeh mares; next comes chestnut, then gray. Black is a rare and inferior color. White horses are much esteemed, but seldom occur. Roans, piebalds, duns, and yellows are never found among pure-bred Arabs. The two Arabian stallions sent to General Grant as a present from the Sultan of Turkey, in 1876, were both grays, and though they were supposed to be pure bred, they are probably kadhishes, — “sons of horses,” not horses themselves. Neither money nor high office can command the flower of the desert. Even Abbas Pasha had only a few really thoroughbred mares, and yet he spent five million dollars in gathering his famous stud at Cairo.

This man appears to have had a glorious passion for horseflesh.* On one occasion he dispatched a special mission to Medina for the sole purpose of fetching a rare work on farriery. At another time he sent a bullock-cart from Egypt all the way to Nejd to bring home a famous mare, old and unable to travel on foot, which he had purchased from the Anazeh. A Bedouin, who had been sent to Cairo by one of the chiefs of Nejd, was shown over the viceroy's stables, by order of that official. On being asked his opinion of the blood, he replied frankly that the stables did not contain a single thoroughbred. He added an apology on the part of his chief for the animals which he had just brought to the viceroy from Arabia, declaring that neither Sultan nor sheikh could procure colts of the best strain.

Bagdad is on the very edge of the desert, and the Pasha of that place has unlimited resources, but Mr. Blunt says: “Although his excellency's horses were, as a lot, good of their kind, they were very different from real Arabs; and on comparing them with those of the Anazeh their inferiority was conspicuous, and their history could easily be understood. They were very nearly all gray.”

In the centre of Arabia, in the district of Nejd, and on the edge of the desert, is the city of Hail, where for many years has existed the famous stud of the Emir of Hail. Emissaries of this dignitary are constantly on the lookout for mares, wherever they can find them, and not infrequently *gházus*, or marauding expeditions, have been sent out by the Emir against this or that tribe, for the express purpose of capturing some particular mare whose fame had spread over the desert. It was of the animals in this stud that Mr. W. G. Palgrave's oft-quoted description was written. Out of his two interesting volumes¹ this passage alone has survived: —

“Remarkably full in the haunches, with a shoulder of a slope so elegant as to make one, in the words of an Arab poet, ‘go raving mad about it;’ a little, a very little saddle-backed, just the curve which indicates springiness without any weakness; a head broad above, and tapering down to a nose fine enough to verify the phrase of ‘drinking from a pint pot;’ . . . a most intelligent and yet a singularly gentle look; full eye; sharp, thornlike little ear; legs, fore and hind, that seemed as if made of hammered iron, so clean and yet so well twisted with sinew; a neat, round hoof, just the requisite for hard ground; the tail set on, or rather thrown out, in a perfect arch; coat smooth, shining, and light; the mane long, but not overgrown nor heavy; and an air and step that seemed to say, ‘Look at me; am I not pretty?’ — their appearance justified all reputation, all value, all poetry. The prevailing color was chestnut or gray. A light bay, an iron-color, white or black, were less common. . . . But if asked what are, after all, the specially distinctive points of the Nejd horse, I should reply, the slope of the shoulder, the extreme cleanness of the shank, and the full rounded haunch, though every other part, too, has a perfection and a harmony

¹ Central and Eastern Arabia.

unwitnessed (at least by my eyes) anywhere else."

And yet Mr. Blunt says of this same stud: "Of all the mares in the prince's stable, I do not think more than three or four could show with advantage among the Gomussa." He admits, however, that their heads were handsomer than those of the Anazeh mares. The latter are built more nearly on a race-horse model, having greater length of body and of limb. The Nejd horses are perhaps prettier, though not so blood-like. Unlike the Anazeh mares, they stand higher at the withers than at the rump; and they are distinguished by their splendid carriage of head and tail. "Every horse at Hail," writes Mr. Blunt, "had its tail set on in the same fashion; in repose something like the tail of a rocking-horse, and yet not, as has been described [by Mr. Palgrave] 'thrown out in a perfect arch.' In motion, the tail was held high in the air, and looked as if it could not under any circumstance be carried low."

It has been suggested that this phenomenon is partly, at least, the effect of art; that before the foal is an hour old its tail is bent back over a stick, the twist producing a permanent result. But this is probably a slander.

There is one family of American trotters, that of the Mambrino Patchens, which alone among American-bred nags is distinguished for the beautiful carriage of the tail, and jealous persons have made the same insinuation in reference to these horses that was directed against the stud of the Emir of Hail.

All Arabian horses carry their tails well, and next to the head and its setting on, the tail is the feature which the Arab looks to in judging a horse. "I have seen mares gallop with their tails out straight as colts, and fit, as the Arabs say, to hang your cloak on," Major Upton remarks. A family of horses renowned in the desert is descended from a mare of which the following tradition

exists. Her owner was once flying from the enemy, and, being hard pressed, he cast off his cloak in order to relieve the mare of that unnecessary weight. But when, having distanced his pursuers, he halted, what was his surprise to find that his cloak had lodged on the mare's outstretched tail and still hung there! From this incident, the heroine of the tale has figured ever since in the unwritten pedigrees of the desert as "the Arab of the Cloak."

Occasionally, though not often, one sees an American-bred horse, especially if it be a colt, galloping in the pasture with its tail carried so high that the hair divides and falls forward like a streamer. This is a very common sight in the desert. "I have seen a mare, an Abayan Sherakh," writes Major Upton, "galloping loose, with both head and tail high to an extent such as I could hardly have believed, had I not seen it. Her tail was not only high, but seemed to be right over her back, and, besides streaming out behind like a flag, covered her loins and quarters. It was a splendid sight to one who can appreciate a horse." A single horseman mounted on a mare that carried her tail in this superb manner, and galloping in the distance, away from the spectator, has often been mistaken in the desert for three horsemen riding abreast.

What does an Arabian horse look like, — a mare of the desert, of noble birth, belonging, we will say, to the tribe Gomussa, of the clan Anazeh, and valued for her high descent, from Nejd to the Euphrates, from Damascus to Bagdad? Let us imagine her coming forward at a walk. She advances with a long, swinging stride, the hind feet considerably overstepping the print left by the fore feet, — overstepping from twelve to eighteen inches; sometimes, if careful observers may be trusted, even as much as two or three feet. Above all, she swings her head from side to side and looks about with curiosity as she

goes. This mark of alertness and vivacity is among the Bedouins a *sine qua non* of good breeding. In truth, a well-bred horse, the world over, exhibits similar indications of a lively spirit and an inquiring mind. There is no pleasure in the use of a horse who fails to prick his ears, and to keep them in motion; and it would be a short but not seriously inadequate description of a good roadster to say that you can drive him fifty or sixty miles in a day without taking the prick out of his ears. The head of our Gomussa mare is the first and chief part of her to be examined.

Whyte-Melville wrote:—

"A head like a snake, and a skin like a mouse,
An eye like a woman's, bright, gentle, and
brown,
With loins and a back that would carry a
house,
And quarters to lift him smack over a town."

This comparison of the head of a horse to that of the snake has often been criticised, and yet I think an Arab would perceive the force of the simile. The head of an Arabian horse, when he is excited, writes one, "seems to be made up of forehead, eyes, and nostrils," and this suggests the raised head of a hissing snake.

What gives the head of the Arabian steed this peculiar appearance is chiefly the prominence of the forehead, which is greater in the mares than in the horses. A small head the Arabians particularly dislike, as indicating a small brain, but the size should be in the upper regions of the skull. From the top of the head to a point between the eyes will often measure as much as from the last-mentioned point to the upper edge of the nostril. Moreover, the forehead, between

and below the eyes, should be slightly convex or bulging.¹ The space around the eyes should be free of hair, so as to show the black skin underneath, which at this part is particularly black and lustrous. The name for the original breed of Arab horses, now divided into five families, is Keheilan, from *kohl*, antimony, the Arabian horse having by nature that dark circle about the eye which the women of Arabia are wont to obtain by the use of antimony. Sometimes the whole face and even the ears are entirely free of hair. The cheek-bone should be deep and lean, and the jaw-bone clearly marked. There is great width of jaw and depth of jowl. In fine, the head of the Arabian horse is large where the brain is, and large in the breathing apparatus, but small in all the unessential parts. The face narrows suddenly below the cheek-bone, and runs down almost to a point. "A nose that would go in a pint pot" is an old description of the Arabian cast of countenance. But the profile of the Arabian horse terminates, not "with the nostril, as in the English race horse, but with the tip of the lip." "The nostrils," Mr. Blunt states, "when in repose, should lie flat with the face, appearing in it little more than a slit, and pinched and puckered up, as also should the mouth, which should have the under lip longer than the upper, 'like the camel's,' the Bedouins say."²

"Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within."

The ears, especially in the mare, should be long, but fine and delicately cut, like the ears of a gazelle. This agrees with our Western notion on the subject, for small "mouse-ears," as they also set up outward from the nose, like the mouth of a pouch or sack which has been tied. This is a very beautiful feature, and can hardly be appreciated except by sight. When it expands it opens both upwards and outwards, and in profile is seen to extend beyond the outline of the nose." (Major Upton.)

¹ This feature, which distinguishes, by the way, the Touchstone family of English thoroughbreds, is not to be confounded with that of a convex or "Roman" nose. The latter points to a low descent, and is associated with obstinacy.

² "The nostril, which is peculiarly long, not round, runs upward toward the face, and is

call them, are not liked by our horse-men.

As to the carriage of the ears, Major Upton well describes it as follows: "The ears, to be perfect, should be so placed that they point inwards, so that the tips may almost touch. The outline of the inner side of the ear should be much curved, and, as it were, notched about halfway down."

Next to the head and ears, the Arabs value the manner in which the head is set on the neck. This point, or rather form of juncture, they call the *mitbeh*. It especially refers to the shape of the windpipe, and to the manner in which the throat enters or runs in between the jaws, where it should have a slight and graceful curve. "This," Major Upton adds, "permits of a graceful and easy carriage of the head, and . . . gives great freedom to the air-passages. The Keheilan is essentially a deep-breathed and a good and long-winded horse."

The peculiar rounded prominence of the forehead, already described, the Arabs call the *jibbah*; and the *jibbah*, the *mitbeh*, the ears, and the tail are the points as to which the Arabs are most particular. These points indicate breeding, and breeding is all that the Arabs care for in a horse.

For the rest, the Arabian horse, in his highest form, exhibits great length. He stands over much ground, as the phrase is, although his back is short. There is a common notion that the Arabian at rest keeps his legs well under him; that he belongs to that type of which it is said "all four feet would go in a bushel basket;" but this is erroneous. Often, on the other hand, the Arabian stands with his fore legs bent backward from the knee, which is thought to be a good formation or habit. In the length of his body, in the length of his hind legs, which is extreme, and in the fact that he stands higher behind than in front, there is a resemblance between the Arabian horse, at least the Anazeh horse, and the

typical American trotter. Maud S., for example, has these peculiarities. Sunol has them in still greater degree. The Anazeh mares, moreover, are very long from hip to hock, and this again is the almost invariable formation of the trotting horse. The body of the Arabian is elegantly shaped. His ribs are more deeply arched than is usually the case with our horses, and consequently he swells out behind the shoulders in a graceful curve, whereas both the running horse and the trotter are very apt to be what is called slab-sided.

Another peculiarity of the Arabian is the great length of his pastern joints, to which are chiefly due the remarkable springiness and elasticity of his gait. "All shining, beautiful, and gentle of herself, she seemed a darling life upon that savage soil, not worthy of her gracious pasterns." Nor, despite its length, does the pastern joint ever break down with the Arabian horse, as happens so frequently with the English racer. Grogginess and knuckling over are unknown in the desert.

As to the legs of the Arabian, they are as hard as flint; spavin, curb, and ringbone are very infrequent. In speaking of a certain Anazeh mare, a bay with black points, Major Upton declares that her legs appeared to have been cut out of black marble, and then highly polished. The knees and hocks of the Arabian are large, as they are in all good horses. "A Bedawee, whose mare had a foal running by her side, being pursued, feared that his steed would not do her best, out of consideration for the foal; therefore he struck at the foal with his lance, and it fell back disabled. But when the Arab stopped his mare, the foal shortly made its appearance; and although it had been wounded in the hocks, it had made such good play that it was called the father, or possessor, of good hocks. It is a strain most highly esteemed."

Another family is descended from

"the Mare of the Old Woman," whose story is as follows. A Bedawee had been pursued for some days through a long and devious course. On the way his mare gave birth to a foal, but her master soon mounted again and continued his flight, leaving the little creature to its fate. However, when he stopped at night to rest, the infant appeared, having followed all the way, notwithstanding its extreme youth, and thereupon he gave it to an old woman, who brought it up by hand; and this foal, "the Mare of the Old Woman," became the mother of a noted family.

As to the manner in which the Arabs treat their horses, it is pleasant to be assured that neither romance nor tradition has exaggerated its kindness and familiarity. "Their great merit as horse-breakers is unwearied patience. Loss of temper with a beast is not in their nature, and I have never seen them strike or ill use their mares in any way." If Providence provided central Arabia as a region peculiarly fit for breeding sound horses, it would seem also that the ancient Arabian race was specially designed to have the nurture and training of these high-bred animals. It is clear that rough treatment would soon convert them into demons. Mr. William Day, the noted English trainer, conjectures that the ill temper and ferocity which characterize some strains of the English thoroughbred are owing to the Arab blood in their ancestry. Hence he infers that Arabian horses are bad-tempered. His conjecture is very likely correct, but his inference is a vicious one. It is not improbable that a generation or two of the old-fashioned English groom, with his rough "Come up, horse!" and dig in the ribs or kick in the belly, added to the use of whip and spurs and severe bits, would sour the temper and awake the resentment of so highly bred and finely organized an animal as one of Arabian descent. But in the desert viciousness in the horse is absolutely

unknown. The Arab rides without saddle or stirrups, on a small pad fastened in place by a surcingle. As for bridle and bit, he has none. The horse is guided by a halter, the rope of which the rider holds in his hand, and he is controlled by the voice. "I have never seen either violent plunging, rearing, or indeed any serious attempt made to throw the rider. Whether a Bedouin would be able to sit a barebacked unbroken four-year-old colt as the Gauchos of South America do is exceedingly doubtful." The Arabian mare has no more fear of her master than a dog would have with us, and she is on terms of almost canine intimacy with the whole family. An old traveler in the desert describes an incident on a wet evening, at the sheikh's tent:—

"Evening clouds gathered. . . . The mare returned of herself through the falling weather, and came and stood at our coffee fire, in half-human wise, to dry her soaked skin and warm herself as one among us. She approached the sitters about the hearth, and, putting down her soft nose, kissed each member of the group, till the sheikh was fain to rise and scold his mare away."

"Ali's tent," writes Mr. Blunt, "was partly occupied by a filly and a bay foal, the latter not a week old, and very engaging. It was tied up, as the custom is, by a rope round the neck, while its mother was away grazing, and neighed continually. It was very tame, however, and let me stroke it, and sniffed at my pockets as if it knew that there might be some sugar there."

No wonder, then, that the Arabian foals are described as being gentle and familiar. They do not run away when they are approached at pasture; they are not to be intimidated by the flourishing of sticks or by the waving of garments. If they happen to be lying down when one comes near them, they continue in that position, instead of scrambling to their feet in alarm; and they have an

engaging habit of using their masters as rubbing-posts. This is true, in general, of our trotting-bred American foals. The fact is that any colt, whatever its origin, if treated with uniform kindness, will become, at the age of six or eight months, as tame and fearless as the pets of the desert.

The manner of rearing the Arabian colt is as follows. It is weaned at the very tender age of one month, instead of being allowed to run with its mother for four, five, or six months, according to our custom. So soon as it is weaned the dam goes out to pasture, but the foal remains close by the tent, being tied by a cord around the neck, or around the hind leg above the hock. It is fed at first on camel's milk. The children play with it, and when it is a year old they mount it occasionally, and thus it gradually becomes accustomed to carry weight. Before it attains the age of two years it has been ridden by a half-grown boy, and a year later it is put through some long and severe gallops. The Bedouins maintain (very unreasonably, as Western experience shows) that unless a horse has done hard work before he is three years old he will never be fit to do it afterward. Accordingly, when the colt is about two and a half years old, besides being taught to gallop in the figure of an 8, and to change his leg, so as to become supple, he is ridden by his master on a journey. The consequence of this heroic treatment is that splints are not uncommon in Arabian horses, and sometimes their shank bones become bent permanently. Occasionally, also, the colt gets a pair of broken knees by being ridden over rough ground at too early an age. But, strange to say, the Arabians make no account of such a blemish. Their horses, when full grown, never fall, despite their careless way of walking. "The Arabian horse is too sure of his footing to be careful, except on rough ground, and there he never makes a false step."

I own a Morgan mare which has precisely the same peculiarity. On ordinary roads she will not take the pains to avoid an obstacle, such as a stone, and will frequently trip over it, knowing full well that she can always save herself with the other leg. But I have driven this same mare down a mountain side, where the only road was the dry bed of a rocky stream, and there she picked her way in perfect safety, without taking a false step.

The smallness of the Arabian horse is due partly, at least, to scantiness of food. "Horses, mares, and colts, all alike are starved during a great part of the year, no corn being ever given, and only camel's milk when other food fails. They are often without water for several days together, and in the most piercing nights of winter they stand uncovered, and with no more shelter than can be got on the lee side of the tents. Their coats become long and shaggy, and they are left uncombed and unbrushed till the new coat comes in spring. At these times they are ragged-looking scarecrows, half starved, and as rough as ponies. In the summer, however, their coats are as fine as satin, and they show all the appearance of breeding one has a right to expect of their blood."

The cow-pony of our Western and Southwestern States is akin to the Arabian, being descended from the Barbs (in part Arabian) that the Spaniards brought over when they conquered South America; and the cow-pony and the Arabian horse fare very much the same in winter, and undergo a similar change in spring. "The cow-pony," writes Colonel T. A. Dodge in a private letter, "in many places, in the winter, looks like a bear. His hide becomes fur, and his legs are as big as barrels. But when he scours out in the spring, he is as fine as any thoroughbred. He comes of the same stock which produced the English thoroughbred, and he has had the very best of training in running away from wolves

and in hunting his fodder. In other words, with him the species is a survival of the fittest. . . . Barring his attenuated form, which comes from his annual starving, he is one of the most astonishing creatures ever made."

The last touch of romance is added to the Bedouin when we learn that he is not in any sense a horse-dealer. The town Arab is often a dealer in horses, but the Arab of the desert treasures the glorious animal for his own sake, and not as a merchantable commodity. If he has a mare to sell, there she is, — you may take her or leave her; but the owner will make no attempt to exaggerate her virtues or to apologize for her defects. "He knows little of showing off a horse, or even of making him stand to advantage; but, however anxious he may be to sell him, brings him just as he is, dirty and ragged, tired, and perhaps broken-kneed. He has a supreme contempt himself for everything except blood in his beast, and he expects everybody else to have the same." The Arabian horse is frequently blemished by wounds from the lance and other injuries, and especially from firing with the hot iron. This is the sovereign remedy among the Arabs for man and beast, and upon both animals it is practiced to a cruel and ridiculous degree. Mr. Palgrave mentions one case where a deep circular wound had been burned upon the skull of an insane man, the injury being sufficiently great to have caused the madness which it was intended to cure.

Often, indeed, it requires the eye of a skilled horseman to detect the merit and high breeding of a mare fresh from the desert, in her winter coat and winter condition. An old traveler relates how such a mare, sent by a Nejdi prince to an Egyptian Pasha, was criticised by those who saw her. "Merry were these men of settled countries, used to stout hackneys. 'The carvion!' cried one, for indeed she was lean and uncurried. 'The Pasha would not accept her,' said an-

other. But a Syrian who stood by quietly remarked, 'A month at Shem, and she will seem better than now;' and some Bedouins who were present declared her worth to be thirty camels."

It is true, as this traveler sagely declared, that men of "settled countries, used to stout hackneys," often prefer an inferior horse to the pure-bred Arabian. The Barb, for example, has a bigger crest, and is more of the prancing order.

I have touched already upon the views of the Arabo-maniacs. With them the problem of horse-breeding is a very simple one, the solution being to discard all other breeds as mongrels, and to go back to "the primitive horse," the horse of the desert. On the other hand, most practical men engaged in the business deride this notion. "I cannot help thinking," writes one such, "that of all insane ideas the maddest is that which some enthusiasts have of permanently improving English race horses by an admixture of Arab blood, as if the difference between the various breeds of horses were not the result of climate, selection, stable management, work, and training." It is, I believe, a fact — so malleable is horseflesh — that a thoroughbred foal born in India, of parents imported from England, bears unmistakable evidence of his birthplace; and in the second or third generation the colonized thoroughbred loses all resemblance to the native English stock. No doubt, as the writer just cited maintains, the race horse of to-day cannot be improved by an infusion of Arab blood. He is bigger, faster, than the Arab, and could beat him over any distance short of one hundred miles. It is probably the same in regard to trotting horses; and yet, as I have mentioned, the Arabian formation, especially as it is found in the Anazeh family, resembles closely that of a typical trotter. Moreover, the Arabian trotting gait seems to be much the same as that of our own horses. Thus Major Upton writes: "When trotting, the hind legs of the

Arabian appear to be, and often may be, too long, and there is too much reach for a pleasant trotting pace [not for speed]; yet with good riding some will trot grandly." This is precisely what might be said of an American trotter if used as a saddle horse. However, the Arabian horses are deficient in trotting action forward; and it is very doubtful if any gain in trotting speed could be made at this late day by an Arabian cross.

But if the object were, not to obtain a race horse, either at the running or trotting gait, but to produce a family of fine saddle or driving horses, especially the former, for general use, then indeed it might be well to breed from Arabian stock. Success would be certain. The only question would be whether you could reach your end more quickly by this means, or by breeding from the best of our own horses; and this is a problem which nothing short of experiment can solve. It must be remembered that no serious attempt on a large scale has ever been made in this country to raise horses with a view to beauty, intelligence, courage, and soundness; and these are the respects in which the Arabians excel. Moreover, the perfectly natural way in which they take to jumping, an exercise of which they have not the slightest experience in the desert, shows that the Arabian horses are entirely harmonious in all their parts, and therefore adaptable to any use that may be required of them. Lady Anne Blunt relates: "The mare I rode on the journey carried me over the raised water-courses by the Euphrates in the cleverest way in the world; off and on,

without the least hanging or hesitation, and always with a foot ready to bring down in case of need." One of the mares brought home by Mr. Blunt was let loose in his park on the night of her arrival, and forthwith she jumped the fence, five feet and six inches high. The lower rails were pulled down, and she was walked back under the top one, a thick oaken bar, several inches higher than her withers.

One experiment with regard to Arabian horses, now making in this country, deserves mention. Mr. Randolph Huntington is a veteran horseman, whose devotion to the Henry Clay family of trotters (descended from the Barb, Grand Bashaw) and to the Arabian horse may be described without exaggeration as heroic. For many years the Clay family were the victims of prejudice, the result partly of ignorance, partly of designed misrepresentation; and Mr. Huntington, like the horses that he loved, was overwhelmed with ridicule and abuse. Of late, however, the value of the Clay family has asserted itself so clearly that it cannot be denied by the most envious person. Mr. Huntington has succeeded in establishing a stock company, with headquarters on Long Island, for the purpose of breeding a family of Clay-Arabian horses. It is this company which now owns the Anazeh mare Naomi, imported to England by Major Upton, and from England exported to this country. What may be the capacity of these Clay-Arabians, as they are called, I do not know, but some of them are animals of extreme beauty and finish, as symmetrical as their Oriental ancestors, and much larger.

H. C. Merwin.

LOOKING TOWARD SALAMIS.

FOR our knowledge of the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, as well as for our information concerning the earlier history of nearly all Oriental nations, we are indebted chiefly to a single precious volume, the *History of Herodotos*. There are few books which inspire a more general and kindly regard for their authors; few indeed which the world could so ill have spared. It would perhaps be difficult to name another which so delights the heart of boyhood, and to which at the same time world-weary age turns as confidently for diversion and companionship. And this is most fitting and natural, for there is hardly to be found another writer who combines so fully the naive faith and love of the marvelous, which give an added grace to childhood, with that knowledge of the world, that perception of national and even of human brotherhood, which are rarely to be looked for save in the tranquil harvest time of a full and varied life.

Perhaps the most surprising characteristic, however, of Herodotos' literary work is the outward unity which he has so largely succeeded in giving to this somewhat heterogeneous mass of information concerning nearly all the nations of the earth then known to the Greeks. The idea about which he groups his materials is this: that the struggle between Greece and Persia was but the culminating event in a series of mutual aggressions on the part of Europeans and Asiatics. Among these earlier acts of violence he includes, to be sure, purely mythical events: the abduction of Europa by the Phœnicians, of Medea by the Argonauts, of Helen by her Trojan lover. Of course, in this literal form we cannot accept the chronicler's view of earlier history; but in a larger sense, as Herodotos himself adequately real-

ized, the Persian wars were in truth a death struggle between the Oriental and the Hellenic ideals, between despotism and individualism.

Herodotos was himself a Persian subject, born in a subjugated Greek city, Halicarnassos, in Asia Minor, four years before Xerxes' invasion. He had no vulgar contempt for the Persian civilization and national character. With the widened vision of the thoughtful traveler, he had himself seen in Mesopotamia and in the valley of the Nile the cities, the monuments, and the national life which had taught Solon before him that the Greeks were mere children in comparison with the venerable traditions of those elder races. He knew personally, and obtained his information from, many survivors of both the contending hosts. His sympathies are fully enlisted on the side of the Greeks, yet his impartiality as a chronicler is generally conceded.

To this prevailing belief in Herodotos' just treatment of men and races one important exception is often made, and probably with some reason. He has an unmistakable aversion for Themistocles, which seems at times to cloud the fairness of his judgment. This concession will, however, only increase the convincing force of that memorable passage in which Herodotos ascribes to the daring aggressiveness of the Athenians — not to the stubborn but passive and sluggish resistance offered by the Spartans — the honor of having turned the tide of defeat to glorious victory. The sentences here quoted are from the one hundred and thirty-ninth chapter of the seventh book, — a passage for which a great German historian has expressed his admiration as the most statesmanlike utterance of the entire chronicle. It will be remembered that Herodotos is writing at a time, late in the fifth century B. C.,

when Athens had gradually converted her voluntary and grateful allies of the Delian confederacy into reluctant tributaries, eager for her day of adversity, when they could desert and humiliate her.

"At this point," says Herodotos, "I am obliged to utter an opinion distasteful to most men; yet, since it appears to me to be true, I will not suppress it. If the Athenians, terrified by the approaching danger, had deserted their country, or, remaining, had given themselves up to Xerxes, on the sea none would have attempted to oppose the king, . . . and upon the land this would have been the course of events. . . . The allies of the Lacedæmonians would have forsaken them, not indeed voluntarily, but perforce, being subdued city by city through the naval armament of the barbarian. The Lacedæmonians would have been left alone, and after performing great deeds of valor would have perished honorably. Either this would have been their fate, or else, before it came to that, as they saw the rest of the Greeks medizing, they would have come to terms with Xerxes. Thus, in either case Hellas would have passed under the sway of the Persians. But as it is, one who said the Athenians became the saviours of Hellas would not miss the truth. . . . When they determined that Greece should survive in freedom, they roused all the rest of the Hellenic race, so much as had not medized; and it was they — next at least to the gods — who thrust back the king."

It is still a favorite employment of the imagination thus to trace the changes which might have been caused in the events of the past if the result of a single hard-fought contest, or of some like crisis in human affairs, had been reversed. If Hannibal, following up the victory at Cannæ, had entered Rome at the heels of the panic-stricken legionaries; if Charles Martel had lost the

great battle of Tours, which rolled back the tide of Saracen conquest; if the indomitable Lion of the North had not flung his own life away on the field of victory at Lutzen; if Grouchy, and not Blücher, had come up in time at Waterloo; if Lee's northward march had not been stopped at Gettysburg, — what then? Such questions are no doubt unanswerable, from one point of view perhaps even irreverent. The discussion of any such problem soon reaches the hopeless dilemma of predestination and free will, on which surely no one below the pulpit stairs will venture to speak as with authority. Yet even men who feel most strongly the responsibility of individual character and action may be none the less confident that they perceive in the records of the past, as a whole, clear traces of progress toward better conditions; a working-out of far-reaching, beneficent plans for the improvement of our race.

"And step by step, since Time began,
We trace the gradual gain of man."

From such a vantage, the greatest apparent disasters of war or peace become at most only momentary obstacles to an irresistible current. The fiercest battle-fields are but

"eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end."

Among such important crises, when the destinies of all the future ages have seemed at least to hang trembling in the balance, the sea fight in the Salaminian strait holds by general consent a prominent, it may be the most prominent place. If the tide of war had turned the other way in the narrows of Salamis, there could have been no longer a free Athens or a free Greece. The statesmanship of Pericles, the drama of Æschylos' maturity and Sophocles' prime, the glories of the Parthenon and all the other great works of Phidias and his followers, the long and happy life of

Socrates among his friends and disciples, would never have been. But these things, with their direct or indirect results, comprise most of what makes life beautiful even to-day. Instead of the achievements of that wonderful fifth century, there would be but the dull monotony that covers the annals of all the other races which were absorbed into the unwieldy Persian Empire, the Russia of antiquity.

We are peculiarly fortunate, therefore, to possess, in Æschylos' *Persians*, a vivid description of the battle, by a poet of almost the highest rank, who was himself engaged in the struggle, and who knew that his drama must be produced before the critical eyes of innumerable fellow-contestants and eye-witnesses of the victory.

In two other respects, also, this play has an unique claim upon our attention. Among the thirty-two Greek tragedies which have been preserved, this is the earliest of which the age is known; and with the possible exception of the hopelessly corrupt and comparatively uninteresting *Suppliants*, it is without question the oldest of them all. Moreover, it is the sole survivor from the small group of serious dramas which took their subjects from contemporary history, instead of dealing, as was usual, with the mythical legends of gods or heroes. This latter fact in particular may be accepted as sufficient occasion for a somewhat rapid retrospect, which shall include a number of historic incidents essential for the comprehension of the play itself. As has been indicated already, every modern chronicler is here dependent almost wholly upon Herodotos.

One question all students ask instinctively, though it will probably never be satisfactorily answered: Whence came to the Athenian race their wonderful impulse to all-sided, harmonious, yet rapid development? Why did they, above every other people, possess the creative, the artistic power? But this is, after

all, only a part of a larger mystery. As the Athenians are preëminent among the Greeks, so the Hellenic race as a whole is strikingly superior to all the elder nations of men. By their delight in physical life, by their passionate love of beauty, their freedom from superstitious fear of the higher powers, above all by their capacity for improvement, the Hellenes seem to be set apart from the rest of mankind.

The Athenians were closely allied by blood and speech to the Ionians of the Ægean Islands and the Asian coast, whom they regarded as their colonists. It was on account of her practical recognition of this tie between her own people and the Greek communities of Asia that Athens drew down upon herself the Persian invasions. Stimulated by the freer life of mercantile communities, and by contact with the older civilizations of Mesopotamia, Phœnicia, and Egypt, these Eastern colonies, if such they were, had reached their culmination while life in the mother country was yet sterile and crude. It is true that the Homeric poems cannot be safely used as a picture of social conditions in the poet's day. Still, the very existence of these epics certainly demonstrates that the Eastern Hellenes had already attained a high level of comfort and of culture. Races of barbarians or plodding boors produce no *Iliads*. Yet already in the sixth century B. C. the Asiatic towns and the adjacent islands had lost their vigor and their independence, becoming subject first to the gentle philhellenic Cræsus of Lydia, and soon after submitting perforce to the harsher yoke of his conqueror, Cyrus, founder of the great Persian Empire. Meanwhile, in Attica, there had matured more slowly the seeds of a sturdier and loftier Ionian civilization.

Of the real beginnings of that civilization we can, in the nature of things, know little or nothing. Those races that seem to leap forth from time to

time, in human history, from the darkness behind them, exultant in their youthful strength, must of course really

"gather as their own
The harvest that the dead have sown, —
The dead, forgotten and unknown."

But of that slow progress from the savage and the cave only the last stage is ever recorded.

Thucydides makes one instructive statement as to the remote past of his country. The soil of Attica, he reminds us, was for the most part thin and poor. In consequence of this fact, says the historian, the wars and convulsions of the early migratory days left this region undisturbed to its original inhabitants; while, as a secure haven of refuge, it received many of the ablest men from other Hellenic tribes, when they were exiled from their former homes. Thucydides is here speaking by conjecture as to a time concerning which no real historical data could have been in existence; but it will be readily acknowledged that a permanent abode in the dry, clear, invigorating air of Attica, a prolonged and successful struggle with a reluctant soil, and gradual accessions from the best blood of kindred races might well produce the choicest among all Hellenic types.

The first Athenian who stands out clearly seen in the twilight about him is Solon. While he is an interesting figure as the first Attic poet, he is far more illustrious as the unselfish, patriotic statesman. His economic reforms were largely successful in mitigating the bitter sectional and partisan strife, the oppressed and desperate condition of the peasants, and the cruel wrongs suffered by the unfortunate and numerous debtor class. The unselfishness of Solon is as striking as his patriotism and courage. More helpful, perhaps, than any of his political or economic measures was the lofty example which he presented of brave and generous devotion to the good of the community. The likeness between

Solon and Washington is not wholly a fanciful one.

The moderately democratic constitution, by which Solon hoped to end the strife of parties within the state, was apparently overthrown before the law-giver's death, by his younger kinsman, the shrewd demagogue Pisistratos, generally known as the tyrant of Athens. The following period, however, the half century from 560 to 510 B. C., is by no means merely one of debasing despotism. Pisistratos himself was repeatedly exiled from Athens for years through a combination of the opposing factions. Even when his power was undisputed, he controlled the internal and the foreign policy of the state through the forms of popular government, and did not attempt the erection of a throne. We may perhaps regard Pisistratos as a classic Cromwell, or rather as an earlier Bismarck, standing guard, somewhat too efficiently, over an infant constitution. In another respect, indeed, we are reminded rather of Augustus and of the Florentine Medici, for Pisistratos, and his sons after him, accorded a generous hospitality and patronage to the literary men and artists of their time.

It is especially interesting to note that to the illustrious autocrat is accredited a most important service to the past of Hellenic letters, and also one hardly less notable to their future. Probably no scholar now believes the statement that the Homeric poems were first reduced to writing in Attica in his time. This much may, however, well be accepted as true, that the first authentic and careful edition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* by scholarly hands was made at his court. And to this same period we must certainly assign the first crude beginnings of the drama in Athens. Pisistratos apparently invited Thespis, the "father of tragedy," to transfer his exhibitions from his native village, Icaria, — made peculiarly interesting to us by the recent excavations and discoveries by students of the

American School at Athens, — to the capital.¹

The poet Æschylos was born at Eleusis, in 525 B. C. Eleusis was the most illustrious centre for the worship of Demeter and Persephone, with whom Dionysos was there closely united. The solemn associations of the spot, the periodic celebration of the holy mysteries in the presence of reverent pilgrims from every Hellenic land, can hardly have failed to exert an influence upon the boyish imagination of the future dramatist, and may help us to understand the austere and lofty piety of his poetic creations. In Aristophanes' comedy the Frogs, where the elder tragic poet is, on the whole, justly and respectfully treated, the following lines, possibly a quotation from the opening of his lost drama The Eleusinians, are put into Æschylos' mouth:—

"O thou, Demeter, who my spirit reared,
May I be worthy of thy mysteries."

It must not, however, be imagined that the poet's place of birth made him any the less a native Athenian. Before the beginning of authentic history all the lesser towns of Attica had been reduced politically to the rank of mere outlying wards of the city itself. The ancient world hardly attained to the modern conception of a state, as a voluntary though indissoluble union of cities or clans on equal terms. To express the two ideas, city and state, the Greek language had only the single word *polis*. Aristotle insists that the rulers must needs know the face and character of each man in the community, and that a

commonwealth of a hundred thousand citizens is an impossibility. The "leagues" of later Greek history worked out the problem of federation, at best, only in the crudest and most evanescent fashion. The Roman Empire itself attempted to govern an ever-widening circle of subjugated cities and provinces through the machinery of a town meeting. Among the Greeks, a conquered city either became tributary, while otherwise retaining its independent existence, or lost its political identity altogether, as Eleusis appears to have done in a prehistoric war with the city on the Acropolis.

By the tranquil Eleusinian bay, then, the first great Athenian dramatist was born, just after Pisistratos, at his death, had left his power in the weaker hands of his sons. The famous assassination of the younger brother, Hipparchos, by Harmodios and Aristogeiton in 514 B. C. may have lingered as a faint first memory in the mind of Æschylos. The future poet of Dionysos was still but a lad of fifteen when Hippias, the surviving son of the elder tyrant, was driven from Athens, in 510 B. C., and found a secure refuge at the court of the Persian king.

It was perhaps due in some degree to the lasting results of Solon's economic and social reforms that Athens did not, like so many other Greek cities, fall into the hands of an oligarchy composed of the powerful aristocratic chieftains who had enabled the people to expel the tyrants. Much of her good fortune, however, seems to have been thrust upon her by the disagreements of others. Clis-thenes himself, though his name is inseparably connected with the revival of the

¹ No genuine play of Thespis is believed to have been known to the later ancients. His famous "first actor," or "responder," to render the Greek word literally, seems merely to have filled in the pauses of the dithyrambic song and dance by conversation with the leader of the chorus. Some students believe that the dramatic performance at this time had no libretto which was preserved in literary form. If there was any written text, it was altogether

subsidiary to the music and the dancing of the Bacchic chorus. The circular orchestra or dancing-place probably remained until long after Thespis' time, at any rate, the common ground of chorus and actor alike. Upon this burning question of the Athenian stage the English reader may now consult Miss Harrison's *Myths and Monuments of Ancient Athens*, and, for a diverging opinion, Haigh's *Attic Theatre*.

Solonian constitution, is said by Herodotos to have "taken the people into partnership" only when he saw himself overmastered by his rival among the nobles. While nominally restoring the constitution of Solon, the Athenians really organized their state, at this time, on a far more democratic plan than had ever before been known, and the great struggle of the next generation found them fully prepared to assume their natural place as the protagonists of Hellenism.

It was probably a few years earlier than this that King Darius, the ablest organizer and conqueror of all who followed Cyrus upon the Persian throne, led a great expedition into Europe, but, most fortunately, not against the Greeks, who could then have made no such effective resistance as they did a generation later. Having bridged and crossed the Bosporos, he waged an ineffective campaign against the roving tribes north of the Danube. He left an army behind him in Europe which completed the conquest of Thrace, and the Macedonian king also sent him earth and water in token of submission. His empire, therefore, extended to the borders of Thessaly twenty years before Marathon!

During Æschylos' early manhood, about the year 500 B. C., occurred the general revolt of the Greek cities in Asia Minor from their Persian master. The Athenians, seconded by their neighbors the Eretrians only, gave the Ionians some military aid, and by the burning of Sardis, Croesus' ancient capital, and still the metropolis of the Persian province, drew upon themselves the lasting resentment of Darius. Then they weakly abandoned their Asiatic brethren to the fate which lack of union and love of ease made inevitable. The reader of Herodotos will recall the account of the reception by King Darius of the evil tidings from Sardis, which is so characteristic of an Oriental despot: how he shot an arrow into the sky, and cried, "O Zeus, grant me vengeance on the

Athenians!" and how he bade the servant who served his dinner always say to him thrice, "O king, remember the Athenians!"

When the opposing fleets of Ionians and Persians met for the decisive battle near Lade, at the mouth of the Mæander, the Samians, by previous secret agreement with their former masters, suddenly broke away from the Greek line with their fifty galleys, and set out for home. The Lesbians followed. In the confusion and panic the Persians easily gained a decisive victory. There is a striking resemblance, though of course a still greater contrast, between Lade and Salamis, which is effectively worked out by Mr. Grote.

The great and wealthy city Miletos, the head of the revolt, was finally captured after a siege, and utterly destroyed. This occurred about 495 B. C. A year or two more sufficed the Persians to stamp out in merciless fashion the last embers of the great insurrection. As the tie of mother city and colony was considered a peculiarly close and sacred one, the Athenians felt not only the deepest grief, but lasting mortification, over the tragic end of the struggle.

The fall of Miletos was the subject of a tragedy by Phrynichos. Of this elder contemporary and rival of Æschylos, who gained a prize for the first time in 511 B. C., we shall have occasion to speak in more direct connection with Æschylos' drama. We may transcribe here from the pages of Herodotos the curious passage to which we owe our knowledge of his unfortunate play: "The Athenians showed in manifold ways that they were distressed over Miletos' downfall; and especially when Phrynichos composed and brought out his drama, *The Capture of Miletos*, the audience burst into tears; and they not only fined him a thousand drachmæ for recalling sorrows of their own, but ordained that no one should make use of this drama." This last prohibition must refer to re-

peated performances of the same play, which was, it appears, an honor sometimes accorded to successful dramas, even in the fifth century, though it was not a constant practice until the fourth. We are not informed in what year the tragedy of *Phrynichos* was written. It would seem at least highly probable, however, that this outburst of grief by the Athenians was not many years later than the actual downfall of the daughter city, and decidedly not after the Persian hosts had been destroyed, and the Ionian brethren liberated from the yoke of the great king, seventeen years after *Miletos'* destruction.

As soon as his hands were freed from difficulties nearer home, *Darius* prepared to avenge the injuries he had suffered from the Athenians. He could now use against Athens not merely the Phœnician, Egyptian, and other vessels with the aid of which *Ionia* had been reduced, but also the still powerful armaments and well-trained sailors of the Ionian cities themselves. In 492 he sent his first great expedition against *Hellas*; but, as it proceeded along the northern shores of the *Ægean*, this fleet was almost entirely destroyed by shipwreck upon the stormy promontory of *Mount Athos*. Two years later an immense force came straight across the *Ægean*, captured *Eretria*, in *Eubœa*, which alone had joined Athens in aiding the Ionians, and sent the inhabitants as slaves to the king's court. In their subsequent landing on the *Marathonian plain*, the Persians were undoubtedly guided by the exiled tyrant *Hippias*. In this section of *Attica* were the firmest partisans of the banished family, and thence *Pisistratos* had formerly made his triumphant entrance into Athens after long-enforced absence. The famous defeat in the open *Marathonian plain*, 490 B. C., the first pitched battle won by Greeks against Persians, put an end to the Athenian tyrant's hopes of restoration.

The mission of Persian heralds to the

chief Greek states just before this invasion, their demand for the regular tokens of submission, and the cruel death inflicted upon those who came to Athens and Sparta will be remembered by all students of Greek history. Far more significant, however, was the action of the *Æginetans* and the events resulting therefrom. These islanders, the hated neighbors and commercial rivals of Athens, were ready to make formal submission to Persia. Athens, then at war with both *Ægina* and *Thebes*, made public protest to Sparta against such a betrayal of the general interests of Hellenism. In this action the Athenians fully recognized the position of Sparta as the head of the Greek race. There is no evidence that such an acknowledgment of supremacy had ever been made by them before. It was probably not a mere confession of conscious weakness on the part of the Athenians, but was due rather to a statesmanlike realization that the crisis was a peculiarly grave one. The Spartans, whose military supremacy, particularly in the *Peloponnesos*, was at this period quite undisputed, acted for the moment with unusual energy, forced the *Æginetans* into sullen submission, and deposited ten of their chief citizens as hostages in the hands of the Athenians.

Yet the supreme moment found the Spartans already relapsed into their usual selfish procrastination. The urgent appeal of Athens for immediate aid from Sparta had been disregarded, "because the moon was not full for five days"! With only this flimsy excuse, the Spartan contingent actually arrived at *Marathon* too late to see any Persians save the heaps of slain. The Athenians never forgot their single-handed victory over desperate odds, and it may well be that from that day their far-sighted statesmen looked steadily forward to eventual supremacy in *Hellas*. In one respect *Marathon* was a prouder memory for the Athenian patriot than the larger triumphs of the second Persian war; for

this signal success over the dreaded foe from the East and the plots of traitors at home was gained without the aid of a single other Hellenic city, except the gallant little neighbor town of Platea, whence a thousand men had come to share the honors of the first victory over the hosts of the despot of Asia. In this and similar crises of the Persian wars the diverse characters of Sparta and Athens may be most clearly seen.

The poet Æschylos, then just

“Midway upon the journey of our life,”

bore his part manfully in the perils of the day, and to this experience, but not to any triumphs of the theatre, allusion is made in his epitaph, supposed to have been composed by Æschylos himself. His brother, Kynegairos, was one of the most illustrious heroes of the day, and perished in truly Homeric fashion. Laying hold on one of the Persian ships to prevent its escape, his hand was lopped off, and he died from the wound. The brothers undoubtedly fought side by side in the ranks of their tribe; and here again we have a scene whose influence upon the warrior poet is unmistakable.

These repeated failures were to Darius, without doubt, a source of vexation and disappointment; and the Persian inscriptions of his time, despite their reiterated assurance of native truthfulness as contrasted with the lying propensities of the great king's unlucky enemies, appear to have observed a discreet silence in regard to his relations with Athens. It has seemed necessary to touch upon them somewhat fully here partly because Æschylos has carried the maxim “*Nil de mortuis*” quite too far in his drama. In order to make an effective contrast with Xerxes' arrogance and woeful fall, the impression is repeatedly given that Darius never lost a battle, nor threw away the lives of his folk.

Nevertheless, we may be sure that the possibility of ultimate failure and disas-

ter did not enter the king's mind. He did not live to conduct another invasion of Hellas, and his last days may have been embittered by the thwarting of his revenge, though probably less than by the revolt of Egypt, which followed soon after Marathon. As a whole, however, he and his countrymen had abundant reason for pride in the outward growth and the improved internal organization of the empire during his long reign. Unless he realized the vacillating and cowardly nature of his son and successor, he could hardly have doubted that the Hellenes, as well as all other races not already tributary, would soon and easily be brought under the Persian yoke.

At any rate, Darius died in the midst of his warlike preparations; “nor was it destined for him,” says Herodotos, “to punish either the revolted Egyptians or the Athenians.” Xerxes promptly and successfully accomplished the first of these tasks, left him as part of his royal inheritance, but Herodotos describes him as undertaking the latter only after long reluctance, and with many misgivings. Such were the various chances — if chance there be in the affairs of men — which accorded to the Athenians a ten years' respite between the impressive warning at Marathon and the final descent of the avalanche.

To every reader of history the incidents thus far described are, or have been, a familiar tale. All that has been attempted here is to sharpen the outlines, and in some cases to connect more firmly with each other the most striking occurrences, which so soon become in the memory a mere succession of isolated pictures. In regard to the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, however, even so much assistance may well be repelled as superfluous. There is perhaps no series of events in all history so dramatically united and complete, none more indelibly stamped upon the thoughtful mind. As for the happy youth to whom the

story is yet untold, let him turn at once to the book of the master of all story-tellers, Herodotos himself.

It is in the expedition of Xerxes that the History finds its natural culmination and artistic unity. The struggle between Hellenism and Orientalism, announced in the opening chapters as the true subject, and never quite lost from sight in all the fascinating digressions of the earlier books, now hurries on like a tragic plot to its terrible solution. As "all Asia resounded with the din," while year after year the preparations for the march continued, so in the narrative itself the tread of the gathering host grows more and more distinct, until at last nothing else is heard or seen.

Even to him who reads the account for the first time it is clear that Xerxes rushes in his pride toward some awful doom. The gods of Herodotos are jealous gods; imperial power and haughtiness alone would have sufficed to provoke their vengeance. Moreover, the issue is foreshadowed again and again by visions, by wrathful utterances from desecrated shrines; nay, it is foreseen and foretold by many even among the Persian chieftains. How far this tragic tone was imparted to the tale by poetic invention and popular tradition after the event cannot now be known.

Of course the half-credulous, half-shrewd old chronicler does not satisfy all the demands of nineteenth-century criticism. He rarely cites his "original sources;" and if he did, much that is actually most precious to us would still be condemned as idle gossip or traditional folk lore. The narrative is indeed full of personal adventure, conversation, and isolated witty remarks, which, from their nature, can hardly have been recorded at first hand. But whether authentic or not, they are essential to the very outlines of the chronicle, and priceless as interpreters of the feelings of men in Xerxes', or at any rate in Herodotos' times.

In certain directions, indeed, we are

compelled to cut loose altogether from the statements of our author. This is notably true as to the number of the invading host. After reaching a total of two million six hundred thousand, he calmly doubles this respectable figure by assigning an attendant slave to every man, officer and private, bond or free! No military authority, however, would permit us to believe that even the former number could be led in a single column, with no great depots of supplies, practically "living off the country," around the rugged and thinly inhabited shores of the northern Ægean.

The methods of the census particularly mentioned are more picturesque than convincing: "They led together a body of ten thousand men, and crowding them close drew a circle around them. Then driving out the men, they built a wall about the circle, carrying it up waist-high. Then they drove other men into the inclosure, until all had been counted in this fashion."¹

Herodotos himself is especially struck by the fact that the host actually "drank up" most of the rivers passed in their march. We ourselves, as schoolboys, were doubtless all much impressed by so graphic an illustration. The present writer, however, chances to have had in later life a personal experience which throws a direct light on this question of the water supply. Herodotos remarks that the first such occurrence, after the great host marched out of Sardis, was at the Scamander, whose shores Xerxes visited, "having a longing to behold and ascend the citadel of Priam." As he had skirted the eastern slopes of Ida since leaving Antandros, the king no doubt approached the Hellespont through the great water-gap formed by the Scamander itself at the head of the Trojan plain. It is recorded that the river literally failed to sate the thirst of the innumerable host. This ignominious disappearance of the Homeric "king of rivers"

¹ Herod. vii. 60.

is peculiarly fitted to stifle the doubts of both Greeks and barbarians. But in September of the year 1881 A. D. a small party of the latter, pedestrian videttes from their camp at Assos, and led by the same longing as the Persian monarch, also passed through the great natural gateway, and necessarily crossed the bed of the Scamander shortly after, on their downward march toward Hisarlik. A few miles above, the river had been seen, "running with a swift, clear stream, half a metre deep at most, and half a dozen metres in width, among the banks of sand that filled its broad winter bed."¹ In the upper portion of the plain itself, however, the water had sunk quite out of sight, apparently flowing over some denser substratum, to appear again nearer the sea. At any rate, an eager search failed to disclose even a pool sufficient to slake the thirst of two weary pilgrims. Upon our return, in October, the first heavy rains had fallen, and, though on horseback, we had difficulty in fording without serious mishap.

The simple truth is, that most rivers of the Ægean coasts nearly or quite disappear in the dry season; and this seems to have been approximately true in ancient times as well. Even in the twenty-first book of the *Iliad*, "in the floods with which Xanthos nearly overwhelms Achilles, and the subsequent drying up of the stream by the fires of Hephaistos, we can hardly refuse to see a reminiscence, though an unconscious one, of these furious winter floods and summer droughts."²

There can be no question, however, that the Greeks were in truth entering upon a struggle against desperate odds. The invading army, obeying the will of a single despot, and supported by the teeming millions and untold wealth of all Asia, must in itself have far outnumbered all the Hellenes capable of bearing arms who dwelt to the southward from

Thermopylæ to Malea. These Hellenes, moreover, were divided into scores of independent states, and had met, for the most part, only as foes on Grecian battlefields, never as allies in a foreign war. Many of them were only too eager to throw themselves at Xerxes' feet, either to save their own lands and lives, or to gratify a more bitter hatred against their nearest neighbors. Prominent in their minds, also, must have been the still recent subjugation of their Asiatic kinsmen, who were now actually serving perforce in the fleet of Xerxes.

Even so far as the mountain range that forms the northern barrier of the great Thessalian basin, the Persian king was, as we have already seen, merely traversing the lands of his tributary subjects. A Grecian force, sent to hold the vale of Tempe, retreated on learning that their rear would be exposed to attack by a circuitous path farther inland, similar to that by which Thermopylæ was really carried. Thus all Thessaly fell into Xerxes' hands without a stroke, and the famous Thessalian cavalry made an important addition to his forces.

At Thermopylæ Xerxes met and destroyed, without suffering any appreciable loss, the king of the leading Greek state, and the flower of his troops. Hearty as was the Persians' appreciation of dauntless courage, they could hardly have admired the generalship that led so inadequate a force to hold the key of the land, and then flung away the lives of troops and commander together when the day was lost and the line of retreat still open. "It is magnificent," if you please, "but it is not war."

As for the shipwreck in the great storm on the Thessalian coast, and the loss inflicted upon the royal fleet by the Greek squadron guarding the northern shores of Eubœa, these were doubtless made the most of by Grecian tradition; yet Herodotos assures us that all such losses

¹ Preliminary Assos Report, 1881, Appendix, page 147.

² The writer again ventures to quote himself. Assos Report, page 155.

were fully offset by accessions from the states overrun and conquered during the southward march. Even the audacious Athenians, the burners of Sardis, had made no stand for their temples and homes, and now, huddled among the rocks of Salamis, helpless and despairing, watched the avenging flames that rose high over their own city. There was no longer any Grecian land force in the field. The whole population of the Peloponnese, crazed by their fears, were engaged night and day in building a wall across the isthmus, thinking thus to shut out an invader to whom they were even now abandoning the sea no less than the land! For it was only with reluctance and murmuring that the commanders of the allied fleet had yielded to the Athenians' plea to put in at Salamis just long enough for the homeless refugees from Attica to embark. The only strategy for which a hearing could be gained was the strategy of despair. It was merely a question whether they would flee each to his own home under cover of the night, or wait to do so when the morning dawned. Of this disunion and desperation Xerxes must have been aware through spies and traitors, even before the arrival of Themistocles' famous message advising the Persians to close up the straits and catch their panic-stricken foes in a single trap, thus saving the trouble of pursuing them singly. Well might the king set up his throne on the steep side of Aigaleos, to witness the crowning scene of his triumphant progress.

The decisive victory of the Athenians and their allies the next morning—made decisive, indeed, only by the terror and pusillanimous flight of Xerxes himself—was fittingly regarded by the Greeks, doubtless also by the thoughtful and reverent Persians, as brought about chiefly through a manifest interposition of the Hellenic divinities, wroth at the willful destruction of so many shrines and temples, but wroth and jealous, above all, at the superhuman power and overweening

pride of Xerxes. Even in us, with all the wisdom that follows the event, with the clearer vision of the unconcerned spectator, this sudden and overwhelming reverse of fortune rouses astonishment that is almost incredulity. It is not merely that the victor's progress has suffered a notable check. A single hour brings a revolution whose results are as lasting as they were unexpected. Never again did a Persian sail darken the waters of the Hellenic peninsula. Never did a Persian soldier, after the doomed millions of Xerxes, pass the gates of Thermopylæ, or even through the vale of Tempe. Regarded merely as a conflict between nationalities, therefore, Salamis may well be counted among the chief crises of history. But it chanced that this was not the sole, perhaps hardly the chief, result there attained. In that single hour of glorious strife the Athenians were also wresting from the Spartans the leadership in Hellas, and assuring to themselves for the next half century imperial sway on the coasts and islands of the Ægean.

But it is necessary to retrace our steps for a moment, in order to cast a glance at the internal history of the Athenian commonwealth in the decade since Marathon. The salient events of this period, as of early Athenian history generally, may be discerned somewhat more clearly since the recent discovery, in Egypt, of an Aristotelian treatise, frequently cited in antiquity, and long lamented as lost in modern times; describing the Constitution of Athens.

The career of Miltiades, who had won immortal fame by wise and successful leadership in the Marathonian campaign, came to an ignominious close a few months later. Demanding and obtaining, without having disclosed his purpose, an armament of seventy ships, he made an unsuccessful descent on the island of Paros, probably to satisfy a personal grudge. Being brought to trial

for "deceiving the people," he was condemned to pay a heavy fine, and a few days later died, perhaps in the public prison, from an injury received in the foray.

A majority of Athens' most illustrious citizens — perhaps the assertion may be made of all Hellas — suffered imprisonment or exile. Whether their fall was due to the ingratitude of a democracy, or to a lack of self-control in the great men themselves, is a question still debatable. In the case of Miltiades Mr. Grote makes a memorable defense of the Athenian people, and indeed it is clear that the "tyrant of the Chersonese" was quite unfitted for life in a constitutional republic. This last act in Miltiades' career is of twofold interest, since it reminds us that Athens already possessed a respectable fleet, and also plainly indicates the growing power of the popular law courts, the chief stronghold of the democratic constitution. Miltiades himself is a figure already belated on the stage. The leaders of the new time show clearly, in all their acts and methods, that the people's will is now really supreme in Athens. Themistocles and Aristides are the first constitutional leaders of political parties approaching the modern type.

The partisans of the exiled tyrant had attempted traitorous action during the brief campaign of 490 B. C. Miltiades' forced march of twenty-six miles back to Athens on the very day of the battle at Marathon is believed to have saved the city from capture through their treachery. In the first delight of success, the patriotic majority appear to have displayed what Aristotle calls "the usual leniency of the people," — a most significant expression from the friend of Alexander, and one which Grote would have used effectively in his defense of the action taken against Miltiades. It has been conjectured that the news of Darius' preparations for a fresh invasion may finally have stirred up the Atheni-

ans to vigorous measures against the foes at home. At any rate, in 488 B. C. a younger Hipparchos, kinsman of the exiled family, and leader of their faction in Athens, was banished by ostracism. This famous device for exiling a dangerous citizen without trial or disgrace was now used for the first time, though elaborated by Clisthenes twenty years earlier. It was suggested by the warning example of Pisistratos, and was especially intended for use, in case of need, against this very Hipparchos. Megacles, who suffered the same fate in the following year, is also to be classed as a friend of the tyrant's. But the appeal to this judgment, as Grote has clearly shown, tended inevitably to become the final weapon in any heated strife between parties or popular leaders. This probably accounts for the exile of Xanthippos, Pericles' father, the accuser of Miltiades, in 486. It is without doubt the explanation of the famous ostracism of Aristides, which Aristotle assigns to the year 484. The familiar story of the illiterate citizen who, not knowing Aristides by sight, asked his aid in preparing his ballot, and desired to vote for the exile of the man he was tired of hearing called "the just," may possibly be true; but a probable adequate cause for the statesman's banishment is not far to seek.

Aristotle tells us that in this same year the Attic silver mines were discovered. A large sum at once flowed into the treasury, doubtless from the first lease of the mining privileges. Themistocles insisted that a hundred talents should be devoted to the construction of as many war ships. It was surely no ordinary demagogue or merely selfish politician who pushed such a measure, and thwarted the more popular proposal for a donation of ten drachmæ to every free inhabitant of Attica. Themistocles' plan, with the resultant policy of transforming Athens into a maritime and mercantile community, would naturally be opposed by the conservative and agri-

cultural forces, under Aristides' lead. We can hardly refuse to connect the latter's exile with this struggle of principles. Within a year Themistocles carried the proposal, despite all resistance. He found it necessary, indeed, to point to the renewed war with Ægina, in order to bring the people to support his measure; but his own eye was evidently fixed on the blacker storm-cloud which never left the eastern horizon. Of this Æginetan war Herodotos emphatically remarks that it "proved the salvation of Hellas, by forcing the Athenians to become a race of seamen." Though some emulation was aroused in Corinth and Ægina, the commercial rivals of Athens, yet the latter actually mustered far more ships for the Persian war than all the rest of the Greek world!

It seemed as if ostracism were already becoming the favorite amusement of a fickle populace, and might prove as disastrous as the similar institution of "petalism" among the Syracusans, which is said to have been applied so unfairly and so constantly as to deter men of rank and fortune from attempting any political activity. But there is hope for a free people which shows its greatest wisdom in the time of deadly peril. In the spring of 480 B. C., when Thessaly was full of Xerxes' invading soldiery, Athens had the good sense and the courage to summon home all her exiled citizens.

There is something nobly typical in that famous meeting of Aristides and Themistocles, on the latter's galley, in the harbor of Salamis, late in the night before the final contest. Aristides has just run the gauntlet of the Persian fleet to rejoin his homeless countrymen. He announces that the enemy's ships are already closing in. Themistocles fearlessly reveals to his honorable rival his own duplicity, avowing that the cowardice of the Peloponnesian allies has left him no resource but the secret message to Xerxes. On this occasion were

uttered most memorable words, destined to be echoed often, even though unconsciously, by brave patriots, ready to forget personal griefs and interests in the hour of national peril. Aristides thus greets Themistocles: "It is our destiny, now as in other times, to be rivals, striving each to render the greater service to the fatherland." In that instant, we would fain believe, each man, diverse as they were and must always remain, saw clearly that both were indispensable to Athens. It seemed the darkest moment in her history. Only a few hours before, in the council of war, the Corinthian leader had bidden Themistocles be silent, and protested against his voting, on the ground that he no longer had a fatherland to represent there!

Of the brief contest on the morrow we shall find the best extant description in the tragedy of *The Persians* itself. There was a tradition in later times that Euripides, the third of the great Athenian dramatists, was born on the island of Salamis, on the very day of the battle. It was perhaps only an invention for the sake of a certain artistic completeness. Æschylos undoubtedly fought upon an Athenian trireme, and the young Sophocles was chosen, because of his physical beauty and grace, to lead the chorus that danced and sang about the trophy of victory.

As for the restored exiles, the parts they played in the great deeds of this and the succeeding years are the most signal justification, as well as proof, of the confidence accorded to them by their countrymen. On the day of Salamis Aristides led the Athenian heavy infantry, which landed on an island in the channel, and cut to pieces a picked body of Persians posted there, including many favorite courtiers of Xerxes. The next year, when Mardonios and the four hundred thousand Persians left by Xerxes "to complete the conquest of Greece" found dishonored graves in Plataea's soil, Aristides again distinguished himself at

the head of the Athenian infantry. Xanthippos had meanwhile succeeded Themistocles as commander of the Athenian division in the national fleet. On the very day of Platea the Persian ships were chased ashore at Mycale, in Asia Minor. The Greeks landed, burned the ships, and utterly routed the land army. The Athenians were acknowledged the chief heroes of this battlefield. The Grecian islands were at once liberated by the victory, and after the Peloponnesian fleet returned home Xanthippos completed the campaign by the capture of Sestos, the key of the Chersonese and the Hellespont. The Grecian cities on the mainland, also, were soon to be released from the Persian yoke. With the return of the squadron to Hellas — bearing away the remnants of the famous bridges over the Hellespont, to be consecrated as memorials in Grecian temples — the tale of Herodotos reaches a fitting close. Never did the whirligig of time bring round more swiftly a completer revenge.

A still more responsible and honorable duty fell to Aristides' lot the next year, 478 B. C. In conjunction with Kimon, Miltiades' son, he commanded the Athenian division — which, as usual, constituted more than half — of a small fleet sent out under command of Pausanias, the Spartan regent, to continue the war against Persia. This force effected the reduction of Byzantium. Pausanias' vanity had been fatally excited by the victory, gained under his feeble and vacillating command, at Platea, and he now entered into a treasonable correspondence with Xerxes, dismissing his prisoners of the royal blood, and aspiring to wed the daughter of the Asiatic despot. Though this action was probably at most only suspected at the time, his haughtiness, cruelty, and folly exasperated the Ionian commanders to such a degree that they utterly refused to serve longer under Spartan leadership. They insisted that Athens should become

the head of a maritime league for the common defense against the Persians. Thus was formed the confederacy of Delos. Sparta and the other Peloponnesian states recalled their squadrons, but made no opposition to the new organization. Aristides was deputed to fix the amount of the annual contributions by each city for the general service, and apparently exerted a controlling influence in the whole work of creating the league.

This revolt from Spartan authority was but the inevitable issue required by the "logic of events." It was in fact the final result of Themistocles' farsighted wisdom in building up the Athenian navy. Though Athens had suffered far more, she had also accomplished far more, in the war than all the Peloponnesian states together. Sparta had shown her unfitness to lead by even more than ordinary selfishness and faithlessness. In particular, the second occupation and devastation of Athens by Mardonios, in 479, perhaps the sack of the year before as well, should be charged to Sparta's failure to send her troops, as she had promised, to meet the Persians in Bœotia. Even before Salamis, the question was raised whether Athens, furnishing more than half of all the vessels and crews, should be granted the chief command upon the sea. But the other Dorian states refused to serve under any leadership save that of the Spartans; and the Athenians, wisely and patriotically, consented still to follow where they alone were fit to lead. The Spartan character and traditions were averse to naval service, aggressive foreign war, and close relations with remoter Hellenic states. In short, the Athenians, and they alone, could take advantage of the new and happier conditions in the Ægean, which their own energy and prowess had brought about.

How this voluntary and helpful union between the strong and the weak became, perhaps inevitably, an oppressive

imperial rule; how the contributions came to be regarded as tribute; how the treasury of the league was removed from the Ionian sanctuary of Delos to the Athenian Acropolis, and eventually despoiled for the adornment of Periclean Athens, — all this lies beyond our proper limits. The Athenians, however, down to the very day of their utter humiliation, could truthfully assert that their strength, and their strength alone, had kept the ways of the sea open and safe for peaceful intercourse and profitable commerce. To the formation of this great confederacy, the greatest and most beneficent union of free states ever attained in the ancient world, the universally known and aggressive honesty of Aristides was without doubt indispensable. His life, side by side with that of Themistocles, teaches unmistakably the lesson that, while craft may at times seem, and perhaps truly seem, indispensable to the salvation even of a whole nation, yet only single-hearted devotion to duty can bring to a man permanent happiness or spotless fame.

It must not be supposed, however, that any political revolution had at this time displaced Themistocles from the leading position. In the whole story of his stratagem, by which the jealousy of Sparta was baffled while the new fortifications of Athens were raised, it is plainly assumed that he was still the idol of the people and the controlling mind in affairs. The subsequent fortification of the great harbor city Piræus was also devised and executed by him.

Indeed, if the Aristotelian treatise is to be credited, Themistocles remained in Athens nearly twenty years after Xerxes' defeat. There are serious difficulties in accepting so late a date for his ostracism and subsequent flight to Persia, but it is pleasant to believe that Themistocles and Aristides (whose death is assigned by Nepos to the year 468 B. C.) never again returned to the implacable partisan enmities of their earlier years.

The author of the Constitution of Athens gives us the important information that the Council of the Areopagus exercised a vigorous control over political action in Athens for the two decades following the Persian wars. If true, this offers an interesting parallel to the long and glorious rule of the Roman Senate, these two bodies being alike composed of citizens who had held the highest offices of state. It was, at any rate, a time of many-sided activity and prosperous growth. Early in that period, in the year 472 B. C., Æschylos exhibited in the theatre of Dionysos his historical tragedy *The Persians*. The discussion of the circumstances immediately attending the performance of the play may properly open another paper, which will include a version of the important portions of the drama. Throughout this tragedy may be heard not only a pious feeling of thankfulness for wondrous deliverance, but also a lofty confidence and proud self-consciousness characteristic of a free, happy, and ambitious generation.

William Cranston Lawton.

THE AMERICAN IDEALIST.

THE word "idealism" is in many minds connected with a philosophical system that is mainly negative. The critical and destructive portion of Kant's work has become so widely known as the basis of German philosophy that an idealist is supposed to be one who believes the whole empirical world to be a delusion; who sees no reality but his own thought, and cannot rest even that reality on a solid foundation; a nihilist, in short. Could anything be more mistaken? Is there a philosophy more triumphant, more overflowing with faith, more world-storming, than true idealism? Is there a man whose convictions are firmer, more self-asserting, more vigorous, more joyous, than those of the true idealist? Instead of doubting the existence of things, he is penetrated with the intensity, the self-demonstrating sureness, of reality; he cannot resist it if he would; every moment of life is to him crowded and packed with certainty, though perhaps not so much with the certainty of material phenomena as with that of moral and spiritual facts, of *ideas*. He is by nature a believer. Everything shows, I think, that Kant himself, in spite of his "world-overturning" speculations, was the profoundest of believers.

At the same time something can be said for the common view. If the idealist does not dissolve the world in his own mind, he projects his own mind upon the world. He lives among theories, among types, to which facts must accommodate themselves or suffer for it. He does not love inductive methods, prefers working *a priori*. How can things be except as they ought to be? Every idealist constructs in his own way a skeleton like the great logical schemes of Plato or Hegel, round which the world of perception must flow gently, and shape itself in a fleshly garment, sometimes

beautifully draped and adjusted, sometimes falling in harsh folds with a melancholy stiffness. In this sense it may be said that the idealist destroys the world, and builds it for himself anew.

The division on these lines into idealist and realist absorbs all humanity. There are the men who see things as they are, and the men who see them as they would have them. To put it more fairly, there are those who take each fact of experience by itself, letting it get connected with other facts as it can; there are those who find for every fact its proper place in the vast and perfect order of nature. These two different classes can never quite understand each other or work together. In one the subjective is subordinated to the objective; in the other the subject rides triumphant and supreme, the object being reduced to servile insignificance.

The scientific tone of mind, the modern critical spirit, is distinctly realist. It aims to make itself a mere passive instrument, played upon, like an Æolian harp, by all the influences of the outer world. Indeed, the intellect pure and simple does not favor idealism, which springs essentially from the moral side of our nature. The intellect is always striving to be impersonal; the heart, the emotions, are what drive us, with feverish intensity, to assert ourselves. Now, the intellect has become more predominant in the nineteenth century than it has ever been before in the history of the world.

Yet what a curious illustration of nature's revenges is the spread of pessimism side by side with this mighty development of the intellect! Pessimism is idealism turned inside out. Every pessimist has in him the elements of an enthusiastic idealist; for if he did not imagine a more perfect world, why should he find so much fault with this? Only

the clear-eyed intellect thinks the ideal world hopelessly far away ; and the dull, muddy world about us seems vile in comparison. A French critic remarks : " I wrote it twenty-five years ago, ' the supernatural ' " — let us read, the ideal, — " ' is the sphere of the soul,' and I see no reason for changing my mind. The only thing I would add now is this melancholy reflection, that one may demand the absolute without being sure of getting it. The child, also, cries for the moon, when it has seen the reflection in a well."

Of the numerous spiritual types that humanity presents, some are permanent and some are transitory. A good example of the latter is the miser. There is plenty of meanness, of niggardliness and foolish sparing, in the nineteenth century ; but you do not often find, in this country, at any rate, a man who hoards gold simply for the pleasure of counting it, of eying it, — who grudges equally the spending of one dollar and of a thousand. People seek to acquire money, as they have always done, because money gives the means for gratifying their passions, because it gives power ; but they do not often seek it for the actual accumulation of precious metal. This may be owing to the colossal size of modern fortunes, which makes money less a reality than a dream ; it is more probably caused by the introduction of paper currency and the banking system. The clink of gold affords a pleasure not to be found in fingering greenbacks. Certain literary figures have lost their interest for us on account of this change, — figures like Molière's Harpagon and the heroes of many of La Fontaine's fables.

On the other hand, some types belong to this century only, or to this and the preceding. The philanthropist is one of these, — the man who devotes his life to working for mankind not from any lofty religious principle, sometimes even with no great belief in the goodness or worth of humanity ; doing it either from pure

sympathy and love, or because he has no other means of satisfying a restless desire for action. Another modern type is the critic, perhaps I should say the scientist, who has reduced his own personality to a minimum, and lives on curiosity ; who thrusts himself into the spiritual garments of other men, or probes the secrets of nature, drawing into his own veins the blood and life that circulate elsewhere.

But idealists are confined neither to the ninth century nor to the nineteenth. The first man who framed for himself another life beyond this world or outside of it, the first man who labored and toiled with hand and brain to bring about a paradise in the future, or dreamed of a paradise in the past, was the first idealist. In spite of all negations, of all iconoclasm, of the downfall of this creed and of that creed, the world will never see the last. The ideal is infinite in its persistence, infinite in its protean power of reëmbodiment, remanifestation. All it demands is faith in something, belief in something, beyond the passing sensuous impression : give it that and it will conquer the world. For its advantage over positivism and skepticism consists in its being affirmative, in its perpetual self-assertion. Those who follow it follow undoubting, absolutely mastered. In Heine's words, — and let me remark that Heine wrote " Idea," and not " ideas," as it stands in the epigraph of one of our magazines : " We do not seize upon the Idea ; the Idea seizes us, and enslaves us, and lashes us into the arena, where we fight for it like gladiators, whether we will or no." What a masquerade this worship of the Idea gives us, sweeping down in bright order through the shadowy past ! The obstinate hope of the Jews for their Messiah, the patriotism of the Greeks at Thermopylæ, the Christian martyrs, the glittering Crusades, the Renaissance, the sanguinary passion of the French Revolution, — these are the gleaming points in the great web of en-

thusiasm for all causes and all faiths. Believe! Believe! Only believe! And all things shall be added unto you.

It will be seen from the above enumeration that nations are idealists as well as individuals. Is not the Bible the monument of indomitable idealism in a whole race? — a race narrow, indeed, in its conceptions, not much concerned with the intellectual problems that please the Aryans, yet intensely and fiercely moral, and showing its idealism in the positive force of its morality, in not being content with perfecting itself, but in being determined to overcome the whole world. Has idealism ever been manifested with more energy and splendor than in the lament of Job, or the denunciation of David, or the lovely visions of Isaiah? “For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind.” Is not that the text of the idealist everywhere? “But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.” For that rising not only Jew but Gentile waits, has waited, and will wait forever, with the fervor of an unconquerable hope.

A blind enthusiasm of the same sort, though grosser in its materialism, was at the bottom of the great Mohammedan movement. The intenser form of idealism, at least in religious matters, seems to be found outside the Aryan races, which agrees with what I said above as to the results of intellectual development in individuals. Even among Aryan nations, however, there are, as one can see, vast differences in this respect. Perhaps, taking into account the fact that we must live in this world as it is, with all its imperfections, the Greeks, in their best days, came as near to a just harmonizing of the real and the ideal as is possible. The Romans, on the other hand, were, as a people, positivists beyond any the world has seen; positivists to such a point that, with the exception of two

great poems, — even those largely imitative, — they alone of all important nations, ancient or modern, left behind them no trace of original work in any one of the fine arts.

Among modern European nations, the English are most like the Romans, in this as in other things. Their poetry saves them from the same degree of reproach; yet their poetry is at its best in the drama, and the drama is the form of poetry that lends itself least to idealistic purposes. The French are more distinctly idealist. Indeed, we may safely say that, generally speaking, the Celts always are so, while the Teutonic races are soberer, more practical. A moment's consideration of English history and character compared with French or Irish will suffice to prove this.

To return to individuals. This enthusiasm, faith, takes naturally very different forms in different minds. In some it is calm, serene, gentle; works upon mankind by mild and sweet persuasiveness, by an influence that spreads unconsciously, yet all the more powerfully. In others it is stormy, impetuous, rejoicing in difficulties, rejoicing in struggle and sacrifice, seeming to acquire firmer conviction by the sense of victory hardly earned. We need not go far for examples of both these classes. Where could we find the contrast better illustrated than in the Founder of Christianity and its greatest apostle? Paul cries, not once, but again and again, in varying words: “For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” How different, ah, how different is this other tone! “Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me. . . . For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.”

Examples of such opposite tendencies

might be multiplied infinitely. In literature, take, for instance, Byron and Shelley. Byron was certainly an idealist in his way; but he would have been inclined to mend the world by shattering it to pieces. Shelley, whose "passion for reforming the world" marks him as one of the most intense idealists of our century, was the sweetest of men.

It is clear enough that the idealist is not necessarily either moral or religious. What he must have is an abiding and inspiring enthusiasm for something that demands devotion and sacrifice; this something may be religion, it may be humanity, it may be beauty, it may be one's country, it may be power, it may be wealth. The distinction lies not so much in the object as in the spirit with which it is pursued. Alexander was an idealist; Cæsar was not. Shakespeare, so far as we can judge, was not; Milton was. Napoleon, in spite of his hatred of *idéologues*, was an idealist himself. There is no way to make this felt more clearly than by contrasting him with Wellington, in whom the genius of his country may be said to have been embodied, as, in a certain sense, that of France was in Napoleon. The idealist may, then, be selfish in as high a degree, as absolutely, as he may be virtuous. Indeed, even when his preoccupation is wholly with what is high and pure, he may be caustic, crabbed, unlovable, to those about him. He often is so, with his impatience at not being understood, his keen perception of the woeful difference between the world as it is and the world as he would have it.

There is the limitation, the negative side. Conviction, in this world, so often brings intolerance. The French writer I quoted just now says elsewhere: "The fundamental dogma of intolerance is that there are dogmas; that of tolerance, that there are only opinions." But the Idea is more than a dogma, it is a fact, in the mind of the believer. How can he look upon it as a mere opinion, dis-

cutable, disputable? How can he put himself in the place of another, disown his own position, admit even the possibility of being wrong? He works by sight, not by faith; by an intuition that allows no question and no doubt. Hence the sweetest of idealists must think you ignorant and to be pitied, if you differ from him. He will not abuse or revile you, but he will regard you at best as an object for conversion. The idealist who is not sweet will not refrain from expressing his opinion.

To come to what is properly American. The typical American is, or was, English in his origin, and I have said that the English are not idealists. Furthermore, it was the Puritans who emigrated to this country, and the Puritans embodied what was least idealistic in the English nature. It is bold, perhaps, to say so, but I am convinced that what makes the Puritans unattractive, in spite of their virtues, is this very fact, that they were not idealists. For the most part, the English religious movement of the seventeenth century was a revolt of common sense, as indeed was the Reformation in general. The English political movement of the seventeenth century was of the same nature, as one may see by contrasting it with the French Revolution, Hampden with Robespierre. It may be said that if this be the case the English were blessed in not being idealists. With that we have nothing to do in this simple search after facts. What I have asserted above is exactly what Matthew Arnold meant when he spoke of Luther as the "Philistine of genius in religion," Bunyan as the "Philistine of genius in literature," Cromwell as the "Philistine of genius in politics," all taken from the group of men connected with new-born Protestantism.

The Puritans who left England for America were perhaps more idealistic than those who remained at home; yet the most striking thing about the founders of New England is their stern good

sense. It has stuck by their descendants till the present day. The characteristic religion of New England, Unitarianism, is the religion of good sense, the least idealistic religion that has ever professed to connect itself with Christianity.

The American of to-day, however, either from race intermixture or from influences of climate or of institutions, is manifestly different from his English progenitor. He is quicker, keener, less conservative, though still conservative. His intelligence is inventive, and proverbially seeks rapid ways to come at things. He is extremely practical, — more than that, material; dazed, it would seem, by the immense resources of his country, by the immense opportunities it affords for accumulating wealth, and with it power. He is, for the present, wholly absorbed in the means; careless of the end, if there be an end at all. Yet his spiritual eye is shut rather than blinded. If you can open it, it is wonderfully quick and penetrating. He is restless, too, dissatisfied with traditions, with old-world beliefs, doctrines, ideas. He half thinks there should be a new religion, as vast and modern as his needs. We perceive the same restlessness in the later Roman world, with somewhat similar conditions. Men were dissatisfied with their old faith; all vital belief in it had disappeared; everywhere they were doubting, wondering. Before the spread of Christianity, all sorts of religions from the East — Mithraism, for instance — found numerous followers. In such a soil Christianity could not but grow vigorously. The Roman world resembled us, indeed, only in the sudden increase of material prosperity. The newness of conditions is far more general with us than it was with them. Yet here, too, what a hold has been taken by Spiritualism, by Christian Science, by the mystical philosophies of India, even where they are only half, if at all, understood!

When the American is possessed by the Idea, he is possessed by it thoroughly; not with a Celtic unreason, but with an enthusiasm that seems quite out of harmony with his ordinary half-skeptical self, and that goes great lengths. The most interesting point in the history of American thought is the transcendental movement of the first half of this century, which was idealism incarnate. Practically, it showed itself in that curious experiment, Brook Farm, which was an attempt to realize what has been in one form or another the social Utopia of all idealists; an attempt to overcome the biting stress of individualism, to "pool," as the railroad men say, the interests of all humanity; an attempt — which failed. What was far more serious, and what did not fail, was the great anti-slavery movement, as truly a result of idealism here as was the French Revolution in Europe, and managed in a far purer spirit. It has been argued, to be sure, that the English got rid of slavery with less idealism, but without bloodshed. The cases were, however, very different.

The list of great names connected with all these movements is not a short one. Active in the antislavery agitation, we have Garrison, Phillips, Sumner. More especially connected with transcendentalism, we have the group that centred in Concord: Alcott, about whom critical judgments differ most; Margaret Fuller, pathetic in her actual fate without any addition of romance; Thoreau, robust, self-asserting, not to say egotistical, — more arrogant than some of his comrades, but touched with a fine and peculiar genius most nearly allied to the greatest of them all. Lastly, rising with his whole figure above these, who are only grouped about the pedestal upon which he stands, comes the representative American idealist, — one may almost say the representative idealist of all times and nations; the man who came nearest to uniting the high en-

thusiasm of the saint with the calm vision of the seer, who touched with a holy fire the speculations of Plato and Hegel, who blended the philosophy of Germany with the mysticism of Asia; the man who, for the first time in nineteen centuries, owned the all-importance of religion, and yet looked forward, and not back, — Ralph Waldo Emerson. No doubt the Puritan lack of imagination does make itself felt in Emerson, at times almost repulsively; no doubt minds of another type do and must weary of his eternal optimism; but never was there a truer servant of the Idea than he; never has the high enthusiasm of that service been better voiced than it so often was by him.

"The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul is. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. . . . Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great night or shade on which, as a background, the living universe paints itself forth, but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work, for it is not; it cannot work any harm; it cannot work any good. It is harm inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

"In a virtuous action I properly am; in a virtuous act I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing, and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses limits, and always affirms an optimism, never a pessimism."

Essay after essay is but one continuous joyous proclamation of the permanence, the inexhaustible vitality, of the Idea.

As was natural, this vigorous and potent personality influenced a great number of people. Many of them sought an expression for their enthusiasm in literature, — some successfully, the majority

not so. But there were others who were contented to live quietly in the calm and pure light of their high faith, making no attempt to communicate it, unless indirectly by a certain spiritual atmosphere that constantly surrounded them. One such I have in mind: a man who was for many years, for life almost, an intimate friend of Emerson's; who had imbibed his spirit thoroughly, yet united with it a peculiar gentleness and sweetness all his own. His nature was feminine in its delicacy, subtly sensitive to all impressions, — morbid in some ways, unquestionably. He was at times the slave of a conscientiousness that ruled him tyrannically, exposing him to ridicule from those who did not understand; but the fine purity of his character, his imaginative sympathy, his infinite patience, tolerance, readiness to find excuses even for those he disapproved of, his loyalty and devotion to the people and the ideas he loved, above all his supreme unworldliness and indomitable conviction of the truth, — when shall we look upon his like again?

The men of that generation have passed away. Have their enthusiasms vanished with them? I do not believe it. Material prosperity has lured us all more or less from the things of the spirit. The high light of thought and devotion seems obscured by the mist of lower passions, sordid rivalries, eager greed. But, as a people, we are not — as yet we are not — corrupted or decadent. We are ever on the watch for what points upward, full of generous impulses, ready sympathies. Above all, we are hopeful; we look forward. We feel in a manner bound to grow to the great destinies of a great country. All sorts of speculative opinions find a ready acceptance. I have alluded to Christian Science, and the fascination exercised by half-mystical theories about new discoveries in the nature of mind. Politically, the idealistic tendency shows itself in the projects of the Nationalists, the

followers of George and Bellamy. It shows itself also in agitations for woman's rights and objects of that nature. Indeed, it may be said, in passing, that the most typical American idealist is a woman; idealism, with its merits and defects, being more natural to women than to men.

No, from whatever source derived, whether it be a reflection of Divinity in the human heart, or a mere figment of the imagination projected on the realm of "Chaos and old Night," the Idea can never die, never lose its influence over mankind, never cease to be the main-spring of all that is accomplished in the world, — of all progress, of all virtue, of all happiness. It clothes itself in many forms. It puts on and casts off religions and philosophies like worn and faded

garments. All these change, but the Idea remains the same. Something outside, something beyond, something larger than itself, humanity must have to strive for, to hope for. It would be useless to oppose this tendency, even if it were desirable. The pessimist will revile it, cherishing it all the while more than any one else. The critic will find in it an ever-changing and infinitely curious object of study. The wise statesman will seek to guide it and profit by it. But he who is a born idealist himself will see in its vitality its justification. He will bow down with his whole heart and soul in infinite worship before the unchanged, immortal spirit of virtue, loveliness, and truth, which, underneath the shifting illusion of the world, is all that is firm, all that is abiding.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

THE CALUMNIATOR.

"He, pierced by such shafts of slander, died soon after."

WHAT world-wide search doth mighty Justice make
 To bring the slain his unknown murderer!
 Hither and thither speeds a messenger
 To earth's four points, for her imperial sake.
 And are there some she cannot overtake?
 They who elude the chain elude not her;
 For such, the flame-bound Furies hotly spur,
 And make their every thought a hissing snake.
 But ah! will Justice never punish so
 The ambushed slayer of a man's good name,
 Plunging his tongue, yea, to the very hilt,
 In its fair virtue, till the heart-blood flow?
 Ay! true as Justice lives, this killing shame
 Must pay the price of homicidal guilt!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

A FLORENTINE EPISODE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART FIRST.

"LET me see," said Mr. Mortimer Mayo, with a sudden air of business, "what is it I owe you, Keith?"

Two men, one of fifty and the other of less than half that age, were crossing the Piazza della Signoria in Florence, in the direction of the Loggia. The question had come from the elder, who was of medium height; was dressed with immaculate elegance; wore a blonde mustache and beard, the latter trimmed neatly to a point, after the fashion of certain portraits; and had a pair of wide-awake blue eyes, which added to the effect his whole air gave of alert readiness to perform his every duty to the most microscopic detail. This was Mortimer Mayo, sometime New Yorker, but now nothing if not cosmopolitan. His companion, Keith Tresillian, was half a head above him, with a slender figure, a beardless face tanned by exposure, brown eyes whose expression in a way suggested that of a fine dog's, well-cut features, thick chestnut hair, and a half-careless habit of dress, if one judged by his manner of wearing his hat pushed far back on his head.

"Since you ask me," he drawled indifferently, "I believe you owe me three hundred and fifty francs. I happened to be making up my accounts this morning."

"I am glad to hear it. I advise every young man to acquire systematic habits in regard to everything connected with money. You have worked me so hard I have not been able to keep any arithmetic in my head. Three hundred and fifty francs! Suppose, Keith, just for convenience' sake, we make it five hundred; then, without being bothered by calculations, I shall know that I owe you exactly a hundred dollars."

"I have not so much about me," Keith replied, "but I might step back to Maquay & Hooker's and draw."

"But we shall need money for this excursion to Prato," said Mayo, lively alarm depicted on his face. "A party of eight women is expensive."

"I'm not going."

"Not going? You must go. You ungrateful fellow, I contrived the affair for your entertainment."

"Thank you so much. Not to-day."

"But my dear Keith! fancy me with Mrs. Girard and her five daughters on my hands! And as I thought my boy would be along to settle, as usual" —

In the smile which lurked about the young fellow's lips, as he put his hand into his pocket, his good nature was apparent, but also a touch of irony, which did not, however, disconcert Mayo, who regarded money from a serious standpoint, having long since made a compromise between his principles and his necessities.

"How much shall I give you?" Keith asked.

"Plenty of five-franc pieces, not to say francs and half-francs. There will be all sorts of fees, and as by rights it is your party, I must be liberal."

Keith produced a handful of coins and a bank-bill, which Mayo accepted with an air of relief.

"You will make a note of it?" he hastened to say, with the anxiety of a systematic man who leaves nothing at loose ends. "But what a pity that you will not come!"

"I have another engagement."

Mayo looked frankly surprised, and well he might, at this sudden show of independence in the listless young fellow to whom he had been devoting himself

for a week past with a zeal and disinterestedness he found fairly affecting now that Keith seemed inclined to shake off the yoke. He had discovered the young Philadelphian's name on the books of the Hotel Europa, and, looking him up, had claimed him as a cousin in a remote degree. Mrs. Tresillian, the young man's mother, at present lingering in Siena with a sick member of her party, on hearing of the encounter had written a pretty letter to her "cousin Mortimer," expressing relief that her boy had come across somebody friendly and akin who would keep him out of scrapes. Thus Mayo, accepting this arduous responsibility, had scarcely allowed the young fellow out of his sight. What possible engagement could Keith have made? However, Mortimer Mayo possessed invincible tact.

"All right," he said, with an air of *bonhomie* in which he was excelled by no man. "I am glad you have picked up some pleasant acquaintance. Not but that your conscience ought to prick you a little, for those pretty Girard girls" —

"I beg pardon," said Keith, "I must go."

"I shall sit down and wait for Mrs. Girard in the Loggia," said Mayo, with an air of fortitude.

Keith nodded and passed on with great strides, and Mayo, casting a glance after his charge, saw him buying a bunch of carnations in the open porticoes of the Uffizi. He could not help observing as well that Keith's air of listlessness already seemed cast off as a garment, now that he had some object in view. *No-blesse oblige* must, however, be Mr. Mortimer Mayo's motto, and nothing could induce him to spy upon any man's diversions.

Keith ran up the stairs of the great palace two steps at a time, and, passing through the two vestibules, entered the broad entrance corridor, hung with the works of the earliest masters. There

was a palpable relief in cutting himself free from Mr. Mortimer Mayo, who had enjoyed dancing him about like a puppet, while, stiff with the solidity of exact facts, dates, and "schools," that gentleman had delivered succinct opinions on nature and art gleaned from the best sources. Not that Keith had cared for such minor grievances, in the fit of restlessness and despair which had taken possession of him since Miss Rose Bellew had told him he was too young, too ineffective, to answer her ideals of the man she could marry. His thoughts had revolved round his own shortcomings; he had constantly pondered his weaknesses, like a fate-beleaguered Hamlet, appointing himself trials and penances. Miss Bellew had rejected Keith in the cathedral at Orvieto a fortnight before, and in the eternity of upheaval and chaos which had intervened he had been the prey of inextinguishable regrets. Yet at this moment, as he walked down the corridor toward the Tribuna, he was conscious of a lightening of heart as he recognized the object of his search, whose acquaintance he had made the day before at the Accademia, in a brief absence of his Mentor.

"Yes, there she is," he said, pausing, and gazing with a smile at a copyist sitting on a high stool before a sweet, crude fourteenth-century Annunciation, which, with brush uplifted, she was studying as if trying to tear the very heart out of it. There was an individuality quite peculiar and piquant about the girl, who looked very young, and the fantastic little figure must have arrested any one's attention. She was very slight, and her hands and feet were unusually small. She had a round babyishly pretty face, fine features, soft chubby cheeks like a fruit, eyes of the deepest blue with inordinately long and thick lashes, and a pathetically wistful little mouth. Her dress, Keith observed with amusement, was the same she had worn the day before, to his perception made

up of shreds and patches, but a sort of poetic apparel, nevertheless, with an effect of picturesqueness and ease which he admired. It consisted of a skirt of dark blue stuff, a white silk blouse with a flowered neckerchief tied about the throat, a huge scarlet apron with richly embroidered pockets and ruffle of wide lace, while on the clustering brown curls, cut short like a child's, was perched a scarlet cap.

While she sat gazing at her copy, a Memmi, through the slits of her half-closed eyes, her head a little on one side, Keith sat down on the steps of a tall unoccupied easel which stood near, and waited. All at once she jumped off her perch, and darting to a little distance regarded the picture in a new light; this gained, she flew back to her canvas and made a few swift fierce stabs with her brush in the face of the Virgin, then relapsed into a leopard-like repose, never wholly quiescent, but suggesting the possibility of a second spring.

"Good - morning, Miss Phillimore," said Keith, then, and not till then, breaking in upon her work.

She transferred her attention to him, smiled lazily, took a card out of her pocket, looked at it, and returned, —

"Good - morning, Mr. Keith Tresilian."

He laughed.

"So you had quite forgotten my name!"

"How could I remember such an odd name?" she rejoined, with an air of infantile candor. "I'm not an intellectual prodigy."

"It is not so musical a name as Phillis Phillimore," Keith observed. "That haunted my dreams like a strain of music."

"I did not tell you my name was Phillis," said the artist.

"But your color-box did. How good of you to lose it yesterday!"

"How good of you to find it!"

"I confess I had been longing for an

excuse to address you. I had been watching you for an hour, puzzling over your nationality. Had you noticed me?"

"Of course I had not noticed you," said Miss Phillimore loftily. "Why should I?"

"Nevertheless I felt as if I had attracted your attention. I dreaded lest my proximity might annoy you."

"I was conscious that I could not make a telling stroke. It is always so when anybody who represents philistinism, convention, high fashion, is looking on."

"Surely you are not alluding to me?"

"But really, now, are n't you an elegant, fastidious, highly connected young man of wealth and fashion?" she demanded naively.

"As to being well connected, I assure you nobody consulted me before I was born, and I was obliged to accept all my relations ready-made. As to my being elegant and fashionable, I give you my word that everything I do, say, or put on is apt to be pointed out by the knowing in such matters as what wise men avoid."

"But are n't you an idler?"

"I have dawdled about for a year, but this is my holiday. Until now it has been nothing except dig, dig, dig, with me, since I was six years old."

"But I know," Miss Phillimore persisted in her indictment, "that you are rich."

"My mother does provide me with reasonable pocket-money, — that I am compelled to acknowledge," said Keith, — "and I have a little something of my own. I see that you despise me."

"Oh, no," answered Miss Phillimore nonchalantly. "I should rather like to be rich myself, and sit down and bully mankind to give me whatever I wanted."

"Come, now! Do I sit down and bully mankind?"

She nodded, making at the same time a slight grimace. Keith said to himself that she was as refreshingly impertinent

as her get-up was genuinely artistic. He had of late been so dreary, out of conceit with himself, tasting everything with a distempered appetite, that this encounter was just what he needed to pique him into trying to go on living.

"But I am hard at work, don't you see?" she now remarked. "You must not interrupt me."

"I'm a stock, a stone, — blind, deaf and dumb. Don't pay the least attention to me. I see that you are painting another ugly Annunciation."

"I am painting all the Annunciations."

"You have a life-task before you!"

She uttered a quick sigh.

"If only I might spend my life that way!" she said. "I have lost so much time, I have made so many attempts, I have had so many ambitions. For a whole year I painted nothing but Giorgiones. I could not sleep at night for thinking about the secret of his color. The way the hair lies against the forehead of the Knight of Malta, for example, would go through me like a knife. I assure you I have had my despairs. Then I gradually made up my mind to content myself with the joy, the thrill, the rankling sting, the deep-down unutterable heart of art. For, talk as you will about form, color, technique, handling, it is the world-joy, the world-pain, an artist has got to express, or die for it, — the beauty which we see only by snatches, which beckons but eludes us, which our hands cannot reach nor our lips press, yet which is the supreme part of our lives."

The tears stood in her eyes as she looked at Keith; her color came and went.

"Accordingly," she went on, to his relief, without waiting for him to respond to this outburst, "I like to copy the early Nativities and Annunciations, to study first one and then another, and to see how, with the same impulse and the same appeal to sympathy, they show such a

different intellectual quality and such a different spiritual touch. Then it is curious to see how the great masters took their compositions ready-made from the early painters. I suppose that in the first gropings of artistic feeling for expression, when men only tried reverently and devoutly to put down the vision which burned aching in upon their own souls, they had a passionate insight into the wonder and the mystery of the miracles which nobody can have after becoming familiarized with such ideas. So when men found out the secrets of color and form, they simply repeated over and over again what the early artists had felt."

She went on noting the resemblances and differences, — was enthusiastic over Tintoretto's Annunciation, which was so beautiful and so original, and Leonardo's, which was so subtly expressive, — all the time painting, now with frenzy, then again holding herself back and giving an occasional rhythmical stroke, touching and retouching certain parts. Keith had no real knowledge of art, keen of eye and fond of beauty as he was, but his impression was that, in spite of her passionate relish for her work, she painted rather badly. Yet it was so apparent that her heart helped every stroke of her brush that it pained him when presently she dropped her hands, exclaiming, —

"Well, another failure!"

"Do not say that," he said eagerly.

"What is one more failure, when already I have several hundreds of them piled up in my room! I have had the experience, and I have almost come to the conclusion that it is hardly worth while to attempt anything in art, — that feeling is enough. Without coming to Italy one knows nothing, nothing. Even in Paris art is only the bubble on the surface; here it is the wine of life itself. Yet if one stays in Italy, one stays at the risk of losing all one's individual powers. One becomes so saturated with impres-

sions, and such beautiful impressions, that one is content to go on repeating ideas which were a part of the universal air centuries before we were born. Nobody could possibly have an original thought in Italy; but who wants one? Sometimes I have flattered myself that I had caught hold of something hitherto ungrasped. Once, for example, standing before Leonardo's Annunciation, it came over me what that angel's message meant to the Virgin. Hitherto she had been a happy young girl, like other girls, with a lover, and with expectations of a life like other women's. Then all at once she received tidings that she was consecrated, set apart, separated from the common lot. It struck me that no painter had adequately expressed her wonder and awe, her submission, yet almost painful amazement. I quite tingled with the force of my vital idea. Then a suspicion dawned on me that I was, as usual, warming up somebody else's discovery, and I remembered that in George Eliot's diary there is an account of the same thought stirring her as she stood before Titian's Annunciation in Venice, and of how she made it the germ of her Spanish Gypsy. And I dare say hundreds of other people had been impressed by the same fancy before. No, it is all of no use. Had I never come to Italy, I might have had an identity and done something out of my own brain. Here I am a mere bundle of worn-out impressions and enthusiasms. Don't you feel like taking a walk in the Boboli Gardens? I have a pass."

"With all my heart," replied Keith. "Art is long and time is fleeting, and it is not always June in Florence."

"But then in Florence," said Miss Phillimore, "art and nature are so jumbled together you can hardly tell where one ends and the other begins."

Keith suggested the necessity of some luncheon, whereupon she explained that she always carried a sandwich in her bag, for the sake of convenience, to say

nothing of economy. It was agreed that Keith should run out and buy a *pâté*, and meet her at the entrance to the Gardens, after she had crossed leisurely to the Pitti by the covered gallery.

Thus, an hour later, the two young people were sitting on the stone steps near the palace, eating the luncheon which Keith had provided with a lavishness to which his companion declared she was absolutely unaccustomed.

"I do not know luxuries by sight!" she cried, aghast.

"Still," pleaded Keith, "somehow things to eat always look so familiar."

She conceded that hitherto slumbering instincts were roused in her by the sight of the *pâtés*, and indeed she even took kindly to a galantine. They were sitting where, in old court days, noble Florentine dames used to enjoy the revels. At the left was the palace; at the right, groups of tapering cypresses, black as night, clipped ilex hedges, and thickets of bays and acacias shivering in the breeze; through the vista opening between rose the cathedral dome, the Campanile, and the Palazzo Vecchio; beyond the city, the eye followed the glimmering plain to the lapis-lazuli-colored hills. The blue sky was flecked with little clouds with the very spirit of the summer wind in their fleeces, and everything, gardens, city, valley, and mountains, basked in sunlight and glittered in intense brilliancy of hue.

Keith absorbed these outside impressions, which went to make up the completeness of an experience which certainly possessed all the charm of the unexpected. Miss Phillimore was the very opposite of all that he had hitherto admired in woman. Fancy Rose Bellew picking up an acquaintance in a picture-gallery, and eating a luncheon with him next day, unchaperoned! Yet Miss Phillimore seemed to require none of those adjuncts which are supposed to enhance the charm and *naïveté* of young girls.

She was quite as much at home here as in the Uffizi. She had left her apron and cap behind with her color-box, and had put on a sailor-hat, which made her a little more like ordinary folk. Keith had at first sight taken her for a Frenchwoman, or possibly a German, while she had believed him to be an Englishman. So soon as they knew each other for compatriots they were friends, and their intimacy grew each moment. Lingering over their picnic, she addressed him with unhesitating frankness, asking him any question her curiosity suggested, and on her own side wholly banishing mystery.

She had been born and had lived all her days in Ohio, until five years before she had joined a "personally conducted" party which was to make the "grand tour" in sixty days for the sum of five hundred dollars. She told Keith that from the moment of landing in Europe she had hated being driven hither and thither, as if she were one of a flock of sheep, and that so soon as she had crossed the Alps and descended into Italy such bondage became impossible. She saw the vines festooning the trees and hanging in garlands, the peasants picking mulberry leaves for the silkworms, or weeding the wheat, down whose alleys poppies made a blaze of color; she saw the cypresses, the ilexes, the olive-trees glittering as if inclosed in a net of transparent silver; she saw the sky, the hills, — two blues, one full of sunlit azure, the other of liquid purple; she saw the cities, with their bridges, their churches, their picture-galleries, and their gardens, and she declared she would stay in Italy. And here she had stayed, except for a few months at a time in France and Germany, ever since. Why should she not make a snatch at this happiness? All her life long she had hated to see things done in barren, unæsthetic fashion, and how, when her every dream was more than realized, could she break the spell?

Yet nothing, she gayly declared, could

be more reckless than such prodigality. Her father had been a plain farmer, her mother a French Canadian. Both were dead, and had left forty thousand dollars to be divided among ten children, and she had at need drawn her own share, until now she was well towards the end of her last thousand. After that was spent, the deluge! she proclaimed with a laugh, which nevertheless covered a sigh. She had lived as economically as she could; now and then, when her remittances had been delayed, she had suffered dire straits of poverty. Of course at times she was disheartened and homesick, and went to bed ready to cry her eyes out; but a new day was certain to find her with restored courage, ready to "work the mine of her youth to the last vein of its ore." She had lived five years in Italy, and was content.

Such frankness put to shame reserve on Keith's part. He told her he had been through his course at Harvard, and afterwards had had a few terms at Oxford; that the preceding year his mother, who was a widow and lived in Philadelphia, had joined him in England, and that after a summer in Switzerland and Germany they had gone to Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land. On their return to Italy, in April, they had been joined by some friends and cousins, one of whom had fallen ill at Siena. This had detained the rest of the party, Keith explained, while he kept his eyes fixed on the cypresses slowly vibrating against the sky, and the acacias shimmering in the breeze.

"I came to Florence," he went on to say, "to wait for my mother. I like Florence. One comfort about it is that one is not called upon to care a button about its history. Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem make such a pull upon one. Not to have more or less of a clear idea as to what happened there is to miss our most precious privileges, for we are — we can't help being — Romans and Greeks, not to say Christians,

almost more than we are Americans. Not even our individual happenings are as real as what happened in those places. But the Guelphs and Ghibellines are no more to me than the Kilkenny cats. I suppose they enjoyed their endless squabbings. I am sorry, it is true, that they made Dante uncomfortable, just as I am bored with the Medici for the sake of Michael Angelo."

Of course Keith was talking for the sake of talking, and to hide the fact that he was not wholly frank. He did not say what passionate joy in living he had felt at Amalfi, Sorrento, and Rome until he had made that foolish confession to Rose Bellew. But how can a young man be candid about such things? Besides, he was beginning to admire Miss Phillimore, and was ready to be absorbed by her. She was so pretty, and over and beyond her prettiness had a world of ways full of a subtle yet simple witchery. He admired even her eccentricities, her audacities. After they had finished their luncheon he asked permission to smoke a cigarette.

"And you are not going to offer me one?" she demanded, with open-eyed amazement.

Why not? He reopened his case, and she accepted an Egyptian and lighted it with an air of enjoyment. Honestly, he did not consider that smoking enhanced the value of a pair of sweet lips; still, niceties of taste hinge on habit, and no doubt this little rounding off into sheer human weakness gave an added touch of piquancy to a girl who frankly set out to be nothing if not piquant. After all, was not what a man needed in a woman a sure feeling of *camaraderie*? And how can a woman be a man's real companion when she is separated from him by opposite standards, and looks down upon his failings from her icy pinnacle of superior virtue? Ought she not rather to meet him halfway, and give him a grain of encouragement, making him feel that his little vices do not wholly cut

him off from grace? There are girls — Rose Bellew, for example — who demand better bread than can be made of wheat.

While Keith revolved these ethical questions in his mind, Miss Phillimore, as she smoked her cigarette, entertained him with historiettes of her life in the different art-centres where she had studied. At first she had had dreams of success. In Paris she had twice gained a medal, and had believed that presently her apprenticeship would be over. Alas! Art to her was to be an endless apprenticeship. Pang by pang the merciless truth had bitten into her that her initiation would never be complete; that she was one of the hundreds, the thousands, of those who never reach the promised land. Besides the artistic defeat, she had to suffer a commonplace disappointment. Success would have vindicated her to her nine warning brothers and sisters at home who had deplored her erratic course.

"But I would not give up my five years for the whole forty thousand dollars," she declared. "Art has widened my world, and now I could be happy anywhere, after a fashion, for I have seen into the heart of things. How restless I used to be at home! Did you never feel, Mr. Tresillian, when you were leading a humdrum life, that you must break out of it, or become frantic?"

"I never lead a humdrum life, if I can help it," Keith replied.

"No; if men do not like what they are doing, they can go and do something else," said Phillis. "But honestly, Mr. Keith Tresillian, when I first saw you yesterday you looked inexpressibly bored. In fact, it was that weary little frown between your brows which made me feel as if it might be a mercy to give you a bit of amusement."

"Then you confess you did make the first advances!"

"I shall confess nothing of the sort. Yet why should I not? It is not Chris-

tian, it is not human, to be indifferent to one's fellow-creatures. Besides, everybody I know in Florence has gone away, and I was lonely, and, looking at your innocent face and reflecting that you too were melancholy, I perceived that it might be a good deed to pretend to lose my color-box."

Keith made a wry face over the word "innocent," but when she pursued, "What is the use of being stiff and stupid, and letting pleasant opportunities go by?" he replied, "No use in the world."

Indeed, he felt that to miss this opportunity would be a sheer loss of valuable experience, for Phillis gave him sensations; often, in fact, two sensations at once. She seemed absolutely unconscious of anything unusual in this sudden friendship. Could anybody so bright be so unconscious? Was this facility a part of the girl's passionate hunger for life and for art, or did it come from a desire to dazzle, if not by cleverness and charm, at least by novelty?

For the next fortnight Keith rarely saw Mr. Mortimer Mayo except late at night. Of course that gentleman, who invariably made a point of establishing a complete census of Americans in any European city where he spent two days, knew all about Miss Phillimore and the dance she was leading the young man. In fact, he had seen the charming copyist not only in Florence, but in Paris and in Munich, and he was ready to offer warnings to Keith, who, however, looked so much surprised and put on so haughty an air at the first suggestion of advice that his Mentor thought best to defer it until it should be required.

Meanwhile, Miss Phillimore's single aim seemed to be to work as hard as possible herself, and at the same time to give Keith a vivid and personal experience of Florentine life. What he had hitherto done for the sake of seeing and doing it she tried to make him feel in an original,

vital, and fruitful way. Certainly Keith enjoyed his companion's explanation of whatever touched her fancy or feeling more than the most learned of guide-books, and at this period no doubt assimilated a great many ideas, artistic and otherwise. She had a passionate appreciation of Michael Angelo's Night, the sadness of which Keith felt would not have been so unutterably hopeless if the Morning had but been happier. She liked to interpret Fra Angelico's frescoes at San Marco, each opening its separate dazzling vista into the joys of heaven and the communion of saints to the inmate of the little cell. She rejoiced in the Giotto's, the Cimabue's, the Botticelli's. She loved all art, indeed, from its first germ to its perfected blossom, its great themes and its fragments in little heterogeneous bits picked up here and there. She delighted in the inspired tenderness of the old masters for children, and had once painted nothing but children for six months, beginning with Raphael's Cherub in fresco and Van Dyck's baby in the Roman Accademia. However she might paint, she could easily enough embody her conception in words.

Visits to churches and galleries were reserved for the dull days. Usually the weather bade artists be out among the hills, drinking in the marvels of the summer light. Their custom was to meet early at some appointed rendezvous (Keith did not even know where Phillis lodged), and then, issuing from the city by one of the gates, to climb, perhaps on foot, perhaps in a peasant's donkey-cart, to some point of vantage for the artist; for Phillis's desire was to paint everything. "Studies" she called her attempts to pluck the heart out of the mystery of the glowing summer pageant; but even the word "studies" suggests work more finished than these flingings, as it were, of her paint-pot at her canvas. There were "studies" in blues, beginning with the purplish opaque

tints at the bases of the mountains, melting insensibly into the lapis lazuli of the slopes, and shading off into sapphire shot with iridescent gleams where the ridges met the veil of warm light and luminous haze. Then the varying effects of green were to be seized: the emerald of watered meadows; the yellow of willows and acacias; the shimmering argent of poplars; the aquamarine of waving grain; the rich tint of figs and vines already running riot in bacchanal profusion; the glaucous hues, from verd antique to silver, of the gnarled and twisted olives with their hundred arms; the blackness of the tapering cypresses guarding the approaches to belvederes and campanile towers.

"But it is only Corot who can make his trees sway in the wind," Phillis would say, confessing her failure, yet not, even in the moment of defeat, letting go the passion and illusion of her art.

Sometimes they gained admittance to the grounds of a deserted villa, with terraces where there were rows of pomegranates set with their scarlet stars, and oleanders whose sprays of rosy bloom showed against the pale blue sky. She liked to paint the formal garden walks set between carefully pruned hedges, with statues beckoning from niches of laurel, ilex, and cypress, beds of lilies of the Annunciation, pinks in profusion, and larkspurs of all colors.

Whether or no she succeeded in nature's trick of forcing inharmonious tints into joyous agreement, she executed her task with an ease, a rapidity of movement, an expression of personality, a dramatic vehemence, which might well have been the prerogative of genius, but in her case was probably only an indication of her passion for anything hitherto unguessed, unfelt, unseized. The superhuman industry of the girl, her greed, almost, for some new effect of light, shadow, or color, made Keith sometimes cry out, —

"Put it down! You have worked long enough."

"I must make my hay while the sun shines. I shall probably do very little painting after I go back to Ohio."

"You will never go back to Ohio," Keith said once, with sudden decision.

"What else am I to do?" she asked naively. "I can live on twenty francs a week, if necessary, but I must have my twenty francs; and where are they to come from when I have spent my last hundred dollars?"

This practical question, put with a droll but appealing glance, tugged at Keith's sensibilities.

"You have brothers and sisters," he suggested.

"They are not too well off themselves, and ever since I came to Europe they have been holding up the fact to me that my last condition would be worse than my first. I shall ask nothing of them."

"Some women earn their own living," said Keith, "but" —

"Thank you. I couldn't make my own living, and I wouldn't if I could; that is, unless people would buy my pictures. What a big brutal world it is! Don't you suppose that at times I feel sick of life?"

In spite of this seeming candor, there lurked, to Keith's perceptions, a shade of mystery in the girl's position. It seemed to him utterly incredible that she was actually dancing giddily on the edge of a financial precipice, — she was too light of heart; and she was too candidly happy and interested in her work to be a possible adventuress. For although she seemed to challenge his sympathy by these speeches, made with a coquettish sidelong glance, he was almost certain that she regarded him from a purely disinterested standpoint. Had he believed that he had in any way touched her heart, he could not have refrained at such times from putting out his hand and clasping hers,

but something warned him off. Soft as she was in glance and tone, he suspected that she was experimenting with him; trying, solely out of mischief, to make him fall in love with her. Yet, if he gave a sign of feeling, she seemed almost cynically to run away from the suggestion that either he or she was capable of sentiment. He had never shaken hands with her. He would almost have expected a metamorphosis if he had touched her. Her queer little frocks, her pointed shoes, her long, wrinkled gloves, were all instinct with her personality. He would have apologized if one of her bits of ribbon had blown against him. And although he said each day that he was amusing himself, humoring her to the top of her bent simply to see what she would do or say next, she was actually a pathetic little figure to him. Her talk of poverty, her little economies, made him ache. Her declaration that she was almost at the end of things, and after that expected the deluge, stirred a pity not far from deep tenderness. She had done so much with that meagre patrimony of hers, whose whole was less than his own allowance, which he might exceed at will. He speculated on the amount possibly spent by Miss Bellew upon her gowns alone. Sometimes, when conversation led him into allusions to his habits, opportunities, and expectations, he observed an abstractedness of look on Phillis's face which suggested mental calculations.

"You must be enormously rich," she said once.

He told her that the uncle whose name he bore had left him money, but that otherwise he was dependent on his mother, as his father's estate would not be divided until after her death, which Heaven avert for a century to come!

"I shall settle down in October with my father's brother, Judge Tresillian, and dig away at the law," Keith observed.

"I should say you were very well off

with what you have inherited already," she returned.

"You live like a bird on a bough. You don't consider what it costs to keep up a house."

"Oh, you are thinking of marrying somebody. Suppose," she pursued, with the large-eyed simplicity of an inquisitive child, "that you were to marry: what would happen then?"

"If I married in a way to suit my mother, she would no doubt give me a hundred or two thousand, as she did each of my three brothers. They are all married."

"A hundred or two thousand francs?"

"No, dollars."

"A hundred or two thousand dollars! I cannot believe that I am acquainted with anybody who can even talk about so much money."

"It would be little enough to live on, for a married man, unless his wife were well enough off to buy her own gowns."

"If I were to marry a man with a hundred thousand dollars," observed Phillis, "I should insist on having gowns from Worth, bonnets from Louise, diamonds, laces, six-button, twenty-button gloves by the dozen pairs, all the bonbons I could eat, a carriage to drive about in, with coachman and footman, a maid to do my hair, and a large black poodle for her to lead about. In such an ideal existence I should need some cross to bear, and I have often reflected that one of the worst trials in life would be to own one of those creatures, they look so wretched, so imbecile, so unlike a real dog."

"All I can say is," replied Keith, with sudden energy, "that unless your husband had some remunerative occupation you would soon be at the end of his bank account. It is clear you have not the most rudimentary ideas of how much money people require for such extravagant outlays as you are ambitious for."

"I fancy," Phillis proceeded, evidently enamored of the picture she had drawn

of herself, with a maid leading about a black poodle, shaven and trimmed by an artist, "that I might greatly enjoy being a rich man's wife. Do you think I should become the position?"

"On the contrary, I consider that you would be thrown away on a rich fellow who can have yachts and horses," Keith retorted. "A man of about my means might appreciate you."

"But I consider you a rich man."

"I might afford to hire a villa near Fiesole. I am told you can get one furnished, with twenty rooms, for five hundred francs a year, with terraces, lemon and citron trees, olives, figs, and roses thrown in; to say nothing of a garden which is tilled by some worthy person who bestows on you half the produce. It really seems to me a man might be very happy living there, with a charming wife to walk on the terraces with, and look down on the city and across at the Carrara Mountains."

"Could you be contented with so little?" she demanded, looking at him, her head a little on one side, with roguish eyes and lips apart, smiling.

His inclination was to kiss her, if only to punish her for being so pretty and so provoking; but that lurking fun in her eyes, suggesting that she was experimenting on his nerve, restrained him.

"It would be anything but tame the first year," he returned, also laughing. "Perhaps in time, unless she were very amusing" —

"That is the crucial test!" she cried.

"Nothing could induce me to marry a man who expected me to amuse him, who waited to see what I would do next. I shall insist on my husband's being a serious personage. He must keep me in order, permit no vagaries; he will put an end to my cigarette-smoking! He will, I dare say, enjoy nothing so much as having family prayers and reading sermons aloud to me, and will insist on my darning his stockings and making myself useful generally."

"Alas!" cried Keith, with a gesture of despair. "I am not that man."

Such conversations were apt to take place over their meals, which varied less according to appetite than opportunity. Sometimes, when they had followed the white roads too far, they could find little or nothing to eat save cherries and apricots, which they bargained for with the peasant girls and boys who were picking the luscious fruit for the next morning's market. Again, they found some wayside *trattoria*, where they ordered Italian dishes: kid cutlets fried in batter; an omelet stuffed with green peas; brown-gravied macaroni; salads in which every vegetable, known and unknown, was pressed into service; and Gorgonzola cheese. Charm was rarely lacking at these meals, even if the cookery was not invariably of the best. They were offered such a smiling welcome; the little table was set out with fresh linen; in the centre was placed the high copper or silver-plated stand into which was tossed the large never-failing *fiasco* of Chianti in its wicker case; and the signor's orders were awaited with such an air of eager deference. Phillis never betrayed a flicker of consciousness that her relation to the young man excited curiosity or elicited conjecture; not even when a bland, smiling Tuscan placed a chair for the signor at the head, and one for the signora at the foot, of the board, adding, with a glow of satisfaction, —

"Saranno come in casa loro."

The blood mounted to Keith's face, but Phillis only laughed, and said, —

"Actually it gives me a feeling of the domestic."

Keith was fully alive to the piquancy of the situation, but dismissed its consequences, telling himself that society and social conventions were too far off to spoil the pleasure of these long summer days. He knew by this time that Phillis's ignorance, innocence, and modesty were of the antique sort. The confidence she reposed in him would have been

incredible if she had given it to any one else, but since he was her companion what did it matter? No one was otherwise than admiringly respectful. They

both looked so young, they showed such a knack of absorbing the pleasantness of a situation, that they disarmed criticism.

Ellen Olney Kirk.

POLITICAL ASSESSMENTS IN THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

WHERE a bad custom has been in existence for any length of time, most people grow to regard it as part of the order of nature. This is well illustrated in the attitude of the average politician towards civil service reform. He finds some difficulty in understanding the proposition that minor offices should be taken out of politics, and is quite unable to surrender the idea that a large part of the funds for every campaign should be paid by the office-holders.

Formerly, in every campaign, national, state, or local, the office-holders were assessed all round, as a matter of course. The party committees, after consultations with the heads of departments, notified office-holders outright what amount — usually about two per cent of their salary — they would be expected to pay; and at the appointed day they marched up, paid, and got their receipts. The scandal grew so intolerable that efforts were made to stop it by legislation. In some States, notably New York, these efforts have not accomplished very much as yet; the state and municipal officers are entirely under the control of the politicians of the party in power in the State, and are assessed at every campaign. But we now have a sweeping federal law forbidding the collection of these assessments among national office-holders. Under this law, the evil has been greatly diminished; yet it still exists to some extent, and it is most rife in presidential years. In off years, the different campaign committees try, of course, to get money, and do a little assessing of em-

ployees on the sly, if they get an opportunity; but in presidential years the pressure for funds is very great. The national and state campaign committees strive urgently to get every dollar possible, and the political excitement rises to such a pitch of fever heat that the politicians desirous of evading or breaking the law act much more openly than at other times, both because they themselves are so excited that they forget their caution, and because they believe that the public itself is too inflamed to take note of anything that is not fairly forced on its attention. In consequence, it is well, at the beginning of a presidential contest, to show clearly how matters actually stand; and it is also well, as publicly as possible, to warn politicians not to transgress the law, and to inform office-holders of their rights and immunities.

The law provides, under heavy penalties, first, that no office-holder shall in any way solicit or receive assessments or contributions for political purposes from any other office-holder; second, that no person, office-holder or otherwise, shall solicit such contribution in any federal building; third, that no office-holder shall be in any way jeopardized in his position for contributing or refusing to contribute, as he sees fit; and fourth, that no office-holder shall give any money to another office-holder for the promotion of any political object whatever. The law, it will be seen, thus tries to provide both for the protection of the office-holder, and for the punishing of the politician who

solicits from him. The object of protecting the office-holder himself may be said to have been very nearly attained, at least so far as the office-holders who have any pluck and backbone are concerned. Cases in which it is alleged that the office-holder has been in any way interfered with for refusing to contribute are very rare indeed. It may safely be asserted that if any man has the manliness to stand up and refuse to be bullied into paying an assessment he will not suffer. Moreover, the Civil Service Commission would be very zealous in dealing with cases of alleged intimidation by superior officers. If, during the approaching presidential campaign, we are able to establish any connection at all between a man's refusal to contribute and a discrimination against him by his official superiors, we shall certainly promptly and publicly recommend the dismissal and prosecution of these superiors. We cordially invite any complaint that may be made by any office-holder who is aggrieved in this fashion. Often the office-holder does not make the complaint because he fears that he will be further maltreated if he does. In such cases, we will, upon request, treat the man's complaint as confidential, and endeavor to make an investigation and get at the facts without implicating him, or at least without having him known as the author of the investigation. If in any office we found that several men who had not contributed were discriminated against by the head of the office, we should undoubtedly hold the latter responsible, and require him to show ample cause why he should not be considered to have made this discrimination because of his subordinates' failure to contribute.

The law thus works satisfactorily in protecting employees. It works much less satisfactorily, however, in punishing would-be wrong-doers. It is difficult to get evidence against these wrong-doers; and having gotten the evidence, it is sometimes difficult to get convic-

tions. During the past three years the Commission has recommended the indictment of some thirty different individuals for violations of the law against making political assessments. Indictments have been procured in ten or twelve cases. It is simply a question of time when we shall get some conspicuous offender convicted, and either heavily fined or imprisoned. Whenever we can make a strong case against any individual collecting political assessments, we intend to ask for his indictment, and we shall often get it, and this alone will serve to frighten other offenders. Of the men thus indicted, eventually we shall be able to convict a certain proportion. Moreover, we find that a very great deal can be done to stop the assessments by mere publicity. Throughout the approaching campaign we intend, whenever we find an individual or an organization trying to assess government office-holders, publicly, through the press, to call the attention of everybody to what is being done, and to invite any information which will enable us to prosecute the offenders; at the same time assuring the people solicited that they need not contribute one dollar unless they wish, and that they will be amply protected if they refuse to contribute at all.

Nowadays, the effort to collect these contributions is usually made after a careful study of the law, and with a deliberate purpose to evade its provisions. Office-holders do not serve on the collecting committees, and the latter mail their requests to the clerks' homes instead of to their offices. But the truth of it is that the clerks ought not to be addressed by these committees at all. The law ought to prohibit its being done. The clerk is bound to feel that there is some duress in the matter, when a committee of the association with which his immediate superior is closely connected requests him for campaign funds. He ought to be allowed to contribute or not, just as he sees fit. It is all wrong for

the Republican national committee, or the Democratic state committee of New York, for instance, to send circulars to the federal employees in the New York post office and custom house, or to the municipal employees in the municipal departments, as the case may be. There is no more reason why letter-carriers, custom-house clerks, and city officials should receive these letters than there is why the employees of Lord and Taylor or of Tiffany should receive them.

Even when the committee thus evades the law instead of violating it, it is the intention of the Commission publicly to call attention to the fact, and explain with the utmost explicitness, both to the public and to the government employees, that the latter need not pay a cent. I think that any campaign committee trying to solicit government employees in this manner will damage the good name of the party on whose behalf it acts to an extent that will far outweigh the benefit accruing from what paltry sums it may collect. Moreover, wherever we have reason to think that the law is being violated, even when there are no positive charges brought to us, we shall at once proceed to make an investigation, and will try to inspect any office in which we think foul work is going on.

There is another point to which I would like to call the attention of all possible wrong-doers. There are many men whose tongues are tied by fear of consequences to themselves, but who lose this apprehension as soon as the election is over. It is very possible that acts of wrong-doing in the way of collecting political assessments will remain unnoticed until after the election; but then some of the clerks will be very apt to talk about it. When an election results in the defeat of the party in power, this is almost sure to be the case. Under these circumstances, the clerks who have been assessed talk freely, and are delighted to try to avenge themselves by calling the attention of the incoming party to

the misdeeds of the representatives of the outgoing party; and of course the wrong-doers can expect no mercy from their political opponents. So I would like to warn all these wrong-doers, who think they may possibly cover their tracks for the present, that they are probably merely preparing for themselves a ripe harvest of discomfort in the future.

Government employees, as a whole, are hard-working, not overpaid men, with families to support, and there is no meaner species of swindling than to blackmail them for the sake of a political organization. The contribution, moreover, is extorted from them at a time when it is often peculiarly difficult for them to pay. To take away two per cent of a man's salary just at the beginning of winter may mean that he will have to go without a winter overcoat, or his wife and children without the warm clothing which is almost a necessity.

Moreover, it is the poorest and most helpless class who are most apt to be coerced into paying. In several investigations undertaken by the Commission, we found that it was women who were most certain to pay, and that the women opposed in political faith to the administration were even more apt to pay than the others. Indeed, this is the case among men, too. There are a certain number of offices in which the employees not in sympathy with the administration for the time being always feel more or less fear of being turned out. They know they have no supporters among the politicians who for the moment are in prominent positions, and they are nervously anxious not to awaken any hostility or give any offense. In consequence they are easily bled.

Another thing always to be kept in mind, in dealing with these cases of political blackmail, is that really but a comparatively small portion of the funds obtained goes to the benefit of the party organization. A certain proportion gets lost in the transit, and when the collect-

ing officers or clubs are of low character this proportion becomes very large indeed. The money that is collected is used, in the great majority of cases, not to further the welfare of the party as a whole, but to further the designs of certain individuals in it, who are quite as willing to use the funds they have obtained against their factional foes in their own organization as against the common party foe without.

There is no longer any such brutal and flagrant assessing of government employees in the federal service as was customary ten years ago. There is not nearly so much as there is in the local, state, and municipal service of New York, for instance; but a certain amount

of soliciting for money, usually by indirect methods, goes on, and a good deal of the money collected is in reality obtained by coercion. More of this kind of work is done in a presidential year than in any other. A great deal of it was done in the last presidential campaign, in 1888. It is too much to expect that the Commission will be able to put a complete stop to it now; but at least we intend to try to minimize the evils complained of, and to make them less than they have ever been before; to interfere as much as possible with the politicians who try to collect the funds, and to protect the office-holders whom these same politicians in any way menace or coerce.

Theodore Roosevelt.

THE PROMETHEUS UNBOUND OF SHELLEY.

I.

THE DRAMA AND THE TIME.

SHELLEY'S lyrical drama, the *Prometheus Unbound*, is unique in the great cycle of English song. From the larger part of that song it is distinguished at once by an audacious idealism. Generalizations are dangerous; yet we may surely say that the dominant movement of our sturdy English literature has been towards realism. In the Middle Ages, the English Chaucer sings with frank and buoyant vigor of the fair green earth beneath him and the men and women at his side, while the Italian Dante penetrates with fervid passion the spiritual spheres open to mediæval vision, and brings back strange messages from the souls of the lost and of the blessed. The Elizabethan imagination claps a girdle round the earth, but rarely soars into the heavens. It is the German genius, not the English, which centres the struggle of the hu-

man soul in a shadowy protagonist, embodiment of the symbolism of the ages, and replaces a Hamlet known to history by a legendary Faust. The idealism of Milton seems, beside that of Dante, intellectual and forced. The literature of the eighteenth century is the transcript of the life of society. Victorian literature is the transcript of the life of the soul. Everywhere our English genius tends to express itself through forms of experience and of fact.

The early poetry of the nineteenth century is a notable exception to this principle. The work of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Keats and Shelley, is in tone frankly ideal. The idealism which pervades all the writings of these poets, from the *Ancient Mariner* to *Hyperion*, finds its fullest manifestation in the *Prometheus Unbound*, which is the supreme achievement of Shelley. Despite the wondrous nature-poetry of the drama, the whole action takes place, not on this solid earth of hill and forest, but in an unknown region which

has no existence outside the soul of man. The personages are vast abstractions, dim though luminous; like wraiths of mist in morning sunlight, they drift around us, appearing, vanishing, in mystic sequence. Their deeds and words, vague to a steady gaze, now tantalize us with doubtful meanings, now flash a sudden radiance into the life of the human soul. Over the whole drama plays, though with broken and wavering lustre, the "light that never was, on sea or land," and not once does the "poet's dream" change to the sober world of waking fact.

Yet to speak of the *Prometheus Unbound* as the highest expression of modern English idealism is hardly to justify our claim that the drama is unique. We find much contemporary poetry of the same order, although less commanding; and our English genius is, moreover, too plastic to lack entirely, at any period, the ideal element. It is in a work of the sixteenth century that we find the closest parallel to the *Prometheus Unbound*. Edmund Spenser, during the full dominance of Elizabethan realism, is as pure an idealist as Shelley, and the *Faery Queene* and the modern drama are in many ways strangely akin. At a glance, this kinship is obvious. The two poems belong alike to that highest order of imaginative work which includes the book of *Job*, *Faust*, *Paracelsus*, and claims as its greatest example the *Divine Comedy* of Dante. Both poems deal with spiritual forces, with the eternal conflict of good and evil; the action to be wrought out is in both the final redemption of the soul of man. The *Faery Queene*, like the *Prometheus*, transports us to a world where forms of visionary beauty speak to us, not of concrete human life, but of ethical and spiritual truth. Both poems, in a word, are symbolic.

Yet the more thoughtfully we read, the sooner will a radical difference between the spirit of the two poems become manifest, — a difference so great

that it will force us to put the poem of Shelley quite by itself. For the *Faery Queene* is an allegory; the *Prometheus Unbound* not only deals with mythological conceptions, it is a genuine myth. In the *Faery Queene*, the relation of the forms to the ideas is the result of the conscious and deliberate invention of Spenser. Una, says the poet to himself, shall stand for Truth, Guyon for Temperance, Archimago for Hypocrisy. The characters, thus laden with double meaning, are made to pass through various significant adventures. Sometimes the allegory grows tedious to Spenser, and he drops it from consciousness, seeing for the time in his creations only ladies fair and lovely knights, instead of the Christian virtues; more often still it grows tedious to the reader, who gladly forgets all didactic suggestion, to wander dreamily through an enchanted land. The connection between story and meaning, not only here, but in all allegories, is arbitrary rather than essential. The distinctive mark of allegory is always the artificial invention of a correspondence between natural and spiritual.

No one can read the *Prometheus Unbound* without feeling a different method of conception at work. Asia, Ione, Panthea, *Prometheus* himself, all the actors in the drama are indeed impersonations of abstract qualities, and the whole action is spiritual in undercurrent, though on the surface natural. But the connection between natural and spiritual is no longer arbitrary. There has been no painful invention, unless in some minor details; these figures have flashed upon the inner vision of the poet in perfect unity of soul and form. Where an allegory is reasoned and labored, a myth is instinctive and spontaneous. The systematic formality of the allegory is replaced in the myth by something of the large, divinely simple significance of the very symbolism of nature. An allegory is the result of experience; a myth, of intuition.

To speak of the Prometheus Unbound as a myth seems at first sight to contradict our idea of poetic development; for the evolution of the myth is almost entirely confined to the childhood of races. This is inevitable, since the myth is an unconscious form of art, and unconsciousness belongs to childhood. The wide-eyed and reverent wonder of the child sees in the new world of life and mystery around him spiritual creations pressing everywhere through the material veil. The instinctive faith essential to the myth cannot survive the familiarity with earthly facts, the scientific temper of maturity. Analysis has replaced intuition; wonder is lost in curiosity.

"There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
We know its name and nature; it is given
In the dull catalogue of common things,"

mourns Keats. Thus it is in the infancy of the Aryan race, in the early days of Hellas, in the vigorous youth of the Norsemen, that we find the great myth cycles treasured by our scholars to-day, — poem-stories with the dawn-light fresh upon them. Through our own oldest epic, Beowulf, traces of the myth still shine; but they soon fade away, never to reappear, replaced by the frank and sunny naturalism of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Browning.

Never to reappear? Not so. In the early days of our own century, when the English race had passed through many a stern experience, when it had gathered much of the bitter wisdom of maturity into its thought and speech, once more it was to dream dreams and see visions; and the fairest of these dreams was to be given to the world through the creative soul of Shelley, a genuine and beautiful myth, in the form of the Prometheus Unbound. Prometheus, Asia, Ione, — their likeness is to be sought, not in a Macbeth, a Desdemona, or a Pompilia, but in Thetis the silver-footed, in Perseus, slayer of the Gorgon, in Athene, child of Zeus. The mystic

action of the drama recalls, not the human stir and passion of our modern tragedy, but the solemn movement of the stories of the elder world. The Prometheus Unbound is no mere retelling of an ancient tale, like the Greek poems of William Morris; it is in all essentials an original conception. The drama starts, indeed, from the Æschylean story, but the development of the action, the personages, the mode of treatment, are absolutely the poet's own. Like the tales of gods and heroes in the Homeric cycle, even more like the treatment of these stories with a fuller spiritual consciousness in the work of the Greek tragedians, are the great imaginings of Shelley.

The age of Pope and the age of Tennyson are both times of peculiar self-consciousness and elaboration. Between these two ages reappears for one brief moment the myth. In the whole history of English song there is no stranger paradox than this. By virtue of its idealism, the Prometheus Unbound is already unusual in English verse; it is not only unusual, it is also unique, for it is our one instance of genuine reversion to the art-form of the childhood of the world. Such a paradox challenges our attention at once. If we wish to understand it, we first turn instinctively to the great poetry which comes within the same period as the Prometheus.

The drama was written in 1819; thus it belongs to the greatest cycle of English song since the Elizabethan age. Within the years 1590–1630 falls the chief work of Spenser, of the Elizabethan lyrists, of Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson. Within the years 1790–1830 falls the finest work of Blake and Burns, of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Byron, Keats, and Shelley. We know that those years at the beginning of our century were great indeed; we know that the poems sung in them hold their own even beside the great poetry of the age of Elizabeth.

Now, if we look at the poetic work of the first third of our century as a whole, we shall be struck by its great variety; yet we shall also be struck, in the midst of all the variety, by a certain all-pervasive unity of tone. It is the tone of youth, of freshness, of exuberance of life.

The poetry of the eighteenth century was tired. It had repeated the wisdom of a worldly old age. It laid stress on etiquette, on custom, on detail; it submitted to cautious rules; and, when not artificially lively, it displayed a sober and disillusioned strength. Close Pope or Thomson, and open Blake, Burns, Wordsworth. Strange discovery! Through this poetry, later though it be, the music of an eternal youth goes ringing. The tone of wonder, of eagerness, of fullness of life, either for joy or pain, is the great quality which distinguishes the outburst of song at the first of our century from the exhausted verse of the preceding age. It is impossible to tell all the different manifestations of this new youthfulness. The very cadence, the outward form of verse, have cast aside the grave restrictions imposed by a self-conscious period, and move with the buoyant and varied grace of adolescence; the literal child appears for the first time in Burns and Blake and Wordsworth; the restless and passionate speculation of youth glances through the poems of Byron, Coleridge, and Shelley. Finally, the mythopœic faculty is by no means confined to the *Prometheus Unbound*, though it finds fullest expression there. There is no evidence of this faculty in the poetry of the eighteenth century or of the Victorian age; but poetry from Blake to Keats is veined with it. In Blake, indeed, it is dominant, but fails to reach its full effect, because his imaginings, though mighty, are broken and obscure. We find clear traces of the myth in the poems of Coleridge, notably the *Ancient Mariner*. Keats is not

sensitive to the spiritual possibilities of the myth, but so far as æsthetic instinct will carry him he has the true myth-creating power; gods, nymphs, and Titans breathe in living beauty in the pages of *Endymion* and *Hyperion*. To Shelley, as to the ancient Greeks, the myth is the expression of worship, and the mythopœic faculty appears, disciplined, free, and triumphant, in the *Prometheus Unbound*.

How shall we explain the bright youthfulness of all this poetry? We must explain it by studying the historic period from which it sprang. For poetry strikes its roots deep into the soil of national life, and it is in the passions and ideals of history that we must find the inspiration of our poets. English verse at the beginning of the century is great because it is the expression and outcome of a great period. No sooner do we study the period than the distinctive qualities of the poetry are explained. Its renewed joy and freedom in living are but the expression of the new life that was pulsing through the veins of the earth. For this is the great period of the birth of the modern world.

We may best understand the *Prometheus Unbound* if we recognize it as the supreme expression in imaginative form of the new spirit of democracy. The ideas which inspire it first found dynamic power in the Revolution of 1789. It is a drama of the liberation of humanity. A hatred of oppression, a yearning after freedom, a belief in the possibility of universal love, — these are its informing passions. They are uplifted by the swift imagination and soaring faith of the poet into the highest poetic region of symbol or of myth. Thus the significance of our paradox is revealed. For myths belong to the dawn; and the beginning of our century witnessed the dawn of a new cosmic day. We may say in sober reverence that not since the coming of Christ had so vital a renovating power

entered human life as entered it one hundred years ago. It is natural and beautiful that this new beginning should be heralded by the return of the spirit of childhood, and that the wondering faith of the time should once more, as in the days of old, find expression through concrete symbol. At one moment, and one only, in the evolution of English song since the time of *Beowulf*, was possible the formation of a myth; and at this moment appeared the man to create it. Only at the beginning of the nineteenth century, only by the man Shelley, could the *Prometheus Unbound* have been written.

This view of the *Prometheus Unbound* will, it is true, be challenged by a whole school of critics. The drama is woven of dreams, they will tell us; it is a maze of color and music, devoid of definite structure. Shall we turn the most ethereal of poets into a doctrinaire? What relation has poetry like this, of imagination all compact, to theories of life? Above all, what relation can it bear to that democracy which is all around us, practical, blatant, vulgar? The eternal value of the *Prometheus Unbound* — thus perhaps say most of the readers of the drama — lies in its poignant melody, its exquisite imagery, the beauty of fragments scattered here and there through the poem. These are immortal. But the intellectual conceptions of Shelley were simply the accidents of his youth, to be forgotten if we would read his poetry aright; and for the underlying thought of the drama, for its unity of structure, for the meaning of *Prometheus* and *Demogorgon* and *Panthea* and the other shadowy mouthpieces of matchless verse, not one whit will the enlightened critic care.

To speak thus is to deny all scientific conceptions of literature; for it is to deny the connection of the poet with his age. Much, indeed, is crude and weak in the verse of Shelley; much is held in his immature intellect, and is

never fused by his imaginative passion into art; but the very warp and woof of his noblest poetry are in subtle and secret ways determined by that faith which æsthetic cynics would teach us to ignore. Shelley would never have been the greatest lyric poet of England, would never have written the *Ode to the West Wind* nor the choruses to *Hellas*, had he been an aristocrat and a conservative. The passion for freedom and the aspiration towards a universal love sway his thought as they sway his form.

In order, then, to understand the *Prometheus Unbound*, we must look more fully at the place held by England and by Shelley in the evolution of the democratic idea. It was by France that the idea was first given to the world in deeds, — deeds stormy, passionate, marked by the horror of bloodshed. France, most impetuous of nations, France, maddened by centuries of oppression, received the trust of working out the historic revolution. But this was only half of the work to be accomplished. To express the democratic idea in brief historic act was the work of France; to express it in eternal art was the work of England. All poetry, says Wordsworth, is the product of emotion recollected in tranquillity. France, absorbed in fierce and exhausting struggle, could not stop to write poetry; yet the idea of democracy, like all really vital ideas, had to find expression in art before it could become a precious possession forever to the nations. Here came in the work of England. Her noblest children, touched to high emotion by the great days in which they lived, were yet sufficiently remote from the struggle to possess their souls in that serenity which is the necessary condition of all great art. To the poets of England, from Burns and Blake to Shelley, belongs the glory of having first given to the democratic idea an embodiment of undying power.

Very diverse is the influence of the new ideal upon their work, very different are the aspects which they reflect. Wordsworth and Coleridge, the two older poets, were contemporaries of the historic Revolution. In the eager days of their youth they lived through the swift revolutionary drama, with its changes from rapturous hope to terror and despair. Absorbed in the turmoil of the time, there is small wonder that they were unable to distinguish the absolute from the local, or that in sober middle life they passed through a reaction from the ardor of their democratic faith. The effect of democracy in the work even of Wordsworth is indirect, although profound, and shows itself by leading the imaginative love of the poet to the noble life of the simple and the poor rather than by inflaming him with enthusiasm for the abstract ideas of the Revolution. The few poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge which treat directly of the new faith are occasional in theme. We must seek a point of view which affords a farther perspective, if we desire a vision of the democratic faith in its fullness, freed from the dominance of incidental detail.

Such a point of view is to be found in the second decade of our century. Three men, in this decade, hold the supreme honors of English song, — Byron, Keats, and Shelley. Of these, Keats represents the æsthetic reaction from the passion for humanity which had possessed the soul of the race for over twenty years. Through his verse sweeps the fragrance of the world of dreams; redolent of beauty, it nowhere breathes suggestion of allegiance to a hard-won truth, nor of feeling for actual human need. Byron, on the other hand, is distinctly a poet of the Revolution, but of the Revolution mainly on its inferior and destructive side. His verse rings with rebellion and despair. The historic Revolution had failed: its ardent faith, its glowing hopes, were de-

spised, during the hollow years of the Empire, by all children of the world. A child of the world was Byron; and for him and his fellows nothing was left at the heart of life but the cynical and arrogant individualism which forms the negative and evil aspect of the democratic idea.

The children of the world had lost courage; but for the children of light the glory of the new ideal had never faded. Hardly affected by the practical failure of the Revolution, freed from the interference of historic outward detail, the intellectual and spiritual conception of the young democracy shone clear in the cloudless heaven for whosoever should behold. The man to behold it was Shelley. His soul, pure as crystal, clear as flame, held and fused the vital elements both of strength and weakness in the democratic ideal. At the close of the second decade of our century he conceived the *Prometheus Unbound*.

The student who tries to translate the fleeting symbolism of the drama into a logical sequence of abstract truths will be grievously disappointed. Such a translation is impossible. The union of soul and form, meaning and expression, is too close to be severed. It has to be seized, not by the analytical reason, but by an intuition akin to that of the poet. Through the entire poem, the imagery wavers; now parting to show a hidden thought, now closing with inscrutable radiance. We are tempted to describe the myth in Shelley's own words: —

"Child of light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them
As the radiant lines of morning
Through thin clouds, ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest."

To conceal while it reveals is always the characteristic of the myth. The drama transports us to the very confines of the world of sense, where material semblance trembles into spiritual

truth; but the limit is never crossed, the reticence of the image is never forfeited. "As dew-stars glisten, then fade away," gleams of spiritual meaning flash and vanish through the poem. The imagination everywhere suggests what the intellect cannot define.

We must acknowledge another reason for the obscurity of many passages in the *Prometheus*. The drama is uneven both in form and thought; and one is sometimes tempted to linger in search of hidden depth of meaning, when true wisdom would recognize a passage as impenetrable simply because shallow. It is because of this twofold difficulty in logical interpretation that many, even among the lovers of Shelley, give up the attempt to trace the evolution of any theme, and enjoy the drama simply as a succession of shining pictures and lovely melodies. Yet in reality the drama is a highly organized whole, conceived with the greatest care and with elaborate fullness of meaning. We know, on Mrs. Shelley's authority, that Shelley wrote every detail of the poem with distinct intention. His sensitive soul was attuned not only to harmonies of light and color, but to the severer music of the experiences of life. Such a nature is no pioneer in constructive ideas. We do not look to Shelley for the virile intellectuality, the grasp on practical problems, of Browning; but we do seek, and find, that intuitive reflection of the vital elements in contemporary life and thought which is characteristic of the seer. We shall find the *Prometheus Unbound* vague where the Revolution was vague, crude where the Revolution was crude,—that is, in its intellectual philosophy; we shall find it great where the Revolution was great,—that is, in its spiritual ideal.

We see how completely the drama expresses the limitations as well as the power inherent in the new democratic conception when we recall, briefly, Shelley's faith and attitude. Shelley is democrat and communist. His con-

victions are frankly, eagerly anarchical. The ruling passion of his life is the passion for liberty, and liberty to him, as to most thinkers of the time, means the absence of law. Shelley hates authority with a deadly hatred; it is by the overthrow of all government, civil and religious, that he expects the happiness of humanity to be attained. This destructive political conception is of course a simple reproduction of current ideas, or at least of the ideas of '93. On the ethical side, Shelley's thought was formed by two amusingly different influences,—by William Godwin and by Plato. The result of this curious union was paradoxical enough. With every higher instinct Shelley springs to greet the mystic idealism of Plato; but with his conscious intellect he clings to the views of Political Justice, the book which expresses the coldest radicalism of revolutionary thought. The crudest and most unimaginative parts of the *Prometheus Unbound* reflect the cheap doctrinaire philosophy of Godwin,—a philosophy held in Shelley's mind, but never in his soul. The easy optimism of Godwin, and of all revolutionary thinkers, is the phase of their thought most congenial to Shelley. To the Revolution evil is a pure accident, an external fact. It inheres in institutions,—how it got there we are never told,—and when these institutions shall be shattered, the nature of man, pure, virtuous, loving, will instantly restore the Age of Gold. This conception determines the whole form of the myth in the *Prometheus Unbound*. Shallow though it seems to-day, it served a necessary purpose. It roused men from the lethargy of despair, and inspired them with faith in man's control over his own destiny. Like the apostolic expectation of the immediate coming of the Lord, the pathetic revolutionary optimism gave courage to an infant faith, and made men loyal to their ideals until the time should come when they could stand

alone. It enabled them, in Shelley's words,

"to hope, till hope creates,
From its own wreck, the thing it contemplates."

There is another point in which Shelley's attitude is one with that of his time,—his scornful rejection of Christianity. No one can read history without seeing that it was very difficult, in those days, to be both a democrat and a Christian. The Church had identified itself, in the Revolution, with the aristocrats. It had chosen to side with established evil rather than with reform which disturbed peace. It had its reward. No one familiar with the respectable worldliness of the recognized religion of England during the first of our century can wonder that many of the most vivid and religious minds of the day revolted from Christianity. Shelley, with characteristic vehemence, rushed to the very extreme. Antagonism to belief in a personal God seems to Mr. William Rossetti the chief informing purpose of the *Prometheus Unbound*. The purpose of the great drama is surely both wider and more constructive than this; yet it is undoubtedly true that the poem breathes hatred to historical Christianity, while it also breathes reverence for Christ.

It is obvious, then, that Shelley is formed entirely by the democratic thought of the Revolution; he is also the exponent of its spiritual passion. So far as we have yet gone, we might have taken Byron as well as Shelley for our typical poet. Byron, too, had the frank antinomianism, the hatred of Christianity, found in the Revolution, though he lacked its buoyant optimism. But Byron was untouched by the higher elements of democratic thought which exalt the poetry of Shelley. Through the *Prometheus Unbound* breathes the very spirit of the religion of humanity, the passionate sympathy for suffering, the passionate love of man. The power to conceive vast abstract ideals and to render them dynamic in human life

was a gift of the Revolution, in reaction from the age of common sense; and this gift created the drama. Above all, our thought of the religion of Shelley must not be limited by his antagonisms. We are to seek the expression of his faith, not in the verse of crude reaction or boyish polemic, but in the self-revelation of his highest moments. His soul cannot be labeled; it is too bright and strange and swift for that. But if some name is to suggest the order of nature to which Shelley belonged, that of pantheist is the best. His thought, conditioned here as always by the limits of his time, lacks completely that reverence for the sacredness of personality which is the noblest achievement of the century's later years. Ignoring personality in man, it is no wonder that Shelley ignores it in God also. But the revolutionary movement was at heart a spiritual uprising. It marked the rebellion of the human soul from that mass of custom which, in a materialized society, lay upon it

"with a weight

Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

The new passion for nature as the revelation of a Divine Spirit, the new faith in love as the law of life, made a religion far more real than the deism or the dogmatic orthodoxy of the eighteenth century. This was the religion of Shelley. From all materialism, conscious or unconscious, his soul was severed by a severance sharp as that between death and life. He sees in nature, in the human soul, the "One Spirit's plastic stress;" and to attain perfect union with the Soul of All is his supreme desire. He worships, though he worships he knows not what.

"Within a cavern of man's trackless spirit
Is framed an Image, so intensely fair
That the adventurous thoughts that wander
near it
Worship, and as they kneel tremble, and wear
The splendor of its Presence, and the light
Penetrates their dreamlike frame
Till they become charged with the strength
of flame."

It is this "strength of flame" which has passed into the verse of Shelley.

Such was the nature of the man who was to be the supreme exponent of the ideal of the new democracy. The crude intellectual conceptions of the Revolution enter the *Prometheus Unbound* and weaken it; the spiritual sensitiveness and spiritual faith of the Revolution enter it more vitally, and mould it to an organic whole. The drama is thus singularly uneven. It forfeits at times all imaginative power; yet wherever this power diminishes, its historic suggestiveness may be said to increase. By virtue in part of its very imperfections, by virtue supremely of the love for humanity and passion for freedom and triumphant spirituality that suffuse it, it is the perfect artistic reflection of all that was most significant in the early aspects of the faith which has shaped our modern world.

Fitting it is that to Shelley, of all the hierarchy of poets then living, should have been given the mission of perfectly reflecting the dawn of the new cosmic day. Fair in undying youth, his figure stands before us, its bright and ardent purity undimmed by the breath of years. Fate seems at first bitter and cruel when, in his thirtieth year, the Italian waters which he loved so well close over his frail bark, and the poet-soul is borne darkly, fearfully, afar, into an unknown land. Yet, though he sings no longer for the sons of time, he rests, like his own Adonais, "in those abodes where the Eternal are." Shelley's early death is, we may almost say, the inevitable conclusion of a life whose work it was to render for us the eager thought, the ardent faith, of adolescence. The sober and practical temper of middle life, the meditative calm of age, were never to touch his buoyant spirit. He heralded the sunrise; and his task was over when he had sung his hymn of welcome.

We have said that the *Prometheus Unbound* is a myth; and so it is. Yet

its type is widely different from that of the great stories of the elder world. In our modern days, we cannot expect, we could assuredly not desire, the perfect reproduction of an ancient poem. The *Prometheus Unbound* is both greater and less than the early dreams of Hellas. In some ways it is less. Inspired as a rule by spontaneous insight, it is yet beset now and again by a clogging self-consciousness, and the poetry sinks into allegory, or, lower yet, into versified didacticism. Moreover, the drama tantalizes us with an occasional vagueness and inconsistency foreign to the ancient myth. Yet if in these ways it is inferior, in others it is instinct with a deeper power. The past can never be relived. The *Prometheus* is truly a poem of youth, but the youth which inspires it is not that of the first childhood of the race. The world was indeed born anew, in those great years at the first of the century; but this its second birth was the birth of the spirit. The free naturalism, strong, simple, and buoyant, that breathes through the myths of Hellas had fled forever. The rapture of physical existence is replaced in all our later poetry by the rapture of a spiritual hope. Grave, with all its joyous melody, is the music of the *Prometheus*; the pain that sounds through the drama has a deeper note than the wistful grief of the child; in the eyes of *Prometheus* and Asia is seen the shadow of a suffering world. The ideal towards which the drama presses is far different from the temperate uprightness of the Greeks; it is no less than absolute union with the spirit of Divine Love. For the time when the *Prometheus Unbound* is written is the nineteenth Christian century, and the vision of holiness has been beheld by the world.

The century has grown old since Shelley wrote. The characteristic utterance of its central and final years has been that of men. A Rabbi Ben Ezra reviews life in memory, as a *Prometheus*

looked forward to life in hope. Brown-
ing and Tennyson have reverted to that
virile realism which is the more instinc-
tive expression of our English genius;
and this realism tends to express itself
in practical rather than in æsthetic
forms. That ideal which flashed upon
men of old as a vision we struggle as
a fact to fulfill. For them were the
hours of insight; for us are the hours
of gloom.

“ With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, pile stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 't were done.”

While we wait for the “hours of light”
to return, it is well for us always to
remember that what we are striving to

realize already exists as a vision. The
dream-images of superhuman beauty,
the ardent sweep of abstract enthusi-
asm, which we find in Shelley are in
truth the source and inspiration of that
stern democracy which, often in pain-
ful forms, struggles towards a future
that we can still but dimly see. The
economic science of to-day and the im-
aginative passion of the past are in aim
and essence one. We can no longer
console ourselves for unclean tenements
by dreams of the union of Prometheus
and Asia; but we may, in sober, dusty
days of discouraged labor, refresh our
spirits and revive our faith by turning
to the glory of the morning, and steep-
ing our eyes in the vision of an eternal
prime.

Vida D. Scudder.

TALLEYRAND.

IF the long and impatiently awaited
Memoirs¹ have not realized expecta-
tion, the disappointment has been partly
the fault of the public, partly that of
Talleyrand or his executors. If, tanta-
lized by fifty-three years' delay, people
looked for revelations on the writer's
venality, his stock-jobbing, his mis-
tresses, or his wife, or for his inmost
sentiments on religion or politics, they
forgot that these implied a penitence or
shamelessness equally foreign to his
character. If they expected a *chronique*
scandaleuse of the old monarchy and
the empire, they forgot that he was
too studious of external proprieties to
commit licentious anecdotes to writing,
and that his main object was to vindic-
ate himself, first in the eyes of Louis
XVIII., in the hope of returning to
office, and next in the eyes of posterity,
so as to restore or perpetuate his repu-

tation. But though the authenticity of
the Memoirs, at first keenly contested
on the ground of trivial mistakes in
dates and titles, is now admitted, their
completeness is and will remain dis-
puted. People have a right to be sur-
prised at Talleyrand's meagre account
of his share in the Revolution, for he
could not imagine that Louis XVIII.
or posterity would forget that he sol-
emnized mass at the Feast of Pikes,
and proposed the confiscation of church
property. Even stranger is his silence
on Mirabeau, who so closely resembled
him in venality and versatility, and who
during four years' close intimacy styled
him “*mon cher maître*.” Talleyrand,
an unavowed subordinate of Vergennes
at the Foreign Office, procured for Mira-
beau a secret mission to Berlin, and his
confidential and mercilessly sarcastic
reports were addressed mostly to Tal-

¹ *Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand*. Edit-
ed by the DUC DE BROGLIE. With an Intro-
duction by the Hon. WHITELAW REID. Five

volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
1891-92.

leyrand, by which channel they reached Vergennes and Louis XVI. In 1789, Mirabeau, hard pressed for money to carry on his candidacy for the Assembly, scandalized Europe by publishing these documents, whereupon Talleyrand broke off all relations with him till the very eve of Mirabeau's death. He is supposed then to have received Mirabeau's confidences on his dealings with the court, and he was entrusted by him with a speech on the law of inheritance, every line composed by his secretaries, but which Talleyrand read next day to the Assembly as the great tribune's last public service. Yet the *Memoirs* discuss or describe the Revolution without speaking of its most interesting personage.

The Duc de Broglie argues, indeed, that after the lapse of twenty years Talleyrand had "learnt much, and perhaps forgotten a little;" that he scarcely identified himself with the Talleyrand of the Revolution; and that he did not care to dwell upon the fruitless activity of that period, when he could expatiate on the eminent services of 1814 and 1830. To this let us add that in 1821, in a eulogium on Bishop Bourlier, one of his oldest friends, who had also acquiesced in all political changes, he passed over the revolutionary epoch with the same brevity or reticence. Yet we cannot forget that he prohibited the publication of his memoirs before 1868, on the ground "that those of whom I have had to speak, being no longer alive, may none of them have to suffer from what truth may have compelled me to say to their disadvantage." Now, there is absolutely nothing in the published work which could not have appeared immediately after his death. We know, however, that Thiers had reason to apprehend the mention of a scandal of his early life, and that he ineffectually endeavored to get sight of the manuscript, while its custodian, M. de Bacourt, spoke to his grand-niece, Madame de

Martel (the novelist "Gyp") of Thiers's death as a necessary preliminary to publication. Talleyrand, moreover, was not the man to lessen his own merits by concealing the fact that he had deterred Louis Philippe from what must have been a disastrous war, for the purpose either of annexing Belgium or of securing it for his second son. We are driven to the conclusion that the date 1868 was fixed in view of the probable death of Louis Philippe and Thiers, and that, although the rest of the *Memoirs* may be intact, the pruning-knife has been applied to the concluding volume in order to screen these two personages. This would account for Bacourt's destruction of the original manuscript, which consisted of pencil scraps, loose sheets of various sizes, and cheap exercise books, — an apparent chaos, but all carefully classified and labeled, so that Talleyrand could readily lay his hand on any chapter which he desired to read to his visitors. It is but fair to say that none of the portions thus communicated to Vitrolles, Greville, and others are now missing, but Talleyrand obviously would refrain from reading the chapters which necessitated the thirty years' secrecy. However this may be, all that remains is Bacourt's certified copy, which is now deposited at the Paris National Library, except, indeed, a duplicate in London, the mysterious owner of which has, we understand, pointed out about forty slight errors in the published work, which implies the absence of any serious discrepancy, — though that duplicate ought to contain the eight pages on *Égalité Orléans*, unaccountably torn out of the Bacourt copy. This latter, there being no possibility of testing its fidelity, we must take as it stands, and though the general reader will scarcely get beyond the second volume, the later portions are of more value to the historical student; for whereas Talleyrand throws little fresh light on the Revolution, he throws much on the European congresses of

1814 and 1830. We must never forget, however, that we are reading an apology, though the natural pleasure of relating reminiscences draws the writer into much that is not strictly relevant to his purpose, and that sometimes, like Napoleon at St. Helena, he is deliberately endeavoring to falsify history.

Born in 1754, eldest son of a count and general of small fortune, Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord would, in the ordinary course, have been brought up a soldier; but at the age of four, while put out to nurse in Paris, he had a fall which dislocated his ankle. The ignorant nurse allowed the child to go limping about for some months, till he was sent for by his great-grandmother, Madame de Chalais, "the first member of my family who displayed any affection for me, and also the first who taught me the sweetness of filial love." He had then become a cripple for life, and the rights of primogeniture were transferred to his brother, the Church being selected as the only profession to which Talleyrand's lameness would be no obstacle. Meanwhile, he spent four years at Chalais, a seventeen days' coach ride from Paris, and he gives a vivid picture of a grand lady under the old *régime*: how every Sunday she doctored the peasants, how they extolled her beneficence, and how they exhorted him to imitate her example. At eight years of age his education had to be begun, and a cheerless life awaited him which left an indelible impress. Met at the coach by an old family valet, he was taken direct, without seeing his parents, to the Collège d'Harcourt. Once a week he dined at home, but his father, in every respect a nullity, regularly dismissed him at the end of the meal, with an injunction to be a good boy and mind his lessons; while his mother, an accomplished woman, did not waste her conversation on the lame child, of whom she lived to be proud, though as a staunch royalist some-

what ashamed of. Even when attacked by smallpox he was not sent home, but to a nurse recommended by the college doctor. Unable to join in boyish sports, and lacking the encouragement which might have made him a diligent scholar, he won, however, a lifelong friend in a "charming boy of his own age," Choiseul-Gouffier. When fifteen he was dispatched for a year, again without going home, — "I am, perhaps," he says, "the only man of distinguished birth, and belonging to a numerous and esteemed family, who did not for one week in his life enjoy the sweetness of being under his father's roof," — to Rheims, where his uncle was coadjutor and successor-designate to the archbishop, that he might be fascinated by the pomp and luxury of prelatic life; but he found its round of formalities unbearable, and he somewhat strangely failed to see that the tonsure was no bar to the highest political dignities. Sullenly submitting, however, to parental plans, he returned to Paris to enter St. Sulpice seminary. There his loneliness and irritation remind us of Napoleon's taciturn life at Brienne. His sole consolation was the library, where he delighted in history, in biography, and — this is natural in a lame youth who could never hope to roam far — in travels. His moroseness relaxed on making the acquaintance of a girl — he does not give her name, but it was Luzy — forced by her parents to be an actress, just as he was forced to be a priest. This earliest of his illicit attachments lasted two years, the seminary authorities shutting their eyes to the peccadillos of a student with such high prospects. There is not a word on his ordination, but his friend Choiseul used to relate how, on the eve of the ceremony, he found Talleyrand in tears of despair, and how he urged him not to consummate the sacrifice; but Talleyrand, afraid of his mother's wrath, and actuated by false pride, exclaimed, "It is too late; there is no retreating now!"

Talleyrand suggests that his parents treated him coldly, lest by making him affectionate they should relent in their purpose. He even argues, in several passages, that this unnatural training did him good by inducing meditation, self-reliance, and equanimity. But in all this he poses, whereas, when Madame de Rémusat plainly told him that he might have been a much better man, he unbosomed himself. "The way in which our early years are passed," he said, "influences our whole life, and if I tell you how I spent my youth you will be less surprised at many things." After describing his cheerless childhood, he added (the passage is more interesting than anything to be found in the Memoirs): —

"During the years he spent at St. Sulpice he was nearly always forced to keep alone in his room, his lameness scarcely allowing him to remain long standing; and unable to share in any of the amusements and activities of youth, he gave himself up to the deepest melancholy, formed a bad opinion of society life, was irritated at the priestly office thrust upon him, and was imbued with the idea that he was not bound scrupulously to observe duties to which he was constrained. He experienced the most profound disgust for the world, and escaped despair only by gradually steeling himself to a veritable indifference for men and things. Ultimately, again confronted with his parents, he was received as a displeasing object, and no affectionate word or consolation was ever addressed to him. 'You see,' he said, 'that in this situation I had either to die of chagrin, or benumb myself so as to feel nothing of what I missed. I chose the latter, but I quite agree with you that I was wrong. It might have been better to suffer and to retain the faculty of feeling, for this apathy of soul with which you reproach me has often disgusted me with myself. I have not liked others enough, but I have scarcely liked myself any better,

and I have not taken sufficient interest in myself.' "

He added that he was temporarily drawn out of his torpor by a passion for Princess Charlotte de Montmorency, and that but for the Revolution he should have obtained papal dispensation from his vows and should have married her. Of this attachment and project there is not the slightest hint in the Memoirs. Curiously enough, Princess Charlotte married¹ a man trained, like Talleyrand, for the priesthood, but released by an elder brother's death from the necessity of an uncongenial profession, — Adrien de Montmorency, afterwards Duc de Laval.

In thus hardening himself against affection Talleyrand may be said to have killed his soul. Voltaire, according to M. Faguet, *n'avait pas d'âme*, though this must be taken with some qualification; for the champion of Calas and Sirven could be told by a Protestant pastor, "You seem to combat Christianity, yet you do its works;" and he could reply, "I chant no psalm, but I adore the Divinity and love mankind." Still, it must be acknowledged that in general Voltaire had no soul, and the same remark applies to Talleyrand. "Cripples are cankered," says a Scotch proverb. Talleyrand, no doubt, at times did kindly acts, — he mitigated the severity of some of Napoleon's arbitrary measures, he promoted the worldly interests of his family; but he had no affection for his kindred, no love of mankind. He was incapable of generous emotion; he looked on men as mere counters, and was as indifferent as Napoleon to human suffering. One cannot help pondering on what he would have been but for his lameness. Would he have become a fashionable officer and courtier, emigrating, like the rest of his class, and passing his life in frivolities; or were his selfishness and rapacity in-

¹ In 1788, a date difficult to reconcile with Talleyrand's alleged plan of unfrocking himself.

nate, and did circumstances simply develop them?

His first sinecure at Rheims was notoriously due, though he does not mention this, to his having said, in a company of young rakes boasting of their conquests, "In Paris it is easier, I see, to get mistresses than benefices," — a reflection repeated to Louis XV., and thought by him deserving of a recompense. We must pass hurriedly over the ecclesiastical career of the Abbé de Périgord. His uncle, now Archbishop of Rheims, first procured for him election to the Assembly of the Clergy, and next appointment as "promoter," a kind of clerical attorney-general. Then followed two years at the Sorbonne, devoted, as he acknowledges, more to pleasure than to theology, after which, "at last free to do as I pleased," he collected some associates, — Choiseul, Narbonne, Lauzun, Mirabeau, and other young men, anxious, like himself, to make their way in the world. Lunching at his rooms, they sharpened their wits by discussing politics, commercial treaties, and American independence. Talleyrand, though he fitted out a privateer to share in the spoils of the war with England, speaks contemptuously, as we should expect, of Lafayette; but he confesses that the young nobles who crossed the Atlantic imbibed a love of liberty, and perceived that services in its cause, as proved by the example of Washington, were the only true title to distinction. He also admits that the non-commissioned officers and privates "so imprudently sent to the aid of the English colonies" came back full of admiration for the doctrines of equality, whereas at that very time plebeians were made ineligible for commissions.

From 1780 to 1785 Talleyrand was agent-general of the clergy, — that is to say, manager of its business concerns; and during his term of office he endeavored to get himself into notice by advocating the abolition of state lotteries, an increase in the miserable stipends of

parish priests, and the right to remarriage of women whose sailor husbands had long disappeared, but whose death could not be legally proved. He also attended the meetings of a bank which had fallen into difficulties, and delivered a florid speech on credit. A bishopric was the usual reward of an agent-general, but Talleyrand, regarded as a satellite of Cardinal de Rohan, shared in the disgrace caused by the diamond-necklace affair. He was kept three years waiting, and might have been kept longer had not his father, visited on his death-bed by Louis XVI., besought for him the bishopric of Autun. As it was, Marie Antoinette would not hear of his being made a cardinal, though the Pope had promised this to Gustavus of Sweden, with whose lady friends in Paris Talleyrand had ingratiated himself. His *Memoirs* are silent on these disappointments, but despair of court favor accounts for his saying to Madame de Rémusat: —

"You will understand how, in this disposition, I welcomed the Revolution. It attacked principles and usages to which I had been a victim; it seemed to me to have come to break my chains; it suited my temper. I warmly embraced its cause, and events have since disposed of me."

Writing, however, for Louis XVIII. and for posterity, he represents vanity, "the ruling passion of the Gauls," as the mainspring of the Revolution, and he, or his executor, strangely minimizes his own share in it. Now, there were certainly a dozen men more prominent than himself in the Assembly; but he was one of its monthly presidents, and he not merely interested himself in currency, education, and the metric system, but he proposed the abolition, first of tithes, and then of other church property; he took the oath to the civil constitution of the clergy, for which he was excommunicated by the Pope; and though declining election to a bishopric under the new system,

he for the last time exercised episcopal functions by consecrating one of the elective prelates. This act is the only one which he, or his executor, chooses to mention, and he justifies it on the ground that France might otherwise have been forced into Presbyterianism (*sic*), and could not have been brought back to that Catholicism whose hierarchy and ritual harmonized with monarchy. Talleyrand would have us believe that in his most anti-Catholic and anti-royalist acts he was secretly promoting the restoration of the altar and the throne! He justly claims credit, however, for a nocturnal visit to the king's younger brother (afterwards Charles X.) to urge on him a dissolution of the Assembly, and he was able, twenty-three years afterwards, by reminding the prince of this, to facilitate his reconciliation with the Bourbons.

Passing over the chapter on the Duke of Orléans, with its mysterious gap of eight pages on the duke's exact consanguinity with Louis XVI., we find Talleyrand in London from January to August, 1792, commissioned to secure England's alliance or neutrality. He returned thither in September, nominally to promote the metric system, but really as the emissary of Danton, who, there is reason to believe, had suppressed a letter discovered in the mysterious iron closet at the Tuileries, in which Talleyrand had offered his services to the court. Talleyrand, on this second visit, courted the English radicals, and sent Danton a long report; but of course, when ordered by Pitt to quit the country, he protested that he had no political mission. Equally of course Danton's name does not appear in the *Memoirs*. Refused an asylum in Tuscany, and manifestly unable to face the royalist *émigrés* in Germany, Talleyrand embarked in March, 1794, for America; but a gale forced the vessel to put in to Falmouth, where a curious incident occurred.

"The innkeeper at whose place I

had my meals informed me that one of the lodgers was an American general. Thereupon I expressed a desire of seeing that gentleman, and shortly after I was introduced to him. After the usual exchange of greetings, I put to him several questions concerning his country, but from the first it seemed to me that my inquiries annoyed him. Having several times vainly endeavored to renew the conversation, which he always allowed to drop, I ventured to request from him some letters of introduction to his friends in America. 'No,' he replied; and after a few moments of silence, noticing my surprise, he added: 'I am, perhaps, the only American who cannot give you letters for his own country. All the relations I had there are now broken. I must never return to the States.' He dared not tell me his name. It was General Arnold! I must confess that I felt much pity for him, for which political puritans will perhaps blame me, but with which I do not reproach myself, for I witnessed his agony."

Talleyrand does not tell us that Washington refused to see him, or that he sought business as a commission agent, and he disposes in twelve pages of his two years in America; but one passage is worth quoting, though the translation scarcely does justice to this the only description of scenery in the five volumes. Beaumetz, a fellow-exile, and Heydecoper, a Dutchman, joined Talleyrand in a trip inland from Philadelphia, and here is the latter's account of it:—

"I was struck with astonishment; at less than 150 [120] miles from the capital all trace of men's presence disappeared. Nature in all her primeval vigor confronted us: forests old as the world itself; decayed plants and trees, covering the very ground where they once grew in luxuriance; others shooting forth from the *débris* of the former, and like them destined to decay and rot; thick and intricate bushes

that often barred our progress; green and luxuriant grass decking the banks of rivers; large natural meadows; strange and delicate flowers, quite new to me; and here and there the traces of former tornadoes that had carried everything before them. Enormous trees, all mowed down in the same direction, extending for a considerable distance, bore witness to the wonderful force of these terrible phenomena. On reaching higher ground, our eyes wandered, as far as the eye could range, over a most varied and pleasant picture. The tops of trees and the undulations of the ground, which alone interfere with the uniform aspect of large extents of country, produce a peculiar effect. In the face of these immense solitudes we gave free vent to our imagination: our minds built cities, villages, and hamlets; the mountain forests were to remain untouched, the slopes of the hills to be covered with luxuriant crops, and we could almost fancy we saw numerous herds of cattle grazing in the valley under our eyes. There is an inexpressible charm in thinking of the future, when traveling in such countries. Such, said I to myself, was the place where, not very many years ago, Penn and 2000 emigrants laid the foundations of Philadelphia, and where 80,000 people are now enjoying all the luxuries of Europe. Such was also the site now occupied by the pretty little town of Bethlehem, whose neat houses and wonderfully fertile environs, due to the energy of the Moravian Brothers, excite the admiration of all visitors. After the peace of 1783 the city of Baltimore was but a fishing-village; now, spacious and elegant dwellings have there been built everywhere, and dispute the ground with trees whose stumps have not yet been removed. It is impossible to move or step without feeling convinced that the irresistibly progressive march of nature requires an immense population to cultivate, some day, this vast extent of ground, — lying idle now, indeed, but

which only wants the hand of man to produce everything in abundance. I leave to others the satisfaction of foretelling the prospects of those countries. I confine myself to noticing that it is impossible to walk a few miles from seaside towns without learning that the lovely and fertile fields we now admire were but ten, five, but a couple of years ago, mere wildernesses of forest."

Talleyrand does not here, as in his able paper before the Institute in 1797, remark that to pass from a flourishing town to a log hut was a practical demonstration of the origin of states, "a travel backwards in the history of the human mind;" nor does he mention, as in that paper, how much he was struck by seeing the various members of a family repair to different churches, this diversity of creed causing no bickerings. He speaks, however, of the prevalence of barter, and of the coexistence of simplicity and luxury. A common straw hat, such as no European peasant would have worn, was placed in Mrs. Robert Morris's drawing-room, on an elegant Sèvres china table from the Trianon; and in a log house on the Ohio, Beaumetz was begged not to attempt playing on a piano enriched with beautiful brasses, because the tunist lived one hundred miles off, and had not come there that year. The three travelers, under the influence of plentiful libations at a Connecticut farmhouse, agreed to go beaver-hunting with their host's sons; but the next morning, reflecting on the fatigues and discomforts of the expedition, they were glad to revoke the agreement for a few dollars forfeit money. "We felt rather ashamed," says Talleyrand; and it is amazing how even in his cups a cripple could have made such a compact. He was much more in his element in conversing with Alexander Hamilton, "whose mind and character placed him, I thought, on a par with the most distinguished statesmen of Europe, not even excepting Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox." Hamilton, whose ideas

on trade, however, he fails to make clear to us, was the American whom Talleyrand best remembered. When Ticknor, to whom he sang his praises in 1818, objected that European statesmen and soldiers had dealt with much larger masses of men, Talleyrand replied, "*Mais il avait deviné l'Europe.*" Talleyrand also made the acquaintance of Elbridge Gerry, whom he so bamboozled two years later; and his knowledge of American resources perhaps suggested the shameless demand then made by him of a bribe of \$250,000 for himself, and \$6,000,000 for the Directory. The rejection of that demand, coupled with Washington's refusal to receive him, gave him, as his confidant Pichon confessed to Ticknor in 1837, a lifelong grudge against America.

"If I remain here another year, I shall die," wrote Talleyrand from Philadelphia to Madame de Staël,¹ who accordingly set every influence to work to effect his recall to France, in which she succeeded just in time to prevent his sailing on a business trip to India. Audaciously forgetting that influence and his own petition to the Convention, Talleyrand describes the recall as "quite unsolicited." On his arrival in Paris, his benefactress not merely lent him 24,000 francs, which he did not repay without being pressed, but procured him an introduction to the unscrupulous Barras. Barras had that very day lost a favorite satellite by drowning, and Talleyrand's mastery of affected condolence won his heart. Barras, patronizing Talleyrand as he had already patronized Bonaparte, got him the appointment of Minister of Foreign Affairs, which, however, under the Directory, was little better than a secretaryship, albeit an indiscreet admirer, M. Pallain, has lately been at the trouble of exhuming his dispatches. As his excuse for serving this corrupt and incompetent government, Talley-

rand pleads that an enemy of public order would otherwise have filled the post. He now made the acquaintance of his future master, whom he describes as having "a charming face, so much do the halo of victory, fine eyes, a pale and almost consumptive look, become a young hero." General Bonaparte characteristically opened the conversation by claiming aristocratic equality with Talleyrand. "Your uncle is Archbishop of Rheims, and mine is Archdeacon in Corsica." The intimacy was at first detrimental to Talleyrand, whose support of the Egyptian expedition occasioned such an outcry against him, when that expedition proved disastrous, that he was forced to resign. With his usual effrontery he represents the resignation as voluntary; but he is more candid in relating how, when Bonaparte, having returned from Egypt, was planning the 18th Brumaire with him by night, they mistook a noise in the street for a troop sent to arrest them. "General Bonaparte turned pale, and I quite believe I did the same. I blew out the candle, and went on tiptoe to one of the front rooms, whence I could see what was going on in the street." On discovering that a cab had broken down, "we laughed a good deal at our panic."

In any other country and with any other master, the exposure of Talleyrand's venality would have disqualified him for public life, but Napoleon rather liked a man under a stigma, as more likely to prove faithful, because conscious that nobody else would employ him. Talleyrand had now attained power and wealth, but we must pass rapidly over his career under Napoleon, especially as it is less interesting than his earlier history. Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1799 to 1807, Vice Grand Elector, High Chamberlain, Prince of Benevento (thus being a kind of petty sovereign owing allegiance only to the empire), enjoying, independently of bribes and speculations, an income

¹ Grandmother of the Duc de Broglie, who now edits her ungrateful client's Memoirs.

estimated at \$60,000, he won everything except esteem. Of course, he represents himself as uniformly actuated by patriotism. He asks us to believe that he plainly told Napoleon that his kidnapping of the Spanish princes was like cheating at cards. Those princes, by the way, were "interned" by Napoleon in Talleyrand's mansion at Valençay, and he gives a striking picture of their poverty of ideas and of his endeavors to amuse them. He protests his innocence of all share in the death of the Duc d'Enghien, the harmless Bourbon prince also kidnapped by Napoleon, and after a mock trial shot at Vincennes; but there is conclusive testimony of his having assured Napoleon that he was justified in thus retaliating on the Bourbons for their alleged plots against his life. Talleyrand undoubtedly defended and even glorified the crime, but he excuses this by his usual sophistry that that crime did not jeopardize public order. He represents himself as having, at the famous Erfurt interview, — a gathering interesting to us chiefly for Napoleon's conversations with Goethe¹ and Wieland, — dissuaded the Czar from an alliance with Napoleon. Here we can believe him, for he is confirmed by the Czar's statement to the Duke of Wellington and by Metternich, though we must share Mr. Whitelaw Reid's amazement at his unconsciousness of there being anything reprehensible in thus surreptitiously thwarting the plans of his own master. He insists, of course, that in so doing he was serving France, and even Napoleon's real interests. He protests that, though foreseeing Napoleon's fall, he never conspired against him. He argues that he could not have done this even had he wished, for he was closely watched by his suspicious master; and

in February, 1814, Savary, the Minister of Police, burst uninvited into his drawing-room, where he and his guests were naturally discussing events.

"Ah," exclaimed Savary, half in jest, half in earnest, "I have caught you all conspiring!"

"It is decidedly a villainous calling, that of Minister of Police," quietly remarks Talleyrand, whose meditation resulted in the conviction that to secure the least unfavorable terms of peace, and to avert vengeance for twenty years of devastation, France must recall the Bourbons. He tells us how Napoleon, offered peace on condition of restoring the frontier of 1792, told his satellites that the Bourbons alone could conclude such a peace; "that he would sooner abdicate; that he would readily return to private life; that his wants were few; that five francs a day would be sufficient; that his only passion had been to make the French the greatest people on earth; that, being obliged to renounce this, nothing remained for him; and he concluded with these words: 'If no one will fight, I cannot carry on the war alone; if the nation wants peace on the basis of the former limits, I shall say to it, Seek another ruler. I am too great for you.' " Such an utterance would compel admiration except for the awkward fact that in March, 1814, Napoleon had accepted these terms, but on gaining a slight temporary advantage had revoked his consent, thus sealing his own fate. As it was, he had to agree to banishment to the isle of Elba, so petty a sovereignty that Fouché, in a letter which, sent through Talleyrand, apparently never reached him, urged him to seek an asylum in the United States. "There," said Fouché, "you would begin your existence anew among a new people. They would admire your

¹ Goethe was pressed by the Emperor to settle in Paris, to write a drama eulogizing Cæsar, and to publish an account of the Erfurt gathering; that is to say, to glorify the humiliation of Germany. He declined the third proposal, but

had serious thoughts of accepting the invitation to Paris. Wieland, less of a courtier, manfully defended Tacitus, against whom Napoleon was fond of inveighing.

genius without fearing it. You would be under the protection of laws that are just and inviolable towards all that breathes, in the land of the Franklins, the Washingtons, and the Jeffersons. You would prove to that people that, had you been born amongst them, you would have had the same thoughts, feelings, and aspirations as they; that you would have preferred their virtues and liberty to ruling over all the countries of the earth."

Head of the provisional government, host of the Czar (who was deterred from occupying the Tuileries by a rumor of its being undermined), and Louis XVIII.'s plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vienna, Talleyrand adroitly coined, or at least gave a new meaning to, the word "legitimacy." He thus prevented the annexation of Saxony by Prussia, secured the reinstatement of the Bourbons in Naples, and gained for prostrate France a footing of equality with her conquerors. In all this he showed consummate skill; but the Czar, checkmated by him, resented his defeat, and when, after the Hundred Days, Talleyrand, as Prime Minister, had to receive the dictates of the allied powers, resolved on punishing France for her second submission to Napoleon, he found his position untenable. His resignation was a peace-offering to the Czar, and Louis XVIII. made up his mind never to recall him to office. Dismissed with a rich sinecure to insure his neutrality, Talleyrand had to wait fifteen long years for an opportunity to reënter the political arena.

The revolution of 1830 brought him the embassy to England. An escort of honor from Dover to London, the cheers of the populace, the lavish attentions of the British court and aristocracy, made ample amends for the ignominious expulsion of 1794. The Belgian revolution, tidings of which had reached him at Calais, made his post doubly delicate and difficult, and his London dispatches occupy more

than two of his five volumes. We cannot enter minutely into this closing period of his career. Suffice it to say that, in spite of a sovereign unreasonable and at times distrustful; in spite of incompetent and blundering Ministers of Foreign Affairs, and of riots in Paris which weakened his authority; in spite of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, all anxious for the restoration of Dutch rule, Talleyrand succeeded in securing the independence and, what was for France especially important, the neutralization of Belgium, under a prince wedded to the eldest daughter of Louis Philippe. He had not the slightest sympathy with the Belgian insurgents; he seems even to have thought that Belgium would eventually be absorbed by France; but he gained for France all that was immediately practicable, namely, the substitution of a neutralized state for a Dutch monarchy necessarily allied with England and Prussia. "Legitimacy" was thus of course thrown to the winds, and even "non-intervention," after serving its purpose, followed suit, for French troops twice entered Belgium: the first time to prevent the recapture of Brussels by Holland; the second, to drive the Dutch out of Antwerp, which they held as a guarantee for favorable terms of separation. During these prolonged negotiations Talleyrand fell ill (or did he sham illness?), and the London Congress had to hold a sitting in his bedroom. This must have been the proudest moment of his life.

We must pass over the other diplomatic questions, a very sea of troubles in Egypt, Greece, Spain, and Portugal, upon which Talleyrand's counsels were usefully exercised. The *Memoirs* break off abruptly in April, 1834, for he either could not or would not edit the dispatches of the remaining four months of his London mission, but these have been added by the Duc de Broglie. Talleyrand would willingly have resigned a year earlier, but was anxious to try to conclude a treaty with Eng-

land, as a counterpoise to the Holy Alliance. When, however, he found this impracticable, he made up his mind to retire. He pleaded age and infirmity, and he frankly avowed a desire not to impair his reputation by a commonplace ending. He likewise urged his strained relations with Lord Palmerston. These he absurdly attributed to Palmerston's annoyance at a caricature by Doyle (H. B.), a skit on the lead taken by Talleyrand in the Belgian business, which represented the lame leading the blind. (Palmerston, however, always had his eyes open.) The truth is, that Palmerston, as his biographer, Lord Dalling, acknowledges, lacked the bump of veneration. Unceremonious with everybody, he treated Talleyrand as he did other ambassadors, missing appointments, or keeping him waiting an hour in the antechamber; whereas Talleyrand, as Prince of Benevento, sometime adviser of Napoleon, and the Nestor of European diplomacy, not to speak of his lameness, considered himself entitled to special attentions. It is believed that, in spite of his age, he was anxious for the Vienna embassy, in the hope of effecting an alliance with Austria; but Louis Philippe was either afraid of his intriguing with the deposed Charles X., then at Prague, or he was eager to throw off an apparent tutelage on which French caricaturists had been busy. Talleyrand, accordingly, retired from public affairs, and lived at Paris and at Valençay till his death, on the 17th of May, 1838.

It is neither necessary nor, with our limited space, possible to discuss those events of his life on which the Memoirs are silent, including the death-bed reconciliation with Rome, regarded by some as a revolting farce; by others, as a clever move by which, at the cost of a very guarded expression of submission and contrition, he secured the last rites of the Church without the usual condition of the dedication of ill-gotten gains to pious uses. His Memoirs,

as we have seen, break off, and do not end. Perhaps he wished to avoid drawing a moral, but we are bound to sum up his qualities and deficiencies. He was not a great statesman nor a great thinker. Swimming dexterously with the tide, he never attempted to stem it, and he could prevent or overturn much better than he could construct. Had Talleyrand accepted the premiership offered him in 1832, his want of eloquence and conviction, his incapacity for dealing with parliaments, would have been painfully apparent. He had no large views of politics or history. When he attempts to philosophize he is commonplace, and when he forecasts the future he makes egregious mistakes. He seems, indeed, in 1816, to have predicted the aggrandizement of Prussia; but he imagined that European emigration could be diverted, regardless of climate, from America to north Africa, and he fancied that on the suppression of the slave trade the negro race in America would die out. He could gloss over a crime repugnant to his own instincts, but virtue would have blushed at any tribute from him. His manners were exquisite. He was never rude or arrogant, and he could be most caressing and persuasive, turning even his lameness to account by leaning on the arm of the man whom he wished to win over. His successes, however, were all achieved in the small diplomatic gatherings of the European Areopagus, and mostly in the confidential *tête-à-tête* conferences which preceded the formal sittings. He could give an expedient the air of a principle, and he could persuade sovereigns, who themselves, or whose fathers, had partitioned Poland, that they were the actual champions of legitimacy. A great diplomatist, adroit in profiting by circumstances, he was never at a loss for a plausible plan or a so-called principle. His tact and self-control never failed him, and his countenance was an impenetrable mask. He could

catch up and appropriate ideas thrown out in conversation to which he had apparently paid no attention. His style was clear and felicitous, his wit sparkling, his irony cutting, his repartees always ready, and sometimes carefully premeditated. Considering his lameness, which made lying down the only comfortable position, his industry was extraordinary. He indulged to the full his three ruling passions, — power, wealth, and women: but he was never entirely trusted by his successive masters; his rapacity, while enabling him to live as an epicure, discredited him; and though he had many intrigues, he was never really in love, and was cruelly punished by being forced to marry a Creole whose beauty had smitten him, but whose fatuity exposed him to a contemptuous pity. His great age, his snowy ringlets, elaborately curled and oiled in his four hours' daily toilet, won for him the lenient judgment

accorded to veterans whose misdeeds, though unrepented of, have become ancient history. Although self had always stood first, he had rendered great services to France, and perhaps his private interests had never come into what would have been a doubtful struggle with patriotism. A "trimmer" on the specious plea of the public interest, his motto was not even Cellini's, "I serve whoever pays me," for he frequently served, not his actual, but his prospective paymaster; yet, while betraying French rulers, he never betrayed France. Parental coldness, enforced entrance into a profession for which, as he pleaded in his death-bed letter to the Pope, he "was never born," the venality and unscrupulousness of his time, are certainly extenuating circumstances; but though we doubt whether he could have been a great man, we feel with Madame de R  musat that there was the potentiality of better things in him.

TWO FRENCH PERSONALITIES.

MOST authors who spend themselves upon their subject are content to hand over to criticism the task of appraising their talents. There are even writers of autobiography, with themselves of a necessity for subject, who, while recording their recollections, their impressions, or their inmost thoughts, leave it to reader or critic to detach from their pages and define as a whole the personality which makes the charm or interest of their works. In fact, as a general rule, after reading a book we are left with a certain accumulation of sensations, pleasurable or not, for which we have ourselves to find the reason. But M. Sarc  y leaves as little to the analysis as to the imagination of his readers, and the pen of the critic, were it not set in motion by extraneous and intermittent mo-

tives which we forbear to cite, might lie upon his desk and be at peace. M. Sarc  y has reviewed himself. His recollections and ideas are weighed judiciously, one by one, as they are set forth; we are told exactly from what manner of man they proceed; together with our pleasure we find our reasons for being pleased; and if there should by chance be a reader so ungrateful as not to be pleased, he would probably find that M. Sarc  y had given him the reasons for that attitude as well. His sincerity is impeccable and disarming to friend as well as foe. He sets before us all his aptitudes and disqualifications for the career of a lecturer (the present volume, the second of his reminiscences, deals wholly with platform experiences); he narrates his failures, his successes, and,

last stroke of honesty, the partial failure of his success. He has devoted himself to lecturing as an art, and has mastered its technique; he has learned to hold and manipulate his public, and he now turns round frankly to show it how the thing is done, — to give the receipt, and tell off the exact proportions of truth and artifice in the feasts at which it has been an habitual guest.

There is something specially and agreeably Gallic in this sincerity of M. Sarcey's. It is not an untrained nor a reckless sincerity, — of the sort that ignores its environments, and takes the risk of misunderstanding or ridicule; it is the outcome of a thorough knowledge of the world, a just sense of proportion, a due consideration for others, and a determination not to be duped. "You can save yourself from being ridiculous only by being sincere," he says, in treating of the relation between lecturer and audience, and of the discretion and courage required to run the gauntlet of the terrible *blague parisienne*. Sincere, — that is to say frank and direct; not, of course, zealously carried away by conviction. We have here the perfect art of sincerity, and there is something so finished and graceful about it, so free from fatuity, so detached and sane, that the more we contemplate it the more we admire.

*Souvenirs d'Age Mûr*¹ is an entertaining book, deftly put together, and extremely well written in that racy, idiomatic, yet polished style, that every-day Parisian, of which M. Sarcey is in his way almost as complete a master as is M. Renan of a larger and more exquisite diction. The work has three distinct elements of interest: it is at once a section of autobiography, a history of lecturing and lecturers in Paris, and a manual of the art. Among the anecdotic material, which is amusing without being

too trivial or gossipy, we find something which is new to us, at least, even on the eternally old theme of stage fright. M. Sarcey declares that a certain mode of utterance of Sarah Bernhardt's, when "the words come from her mouth as if hammered, with a sharp sonority," was originally the effect of stage fright, cleverly adopted into her performance, and transformed from a necessity into a virtue. The most interesting part of the book, even to readers who have no intention of appearing upon the platform, is that which treats of lecturing as an art, and of art in general. Here M. Sarcey has much to say, and does not say too much. He has trained himself not to talk above the heads of his audiences. This reserve made, he displays admirable intelligence; and when an author has the sagacity to restrict himself thus, it can be neither pertinent nor gracious to inquire how far his intelligence would have carried him if the brake had not been applied.

It is worthy of note that, although M. Sarcey was already a successful teacher and journalist before he entered upon the career of a lecturer, he did not make the latter a mere appendage of the other two professions, but set to work to master its technicalities from the beginning, putting his new wine into new bottles. He has some apt remarks on the difference between teaching and lecturing. In teaching, he says (we take the liberty of abridging rather than quoting), it is not eloquence that tells, nor charm, but enthusiasm for the subject and a real interest in the pupils. The ground to be gone over is new to them: stimulate their interest by the vitality of your own; say to them with conviction that a work of art is great, and they will catch the enthusiasm, will feel it to be great, and will afterwards find or accept reasons for its greatness. With a general audience, on the other hand, the attraction centres in the personality of the lecturer. Here M. Sarcey's advice is: make yourself a

¹ *Souvenirs d'Age Mûr*. Par FRANCISQUE SARCEY. Deuxième Édition. Paris: Paul Ollendorff. 1892.

self; intensify a little the traits of your personality; make of the essential gifts and idiosyncrasies which belong to you a complete and consistent whole, like a character conceived and worked out by an actor. For the matter of the lecture, the first requisite, according to M. Sarcy, is to have something to say, to be familiar with the subject and have command of it; the second, to say nothing new. "Get well into your head this primordial truth, you who aspire to amuse or instruct your contemporaries by lecturing: one can teach people only what they know, can persuade them only of those things of which they have already a desire to be convinced; one can open up to them only those ideas upon which they have some illumination in advance; the good seed of the word fructifies only in minds prepared beforehand for its reception. Distrust every new idea which comes into conflict with an old prejudice, and above all with a widespread feeling; or, if you decide to risk it, do so with extreme circumspection."

It would seem as if there might be something chilling to enthusiasm in having not only to fish for compliments, but to sound the waters from which they are drawn. Yet, notwithstanding these necessities, M. Sarcy tells us that he has dearly loved *la conférence*, with a love not altogether happy. He was one of the pioneers of the profession in Paris, and he has made efforts and sacrifices during many years, not alone for personal success, but for the establishment of lecturing as a recognized intellectual recreation in that city. He was warned from the first that the lecture would never be acclimated there, and his own experience and observation bring him in the end to this conclusion: "I confess that my efforts have been made in vain. We have at this moment neither a school of lecturers nor a public devoted to lectures." What is the reason of this indifference? Can it be that people weary of being told by their prophets that

which they know already? Do ridicule and frivolity triumph in the end over sincerity itself? Or is lecturing, after all, like the New Christianity, neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring; having, apart from its academic uses, little excuse for being save in cultivated provincial circles deprived by distance of the benefit of other sources of intellectual supply?

M. Renan has had an infinitely more difficult mission in life than M. Sarcy, but in none of the autobiographical chapters through which, from time to time, he honors the public with his confidence is there any word of failure. He has had the courage to tell people what they did not know, or, if they guessed it, had no intention of believing, and the tact to persevere in asserting it, till the intrepidity with which he continues to do so is almost superfluous, like those morphological parts which survive the conditions that called them into being. He cast his seed long ago into unprepared ground, but there have been many harvests since. M. Sarcy's topic, lecturing, is a question of the hour. M. Renan, in his most fugitive pages, deals with the problems of eternity; looking, if not with the eye of faith, at least with that of a serene and sagacious philosophy, from the world about him to the starry heavens above. *La blague parisienne*, so patent a fact to M. Sarcy's mundane perceptions, is doubled to M. Renan by the possibility of a more knowing *blague*, an irony that may lurk in those unseen upper spaces. The position of an unfortunate lecturer before a hypercritical audience here below would appear to be one of solid comfort compared with this intellectual situation; but M. Renan is completely at ease in it, secure, so far as a man of intellect can feel secure, in his sincerity, in his suavity, and in his irony, which truly is of a sort to be unavailing only in a sphere, if any such exist, where that figure is expunged from rhetoric.

The most astonishing and perfect creation of M. Renan's irony is his optimism. Almost he would persuade us, if not to believe that this is the best of all possible worlds, and that the human intellect is marching to a millennium of absolute knowledge and happiness, at least to believe that he believes it. It looks abundantly like it. Never, perhaps, was this ancient planet caressed by a more gracious or a more insinuating philosophy. Listen to M. Renan as he rebukes Amiel for his pessimism, and holds up to him the consolations of intellect and progress. In the Amiel journal is a page commenting on the epicureanism, the superficiality, the seminarist insincerity, of M. Renan, whom Amiel reproaches with having left out of his view of life the entire question of sin and redemption. The paper in which this criticism from beyond the tomb is taken up, phrase by phrase, in which M. Renan justifies himself and in turn criticises Amiel, is not the least interesting and characteristic in the present volume.¹ He renders high tribute to Amiel's philosophic powers, speaking of him as "assuredly one of the strongest speculative minds which, during the period between 1845 and 1880, have meditated upon life." He dwells upon his sincerity, his sensitive goodness, his delicacy of thought, and indicates with almost equal tenderness, and very justly, his morbidness, his defects of temperament and education, his limitations. He inquires pertinently how, with so many things to be learned and investigated, with all history lying behind him, and science continually opening up wider vistas before him, a man can deliberately take time to record the operations of his own mind. He does not inquire how accumulated knowledge and the results of many intellectual operations can have so great value, if the history of one mind

has so little. He holds up the facts of life patiently and reasonably to the suffering morsel of intelligence that was Amiel, and unfolds hopes that the human race may in time perfect, not itself alone, but its Creator as well. It is always an intellectual delight to behold M. Renan tossing the spheres, six at a time, from one hand to the other; and we have to recover from the exhilaration caused by this spectacle before we ask ourselves whether all this optimism has not made out a worse case for us than the doctrine which it set out to refute, and whether Amiel's pessimism, with its earnestness and resignation, does not offer truer sources of consolation. The admirable discourse on the present state and tendency of things with which M. Renan received M. Jules Claretie at the Academy brings further evidence that, if he does not lay sufficient stress for a Genevan conscience upon the sins of the world, he is at all events sufficiently aware of its blunders, and that the absolution which he pronounces so graciously has in it a little drop — oh, not so much! — of bitterness.

But how charming he is, and, as he has called himself a *curé raté*, what a *bon curé*, whether in bestowing his rebukes upon Amiel, or in his benediction on the Celtic dinners or on the presumably apocryphal Society for the Propagation of the French Language! Dr. Johnson, it will be remembered, said of Burke, "If a man were to go at the same time with Burke under a shed to shun a shower, he would say, 'This is an extraordinary man;'" and similarly, no one can read the most detached and fugitive of M. Renan's Leaves without being aware of his magnitude. His intellect and style are Olympian even on the smallest occasions. There is no other word for it, and we must risk the confu-

RENAN, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1892.

Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

¹ *Feuilles Détachées*. Faisant suite aux Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse. Par ERNEST

sion of mythologies in our figures, and let the Olympian who is no less kind to the human race remain alongside of the bon curé. In spite of his optimism, we are indebted to M. Renan for much consolation and enjoyment, and, notwithstanding his paradox, for true enlighten-

ment. The German scholars may have absorbed and enlarged and improved upon his theories and ideas; but they work in the region of technicalities, while he has the chance of carrying his thoughts beyond time and the hour in his capacity of a classic.

TALES OF THREE VILLAGES.

MADAME BLANC, in the cleverest and most sympathetic review which has ever been written of Miss Jewett's work as a whole, speaks of Country By-Ways as being modeled upon Our Village,¹ the now semi-classic production of Mary Russell Mitford. The differences between the old England and the new are too various to be perceived by a foreign critic, even by one with so wide an horizon as that within the view of Madame "Th. Bentzon;" but she implies her perception of Miss Jewett's finer qualities if only in the phrase "*notre subtile Américaine*." And the comparison is as much a reminder of the debt, greater or less, of all subsequent literary villages in our language to the claim staked out by Miss Mitford in and about Three Mile Cross as is the occurrence of it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* an indication that the fame of several quiet volumes has been louder than their undemanding tone would seem to warrant. The debt to Miss Mitford of the author of *The Town Poor* is too indirect for estimate; but it is a commonplace of criticism that the delectable composition which first appeared in 1853, and is now issued, with many drawings by Mr. Hugh Thomson, — drawings that

have the rare distinction of being inventive without failing to be representative, — owes its suggestion, and even a little more, to Our Village. Cranford,² again, somewhat burlesqued, and with the young lady from Bloody Gulch for a visitor, is quite too obviously the Slowbridge depicted by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, and helped her to obtain most of the entertaining though flimsy effects of *A Fair Barbarian*;³ and thus is Miss Mitford not without responsibility for Miss Octavia Bassett.

She would without doubt have been responsible for a much less quantity of writing, and there would be less inequality in bulk between the original volumes of Our Village and the excellent brief selection by Mr. Ernest Rhys, which is certainly as much as readers of the present day will concern themselves with, had it not been for the person who richly deserved the title of "that awful dad." Dr. Mitford, indeed, to use more elegant language, offers in his single person a handsome recompense for all those parents in literature who have been neglected or ill treated by their children. The pathos of the daughter's attitude, in this case, was her constant inability to see how completely unde-

¹ *Our Village*. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by ERNEST RHYS. London: Walter Scott. 1891.

² *Cranford*. By MRS. GASKELL. With a Preface by ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE, and

Illustrations by HUGH THOMSON. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

³ *A Fair Barbarian*. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

serving the spoiled father was of his child's devotion. She had done him one disservice, to be sure, in the guise of a good fairy, by drawing, at the age of ten, a prize of twenty thousand pounds in an Irish lottery. This rescued the family from the King's Bench prison, but it also confirmed Dr. Mitford in his reliance on brute luck, — a reliance sufficiently justified, perhaps, in a daughter who constantly gave Providence her most energetic help. The Bohemian parent so far prevailed, however, as to muddle away nearly the whole of the lottery money, and in 1820 the Mitfords removed to a cottage which was, as Miss Mitford aptly wrote to a friend, "a fine lesson of condensation." This tiny abode was in the remote Berkshire hamlet of which, under one disguise and another, her readers were destined to hear so much; for Three Mile Cross was virtually "Our Village."

Three Mile Cross and 1820, Miss Mitford being by that time about thirty-four years old, marked not only the beginning of a new career for her, but also the relinquishment of an old one. The imitation Joanna Baillie, and author of *Charles the First*, *Rienzi*, and the like, was to give the world another instance of *Cato* and *The Spectator*. But the long hours were not wasted that had been passed in reading Dodsley's old plays and in wrestling with dramatic verse on her own account, since these exercises must have helped to make flexible a singularly free and simple prose manner. Nor is *Jack Hatch*, although it is not unjustly taken as the best example of her accomplishment in this kind, at all the only token of Miss Mitford's sympathetic knowledge of Shakespeare, and even of the older English literature.

Mrs. Gaskell never reached Miss Mitford's craft in mere writing, and almost all her books have, besides, clumsiness of form, in one sense or another; but her talent is so much richer, deeper, more comprehensive, that a really kind heart

is ready to grant Miss Mitford, at once and without grudging, whatever superiority may be hers. Mrs. Gaskell's variety and excellence in variety are shown if only by the wide differences among good judges as to what her masterpiece may be. We must own to a particular affection for *My Lady Ludlow*, that portrait of an exquisite old being who thought a knowledge of the Creed and the Lord's Prayer essential to salvation, but had conscientious prejudices against the introduction of Sunday-schools into her village. Quaintest, most Old World of all, was her belief that the power to detect the odor of the dying strawberry leaf — mentioned by Lord Bacon as having "a most excellent cordial smell" — lingered in her own and a few other old families, and in those only. If the whole of the book were equal to the best of it, *My Lady Ludlow* might have a good title to be thought the highest pledge of Mrs. Gaskell's powers; but it is diffuse, the machinery is cumbrous, and all there was to tell might, in very truth, have been confined within the limits of a *conte*. There are those who put *Cousin Phillis* at the top, but, charming as is *Cousin Phillis*, it grows dim and vague in one's remembrance beside the blended humor and pathos and sweet reasonableness of *Cranford*. Perhaps, to stray back to the point of departure, it could have been without *Our Village*; but it would not have been exactly as it is, for listen to what Miss Mitford had said of "a spruce brick tenement, red, high, and narrow; boasting, one above another, three sash-windows, the only sash-windows in the village, with a clematis on one side and a rose on the other, tall and narrow like itself. That slender mansion has a fine, genteel look. The little parlor seems made for Hogarth's old maid and her stunted footboy; for tea and card parties, — it would just hold one table; for the rustle of faded silks and the splendor of old china; for the delight of four by honors, and a little,

snug, quiet scandal between the deals; for affected gentility and real starvation. This should have been its destiny, but fate has been unpropitious; it belongs to a plump, merry, bustling dame, with four fat, rosy, noisy children, the very essence of vulgarity and plenty." Fate relented within the next quarter century; this and other slender mansions became the property of the gentle, genteel Amazons of Cranford; and if Mrs. Gaskell omits to give us Hogarth's old maid and her foot-boy, she very acceptably provides Mrs. Forrester instead, and the little charity-school girl who, when Mrs. Forrester "gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, . . . disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath."

Other premonitory hints of Cranford there are in *Our Village*, but Mr. Rhys's selection is such — and rightly such — that they scarcely appear within its covers. Either *The General* and his Lady, or *The French Teacher*, or *An Old Bachelor* would be a fair showing of what Miss Mitford can do with character; all three may fairly be called general suggestions for the later book, and none of them shows Miss Mitford quite at her best; so that Mr. Rhys has been well advised in leaving all of them out of his pleasantly edited little volume. Indeed, Mrs. Gaskell's immense superiority in drawing character, if not in painting portraits, recalls a curious infelicity of Lord Houghton's, which Miss Thackeray, oddly enough, quotes with approval from the new *Dictionary of Biography*, in her indolently agreeable preface to the illustrated *Cranford*. This book, wrote Lord Houghton, is "the finest piece of humoristic description that has been added to British literature since Charles Lamb." Now surely "description" was not just the word Lord Houghton had in mind when he was praising *Cranford*, and equally of a surety it is the precise word to use of *Our Village*; and herein may be said,

roughly but validly, to reside the distinction between the two books. The five volumes of *Our Village* are almost unmitigated description, always pleasant, sometimes "humoristic" (if we rightly apprehend that word), sometimes not. But the adorable *Cranford* is character and drama. In short, Miss Mitford is an essayist, with a talent for sketching; Mrs. Gaskell is a novelist, born and made.

What Miss Thackeray herself has to say of Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell is less open to cavil than the set terms of Lord Houghton, but it is nevertheless debatable. Miss Thackeray holds that "*Cranford* is farther removed from the world, and yet more attuned to its larger interests, than *Meryton*, or *Kellynch*, or *Hartfield*." That *Mary Barton* and *North and South* keep time to the world's pulse in a sense quite unknown to Miss Austen's most perfect work is a fact which will not be denied even by her cult. But is it quite so indisputably a fact as regards *Cranford* and *Meryton*, or *Cranford* and *Highbury*? There is undoubtedly more deep and true feeling in one chapter of Mrs. Gaskell's tale than in the whole of any one novel of Miss Austen's, always with the exception of *Persuasion*. But it is open to inquiry whether there is not so much feeling in *Cranford*, or rather so much reminiscent feeling, as to endanger its harmony with the larger interests of the world, and to make over the superiority in this regard to the narrow but sane and very shrewd imaginings of Jane Austen. The world is elderly, but it is not an elderly spinster; and, however much the heart may be hardened by the world, it is at least not so much faded by it as by a too frequent recurrence to the withered flowers, the yellowed letters, the sentiments, and the loves of the past.

Humor it is, of course, that keeps *Cranford* from being a bit morbid, and makes its artificial but extremely clever scheme of old maids and old fashions

harmonize as well as it does with "the gross band of the unfaithful." Our Village, too, has gentle humor, enough and to spare; but Mrs. Gaskell's town would have been to Miss Mitford, in her own words, "a fine lesson of condensation." For five volumes we have one tiny volume. The long, straggling country road has shrunk to the taut lines of a town. Both the humor and the pathos are immeasurably keener. The people of Our Village Miss Mitford has known and told us about; but the ladies of Cranford are our own familiar friends. This is only another and a less harsh way of emphasizing the richer endowment of Mrs. Gaskell. But let it not be forgotten that Miss Mitford came first and had to break ground, and

probably the degrees of importance of our three villages will never be settled beyond the knowledge that Slowbridge is of definitely less moment than either of the other chronological levels of this petty Troy. There are many who say that Miss Mitford herself took a hint from White of Selborne. If he could come again to the surface of earth and time, and lift his eyes to the topmost tower of this provincial Ilium, the Reverend Gilbert White would see dwelling there a young maid as foreign to his own chronology and condition as a March hare to "the old Sussex tortoise" which he spent so many hours in watching. Even Cranford moves, and the most retired nook of Britain may at any minute be invaded by Miss Octavia Bassett.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Theology. The Pauline Theology, a Study of the Origin and Correlation of the Doctrinal Teaching of the Apostle Paul, by George B. Stevens. (Scribners.) "The aim which I have set before me," Dr. Stevens says, "has been to inquire into the genesis of Paul's leading thoughts, so far as their origin may be the subject of historical inquiry, to define critically their content and relation to each other, and thus to present a systematic account of his teaching upon the great themes which he considers." In carrying out this scheme, he discusses the Conversion of Paul and its Relation to his Mission and Theology, Paul's Style and Modes of Thought, the Shaping Forces of Paul's Teaching, the Sources of Pauline Doctrine, the Doctrines of God, Sin, the Law, Redemption, Justification, the Church, the Person of Christ, the Christian Life, and the Pauline Eschatology. The book is learned without being over-technical, and ought to be of real service to thoughtful readers. — *Oriental Religions and Christianity*, by Frank F. Elkinwood. (Scribners.) These lectures use a comparative method, taking up in turn

Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Hinduism, and other faiths, and contrasting them with Christianity. The author follows a topical arrangement, and enters upon wide fields in such inquiries as the Ethical Tendencies of the Eastern and Western Philosophies, the Traces of a Primitive Monotheism, and the like. He disclaims any first-hand knowledge of his subject, but uses with judgment, as any scholar might, the testimony of experts. Nevertheless, we suspect that the absence of first-hand knowledge vitiates his power to enter deeply into the spirit of the faiths which he attacks. His use of the term "false religions," although it may be a mere verbal infelicity, strikes the reader as starting with an assumption; and throughout the book he seems to weaken his own position by treating Christianity as a competitive religion. Not thus have its real victories been won. It was not as a religion that St. Paul proclaimed it.

History and Biography. Sir Walter Raleigh, by William Stebbing, M. A. (The Clarendon Press, Oxford; Macmillan & Co., New York.) A most lifelike portrait

of the man who was at once poet, historian, politician, courtier, soldier, sailor, philosopher, orator, and many a thing beside, and who, in his splendid vigor and marvelous versatility, stands beyond all peradventure as the type of the Elizabethan age. Mr. Stebbing rightly calls his work a biography, and the personality of his hero is not constantly lost in the history of his time, of which, however, as should be the case, the writer shows a vivid and accurate knowledge. Though as a narrator he has not that picturesqueness and force which the subject almost demands, his historic insight, temperance of judgment, and critical acumen win the reader's respect and confidence. As a writer, he has notable clearness and terseness of style, but the latter good quality sometimes degenerates into an undue use of curiously short, abrupt sentences. With all the loyal admiration which is the natural result of so faithful a study of Raleigh's life, the biographer fully recognizes the difficulties and perplexities of his task, and is in no sense a blind partisan. Of the baseness of all concerned in the judicial murder of this great Englishman there has practically been but one opinion since the day of that heroic death in the Old Palace Yard at Westminster; and it is a bitter thought that it should have been the hand of Bacon that used all its cunning in the vain attempt to apologize for that baseness to the righteously incensed English people. — *Letters of Field Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke to his Mother and his Brothers*, translated by Clara Bell and Henry W. Fischer. (Harpers.) Count von Moltke, who could hold his tongue in seven languages, is here seen in undress, writing affectionately to his mother and his two brothers; talking about scenery with enthusiasm, noting half carelessly his own prodigious labors, always unaffected, and, though holding reserve on military and political subjects, still now and then making frank comments on contemporaneous affairs. The reader needs to have a tolerably familiar knowledge of modern Europe to enjoy the book freely, and the translators have done scarcely anything to help out the uninformed. — *The Life, Times, and Labours of Robert Owen*, by Lloyd Jones; edited by W. C. Jones. (Imported by Scribners.) This work, two volumes in one, has a great interest for all

students of modern industry, for the life of the subject spanned three periods: that before the introduction of machinery, the period following, and, finally, the beginning of coöperation. The earlier chapters, narrating Owen's rise in life and his experiments at New Lanark, are especially interesting; and indeed one does not need to be a student of industrial history to find very great attractions in this frank, almost quaintly told life. There is an old-fashioned tone about it which imparts an undefined charm. — *Jasmin, Barber, Poet, Philanthropist*, by Samuel Smiles. (Harpers.) There is something a little amusing in the air of discovery with which the venerable biographer adds this to his other biographic feats. Mr. Smiles has availed himself, with a clever knack, of the abundant material at his command, but he cannot altogether keep his moral thumb out of the pie. The story will be attractive to many who come upon it for the first time, but we wish the author had been a little more discreet in his borrowing of English versions of *Jasmin's* poetry. He is not ignorant of Miss Preston's work, and so has less excuse for preferring to her rendering of *The Siren with the Heart of Ice* that of Miss Costello. — *Lord Palmerston, K. G.*, by the Marquis of Lorne, K. T. *The Queen's Prime Ministers*. (Harpers.) Lord Lorne's work has been mainly editorial, for the greater part of his book is a compilation from hitherto unpublished letters and dispatches, so that Lord Palmerston may be said to be throughout his own biographer. The interest centres chiefly in the record of the years of his long tenure of office as Foreign Secretary, at a time when England still felt called upon to be an active agent in the affairs of all the states of Europe. One cannot fail to note how the minister, in his policy, faithfully reflected certain of the characteristics of the then controlling power in the British electorate, that middle class from which, whether for good or ill, the sceptre has passed away. — *The Marquis of Salisbury*, by H. D. Traill, D. C. L. *The Queen's Prime Ministers*. (Harpers.) Mr. Traill has been singularly successful in the not easy task of writing even a political biography of a living statesman. His record of recent English political history, allowing for his point of view, is admirably intelligent, clear-sighted, and well-propor-

tioned, and so will have a permanent value. Not following the bad custom of the time, the book is absolutely destitute of personalities; even the fact, so interesting to the lovers of historic continuity and the students of heredity, that the first place in the state to-day should be held by the descendant of the all-powerful ministers of Elizabeth and James is alluded to fitly, but in the briefest possible fashion. — The latest volumes of M. Imbert de Saint-Amand's historical series — *The Youth of the Duchess of Angoulême*, translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, and *The Duchess of Angoulême and the Two Restorations*, translated by James Davis (Scribners) — have all the attractive qualities of their predecessors, with the added interest that the period treated of is not nearly so well known to the general reader as that of the Revolution or the Empire. The story of the orphan of the Temple — a child in years, a woman in her experience of suffering unspeakable, a heroine in her courage and fortitude, a saint in her self-abnegation and forgiveness of injuries — cannot be too often retold. The less familiar record of her life during the first years of the Restoration shows that, though outwardly she resembled her father, in mind and soul she was the true granddaughter of Maria Theresa. It would probably have been infinitely better for the royalist cause had the Salic Law not existed. — *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, from Marathon to Waterloo, by Sir Edward Creasy, M. A. (Harpers.) A new edition of a book which has held its place for more than forty years, and which will doubtless have all its old-time interest for a new generation of readers. — *History of the Fifty-Fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry*, by Luis F. Emilio. (The Boston Book Co.) This is a book to stir one's blood. It recounts in modest, temperate, reserved manner the origin and services of the first black regiment raised in the war. Here are given, too, the noble letters and speeches of Governor Andrew upon the formation of the regiment, and that august letter of Colonel Shaw's father, forbidding the desecration of his son's grave by a removal of his body from the trench where he was buried with his brave soldiers. Throughout the book there is an entire absence of hard words against the

enemy, and the history of the regiment is told with a simplicity, a directness, a sincerity, worthy of all praise. — It may as well be said abruptly that Miss Wormeley's *Memoir of Balzac* (Roberts) is a sad disappointment. Conspicuously successful as a translator, and entitled to general gratitude for rendering the great French novelist into English in a manner quite unrivaled, Miss Wormeley has shown no such qualifications for biography. Not only has she broken up Madame Surville's charming fragmentary sketch of her brother, and scattered it through the book for chronological purposes, but the same facts are, in more than one instance, repeated in the words of different writers. Nevertheless, this ill-arranged volume contains more about Balzac than could ever before be read in English, and amusement at Miss Wormeley's energetic attempt to set all the critics right in the matter of Balzac's opinion of women must be blended with gratitude to her for so much that is welcome. The frontispiece, from a portrait painted after death, and now first reproduced, is extraordinarily interesting.

Fiction. *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman*, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Harpers.) The *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman* is the most ambitious of the three stories in this volume. Perhaps it is enough to say of it that the heroine is a young lady who allows herself to be frequently kissed by a gentleman who never speaks of marriage. However, she finally becomes the wife of an elderly person whom she does not care for (a proceeding for which she seems to take unto herself great credit), although apparently still in love with the demonstrative admirer already spoken of, — who would be recognized as a brute by any "worldly woman" from the moment of meeting him. The whole tone of the story is demoralizing. There remain two tales in the volume. A *Modern Correspondence* is between an amiable, sensible, good-hearted man and a young woman in search of a career. The hero finally escapes a union with this magnificent creature. On the Wane, a *Sentimental Correspondence*, is the story of a man who, tiring of his *fiancée*, breaks his engagement, and then returns to her. Upon his return she discovers she no longer loves him, and the letters are a slow "letting-down," first

of the heroine, and then of the hero. It is the best thing in the book, because the least pretentious. — The Governor, and Other Stories, by George A. Hibbard. (Scribners.) These stories are of American manufacture, but their ornamentation is imported. Rather an old-fashioned form of realism, which strives for "actuality" and is merely prosaic, is succeeded by sentences redolent of Old World aristocracies; as when we learn that "the sleek, spirited horses picked their scornful way up the avenue, held in restive subjection by the impassive coachman, — stouter than his companion the footman, — fresh-faced, clean-shaven." The mixture is so incongruous that the reader is in danger of forgetting that the stories are, after all, fairly interesting. But we are led to believe that The Governor will not be the success of the season, in spite of the concessions made to those whose unpatriotic tastes lead them to prefer "two men on the box." — It is understood that an earlier English edition of Mr. George Moore's *Vain Fortune* (Scribners) contained several lively pictures of Bohemia in London. But as the book now stands, with the first half rewritten, the drabness of its morbid intensity is relieved — and the relief is not *alto* — only by Rose Massey, the ambitious utility actress at the Queen's. The delineation shows an accurate knowledge on Mr. Moore's part of the theatrical temperament; but this excellent little person is not enough seen to afford much change from the dreadful three-handed game of love, which is so far "cut-throat" that one of the dismal players kills herself. Zola has let Mr. Moore go for the present, and Ibsen — with or without the clever worshiper's consciousness of his attitude — is evidently the god of his idolatry. The change is not salubrious, for even *Thérèse Raquin* is a healthier creature than *Hedda Gabler*. Mr. Moore's style is less fickle than he who wields it, and former readers will not be shocked to read of "the plausible and willful sweetness of life," "the thick obsession of his dream," "a sort of emotive numbness," and all that sort of thing. — *Elton Hazlewood*, by Frederick George Scott. (Whittaker.) This supposed memoir is written by a clergyman. The hero, Elton Hazlewood, a young gentleman of astounding brilliancy and marvellous fascination, goes to Oxford to study

for the Church. He becomes, however, entangled with a girl of humble class, leaves the university, and goes upon the stage, where his genius holds the public spell-bound. He marries, and his wife then deserts him for a friend, Mr. Byrne, his evil genius, who was the means of their first meeting. Hazlewood leaves the stage, and lives in retirement with his little boy, of whom he is passionately fond, and who, as usual, dies of membranous croup (far too graphically described) in the next chapter. The hero then enters the Church, and is about to be ordained priest, when he suddenly disappears forever. Years roll on. The narrator goes to Cornwall, where, for no particular reason, on a remote crag jutting far into the Atlantic, he meets Mr. Byrne, who at once informs him that he pitched the Rev. Elton Hazlewood into the ocean about ten years before came *Lady Day*. The parson expresses surprise. At this Byrne states that he lured Hazlewood to the spot to taunt him, and that, maddened at his contempt for him, a deadly struggle ensued, and both had perished had not Hazlewood sacrificed his life to save Byrne from drowning. The story ends with pious reflections on the exemplary conduct of Hazlewood, and some strictures upon the unkind conduct of Mr. Byrne, who, the reader may like to know, is in the last stages of a convenient consumption. But, *O tempora! Omnes!* this book is intended for Sunday-schools! — *Tales of Soldiers and Civilians*, by Ambrose Bierce. (E. L. G. Steele, San Francisco.) We are told by the author that, "denied existence by the chief publishing houses of the country, this book owes itself to Mr. E. L. G. Steele, merchant," of San Francisco. We have heard much of the book in certain quarters, and we feel wholly safe in saying that in one particular the half was not told us. It has never been our fortune to read a collection of tales so uniformly horrible and revolting. Told with some power, and now and then with strokes of wonderfully vivid description, with plots ingenious in their terror and photographic in their sickening details, we must pronounce the book too brutal to be either good art or good literature. It is the triumph of realism, — realism without meaning or symbolism. — *The One Good Guest*, by L. B. Walford. (Longmans.) A pleasantly written story of the sort popularly supposed to be

suitable for summer reading. It will cause two or three hours to pass agreeably enough, and will be almost as speedily forgotten. To exacting readers, who are inclined to judge Mrs. Walford by the high standards set by the author of *Mr. Smith and The Baby's Grandmother*, the book will prove more or less a disappointment. — Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have added *Zoroaster and A Tale of a Lonely Parish* to their attractive new edition of Mr. F. Marion Crawford's novels.

Literature and Art. From the *Easy Chair*, by George William Curtis. (Harpers.) In a trig little volume Mr. Curtis has gathered twenty-seven of the mellow essays with which he has graced the closing pages of *Harper's Monthly* for more than thirty years. What strikes the reader is the uniform key in which they are all written, though dealing with a variety of topics. Mr. Curtis has never lost that youthful touch which characterized his earliest work; a little strengthening of the fibre, a little firmer grasp of his theme, but always the delicate air of golden youth. The essays are models for those new writers to study who affect cynicism and seek staccato effects. — *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius*, by S. H. Butcher. (Macmillan.) A collection of lectures delivered before the Greek class at the University of Edinburgh, upon such themes as *What we Owe to Greece*, *The Greek Idea of the State*, *Sophocles*, *The Melancholy of the Greeks*. We should hardly know to what better book to send the young student engaged in classical studies for an inspiring, regulating, and comprehensive interpretation of the Greek spirit. The ripeness of Mr. Butcher's scholarship is attended by a rarely luminous conception of the part played by Greece in the world's history; and he succeeds in conveying a notion of the Greek restraint under obedience to law without suggesting the frigid hardness which is so often the resultant of scholarly characterization. The book is a good one to place in the hands of American students. — *Shakespeare's England*, by William Winter. (Macmillan.) A new and carefully revised edition of this charming little book, the pocket companion of so many summer travelers. — *China Collecting in America*, by Alice Morse Earle. (Scribners.) This is a brightly written book, and tells us all we are likely to wish to

know about the china to be found in New England; and though not professing to be a scientific manual on the subject, it shows research and, what is better, a hearty love of its subject. To us the most valuable chapter is that devoted to the so-called Lowestoft china, most of which Mrs. Earle believes, we think rightly, to be of India make and decoration. Among much other valuable matter, there are interesting chapters on early pottery, English porcelains in America, Washington, Franklin, and Lafayette china, with tabulated descriptions of their various specimens. We are surprised, however, at the value the author sets on Staffordshire ware. The chapters on *China Hunting* and *China Memories*, which embody Mrs. Earle's own experiences, are delightful; and the book will interest any one who takes it up, whether he cares much about old china or not.

Poetry. *Selected Poems*, by Walt Whitman. (Charles L. Webster & Co.) Mr. Arthur Stedman has made a judicious selection from the mass of Whitman's printed poems, and has done thereby a real service to the general reader. He has not followed a chronological order, except in giving *Good-By, my Fancy*, the last page; but under the divisions *Nature*, *Man and Self*, *Interludes*, *Drum-Taps*, *Memories of President Lincoln*, *Old Age*, *Death and Immortality*, and *Leaves of Grass* he has given excellent specimens of a genius which is best approached slowly. Like eating olives, a genuine liking for Whitman is an acquired taste; but the first experiment is pretty sure to begin the cultivation of that taste, and no better introduction can be found than this little book. Mr. Stedman has done wisely in sacrificing the more inflammatory portions of *Song of Myself*, in order to save for the reader the general outline of that most characteristic production. — *Poems by the Way*, by William Morris. (Roberts.) We are not of those who find *The God of the Poor*, with its effective refrain, *Deus est Deus Pauperum*, by any means the most attractive verse in Mr. Morris's new volume. Indeed, although it has been so widely quoted, there are a dozen pieces with greater power to charm, if only because there are a dozen with less tendency to breed contention, — to summon the conscience to consider questions of the day. In short, *Poems* by the

Way, although no one of them shows the poet at his greatest and best, is highly grateful as a return to the legitimate in poetry, and a reminder of much that is most characteristic in Mr. Morris's past accomplishment. The subjects are various, with a preponderance for love and death. Error and Loss, Thunder in the Garden, Meeting in Winter, and Love Fulfilled will not leave the reader unrewarded; there are several poems of adventure, written under a strong Norse influence; and Verses for Pictures show perfectly one of Mr. Morris's rarest gifts.

Education. A Text-Book of Physics, Largely Experimental, by E. H. Hall and J. Y. Bergen, Jr. (Holt.) This book grew out of the demand made by Harvard College for examinations for entrance in laboratory work as an alternative for text-book work. The college issued a Descriptive List of Elementary Physical Experiments, by Dr. Hall, which served as a guide to teachers in the preparatory schools; but a more explicit manual was found necessary, and this is the result. The authors have studied carefully the conditions on which physics is taught in the preparatory schools, and have made their book upon admirable lines of economy and simplicity. — *Nature Study for Common Schools*, by Wilbur S. Jackman. (Holt.) Mr. Jackman's theory is that a wide survey of nature in a systematic study is better for our schools than the persistent and more thorough study of some selected field. Accordingly, after some general chapters, he lays down, chiefly in the form of questions, work to be done in observing in successive months of the school year, in zoölogy, botany, chemistry, meteorology, astronomy, geography, geology, and mineralogy. Under trained teachers, such a wide survey might be saved from confusion and superficiality. — *Gestures and Attitudes, an Exposition of the Delsarte Philosophy of Expression, Practical and Theoretical*, by Edward B. Warman. (Lee & Shepard.) The book puts forward as its special claim upon notice more than one hundred and fifty outline drawings of the human figure, to illustrate practice and to present the range of emotions. We should like to see the expres-

sion tested by the exhibition of the pictures without the text. As in other Delsartean books, there is an offhand reference of the subtler emotions to certain bodily expression which is not always easy of imitation. There is no doubt, however, that, given a fine sense of feeling, the formulas offered will be of real service to the student.

Archæology. The Remains of Ancient Rome, by J. Henry Middleton. In two volumes. (A. & C. Black, London; Macmillan, New York.) An expansion of the well-known work originally published in 1885. The destruction of old Rome since the Italians made it their capital has gone forward with so much zeal that there has been a very large addition to the stock of our knowledge of its antiquities. Every new boulevard or building is likely to bring to light some precious relique, and Professor Middleton has condensed the reports of antiquaries in a most thorough manner, a footnote sometimes representing a pamphlet. The work is so recent that he has brought in a brief account of the discovery of the pillars which Comm. Lanciani described so vividly in his article in the February Atlantic. The two volumes are admirably illustrated, and show signs of great thoroughness in every detail, the maps and index being especially commendable. The first interest of the work is for classical students; but it is by no means a dry compend, and the general reader will find it for the most part straight reading. — *The New York Obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle*, by Charles E. Moldenke. (Randolph.) This volume opens with sketches of the history, erection, uses, and signification of obelisks in general, which form good introductions to the chief subject of the essay. The history of the New York obelisk and an account of its removal follow, with an elaborate annotated translation of the inscriptions upon it. The remainder of the book is devoted to glossaries of Egyptological terms, of hieroglyphics, of Egyptian words on the obelisk, and an index of names. While not impressing us as the work of a great scholar, the book gives a good deal of interesting data in a popular way. The form of the volume as a piece of book-making leaves, however, much to be desired.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Other Truth about the Dakotas. RATS ! No rats in Dakota ! Our native kangaroo rats and prairie mice do not domesticate readily, but the omnipresent rat of civilization follows close upon the heels of the settler. He does not tell how he gets here, but here he is ; and, like our Poland-Chinas, fatter, plumper, larger, and healthier than in other climes. I got tired of nailing bits of old tin over the holes the rats made through my back-shed floor. They were there at all hours of the day and night. Before sitting down to breakfast I set a "dead-fall," made of a rough board. After breakfast I looked in. The fall was down, but nowhere touched the floor. Under it were three immense rats, dead for want of breath. Before noon six more were added to the pile. But the supply seems never to diminish, although often a whole brood of young chickens will disappear in a few days.

Cocks do not crow in Dakota ! No ? Well, in twenty-two years' experience I have seen some lovely birds silenced, at least temporarily. I had one that spent his time crowing and bullying everything in sight. But one morning an irreverent son rebelled, and the fight continued till noon, with varying success. At last, however, youth triumphed, and the old bird was mute for days, and I think never crowed again without first satisfying himself that his conqueror was not near. He hung around at a safe distance from the flock, looking tired and dejected, — "driven out of the herd," like many a mangy, stiff old buffalo bull I have seen on the plains ; a picture so human and sad that one never forgets it, and when he sees his fellow-man at his lowest the thought comes to him, "driven out of the herd." It sometimes happens, too, that fowls are poorly housed in winter, and lose their toes and combs by freezing. This may have been the case with the bird that figured in the Club for March. A cock does not crow while his toes and comb are sloughing off ; but after they have dropped, and he is well again, he will strut around on his stumps and crow as lustily as ever. He crows just the same here as in Georgia, where I lived

when a boy. He even observes the same seasons, crowing at all hours of the night towards Christmas, which I used then to consider a matter of much religious significance. Finally, wherever eggs can be had the year round at from seven to twenty cents per dozen, cocks will grow and crow, and hens will lay and cackle, precisely as they do here.

People coming to the Dakotas from the eastern Atlantic lake regions rarely tire of praising our climate for its invigorating and health-giving qualities. During our brief summers the afternoon sun is often uncomfortably warm, but the nights are always cool and refreshing. I have never experienced a hot night in Dakota ; and if there is hot air, it is air shut up in a thin, heated cabin. One is rarely able to sit out long after nightfall without a wrap, even in the warmest weather. But no climate can please all. Even our 157° of temperature variation cannot do that, but 105° F. here is less depressing than 90° in New Orleans or Savannah. I have found horse-back riding very enjoyable at 20° below zero, and even at 52° below I have not found it necessary to neglect any duty ; for we rarely have wind at these low temperatures. As for the heat, you can seldom pass a full calendar month without feeling the need of a little fire in the morning, "to take the chill off." On the Fourth of July I sat through hours of sport with my overcoat buttoned to the neck, and at eleven p. m. saw the fireworks touched off by a man in a buffalo coat. When it comes to autumn, we can boast three months of the most charming weather known to man.

I have sometimes thought the neighing of the horse I was riding something of a nuisance, but the wind is my only real grievance, and even that is moderating with the settlement of the country, the growth of shade trees, and the increase of moisture, which, for some reason or other, has followed settlement in all our prairie States. I have sometimes wondered why people were not made insane by the long-continued gales which prevail at certain times, particularly in North Dakota ; but as I have not known any one to be made insane

thereby, and do not know that insanity is more frequent there than elsewhere, I infer that wind does not cause insanity. The fact that I, who hate it so, have so long endured it without becoming noticeably insane is valuable from a scientific standpoint.

It is a fact generally admitted "out West" that a man who has crossed the Rocky Mountains will lie, and I have sometimes feared that stopping in Dakota was but a limited safeguard, since I read in an Eastern paper of a settler here who reported his cellar blown away and lodged upon a tree in the Missouri River bottom! But one thing I hope the Club will accept as true: the people of South Dakota represent perhaps every State in the Union and every nation in Europe, and no community is more united in the belief that it possesses the "garden spot of the earth."

The First Americans in Europe. — If it is doubtful whether Co-

lumbus was the first European to land in America, it is equally doubtful whether the seven Indians he took back with him were the first Americans to land in Europe. In the first century B. C., some men, taken by the Romans for Hindoos, who had been carried round by the Arctic regions, were cast ashore on the Belgic coast, and some modern writers fancy they may have been Caribbee Islanders. Gomara speaks of savages wrecked on the German coast in the reign of Frederick Barbarossa (1152-90), and Æneas Sylvius, apparently relating the same event, talks of an Indian (Hindoo) trading-vessel being captured in German waters. These statements, however, are too vague to warrant positive conclusions. In any case, such involuntary visitors were not known at the time to be denizens of a new world, any more than the Northmen knew of their having discovered such a world. To Columbus, therefore, remains the honor of introducing Americans to Europe; and we may fancy the curiosity of the crowds who collected, as he passed on his way from Palos to Barcelona with seven Indians (others had died at sea) carrying green and variegated parrots, and other wonderful objects never before seen in Castile. There may have been equal curiosity on the part of the Indians, who were baptized with great solemnity at Barcelona, King Ferdinand and his son, Prince John, being spon-

sors for two of them, their namesakes. The prince took his godson into his service, but the young stranger was destined to an early grave; "the first of his race," says Herrera, "to enter heaven." The others were sent to Seville, to be trained as missionaries and interpreters; but when Columbus, on his second voyage, sent one of them ashore at San Domingo to report the marvels and kindnesses of his hosts, the envoy never returned. Either his fine apparel and trinkets caused him to be murdered, or the love of liberty was too strong for him. Three others, apparently, had died, and but one was left, whom Columbus had named after his brother, Diego Colon, and who, remaining with the Spaniards, has been sometimes confused with his homonym.

Columbus, on his second voyage, sent home to Spain not only a young Jamaican, so anxious to visit Europe that, to escape kinsmen's remonstrances, he hid himself in the ship, but five hundred captives, who, he suggested, should be sold as slaves at Seville. Alas that Americo-European intercourse should so soon lose its romance! Queen Isabella, who was relentless enough to Jews and Moors, but had strictly enjoined humanity towards the Americans, seems to have been alone in demurring to the suggestion; yet her scruples were dispelled, or at least silenced, by her ecclesiastical advisers. Whether the three "savages" exhibited in London and introduced to Henry VII. in 1502 were Americans or negroes is not clear. The romantic element reappears for a moment in 1508, when a French ship picked up near the English coast a small boat, made of bark and osiers, containing seven men of medium height, darkish hue, and attired in fish (seal?) skins and painted straw caps. Their broad faces, with their habit of eating raw flesh and drinking blood, would imply that they were Eskimos; but it is difficult, as in the cases already cited, to conceive of a boat drifting across the Atlantic with sufficient stores of food to avoid cannibalism. Cardinal Bembo, the sole authority for the story, adds, however, that six of them died, — which may mean that they had been starving, — and that the sole survivor was taken to Louis XII.

Thus far transatlantic visitors had not been seen or interrogated by men capable of more than a superficial curiosity, but the

interest increases when the interviewer is Montaigne, and when he not only asks them about their own country, but elicits from them the first American opinion on Europe. He does not specify the date, but it must have been in October, 1562, and here is his account : —

“ Three of them, unaware how costly to their tranquillity and happiness would be the knowledge of our corruptions, and how from such intercourse would spring their ruin, already, I suppose, far advanced, — pitiable for having been deluded by the thirst for novelty, and for having quitted their mild sky to come and see ours, — were at Rouen at the time the late King Charles IX. was there. The king had a long talk with them. They were shown our way of living, our pomp, and the arrangements of a fine town. After this some one asked their opinion, wishing to know what they thought most wonderful. They mentioned three things ; the third, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten, but I still remember two. They said, in the first place, they thought it very strange that so many bearded, strong, and armed men round the king [they probably spoke of his Swiss guards] should submit to obey a child [Charles IX. was then twelve years of age], instead of choosing one of their own number to command. Secondly, — they have a way of calling men ‘ halves ’ of one another, — they had noticed that there were among us men loaded with all sorts of luxuries, while their ‘ halves ’ were beggars at their gates, emaciated with hunger and poverty. They thought it strange that these needy ‘ halves ’ could tolerate such an injustice, and that they did not seize the others by the throat or set fire to their houses. I talked a good while with one of them, but I had an interpreter who was so dull at seeing what I wanted to know that I could extract little. When I asked him what advantage he derived from his preëminence among his people (for he was a captain, and our sailors styled him ‘ king ’), he told me he marched in front in war. Asked how many men followed him, he showed me what space they would fill, implying four or five thousand men. Asked whether, during peace, he had no authority, he said there remained this : that when he visited villages under his sway paths were made for him through the woods, so that he could pass easily. All

this is not amiss, but then they do not wear breeches.”

This last touch is quite Montaignesque. But Montaigne’s knowledge of America did not end here. He had long in his service a man who had spent ten or twelve years in Brazil, and who introduced to him several sailors and merchants who had voyaged with him. These informants stated that the Americans scarcely knew sickness or the infirmities of age ; that they had dwellings accommodating two or three hundred persons ; that they slept singly in hammocks, and had only one daily meal, but drank several times a day a claret-colored beverage made from a root ; that they spent much time in dancing, hunted wild beasts with bow and arrow, and believed in a paradise and a hell. They had priests living in the mountains, who, on their occasional visits, inculcated valor and conjugal fidelity, and made predictions, which if proved false by events exposed them to being cut to pieces. They had wars with the mountaineers, each warrior bringing back the head (scalp ?) of an enemy, to be suspended over his door. They roasted and ate their prisoners, after keeping them and treating them well for some months. Montaigne even gives the earliest specimen of American literature, a song in which a prisoner taunts his jailers, telling them that in eating him they will simply be eating the flesh of their own ancestors, on which he himself had feasted. He likewise quotes a stanza of a love song, which he pronounces Anacreontic. These particulars, which inspire Montaigne with a variety of reflections and parallels, are, as hearsay, less interesting and trustworthy than his own interview at Rouen, and it is evident that his informants indulged in the travelers’ license of embellishment ; but his picture of a people without private property, trade, literature, corn, or wine, as well as without dissimulation or envy, was almost literally incorporated by Shakespeare into *The Tempest* (Act II. Scene i.). It is curious, by the way, to see some of the customs thus attributed by Montaigne to the Brazilians, and adopted by Shakespeare in *Gonzalo’s Utopia*, revived by Mr. Belamy for the American paradise of the twentieth century.

Montaigne regretted that America had not been discovered by the ancient Greeks, so that Lycurgus and Plato might have wit-

nessed a commonwealth surpassing all their ideals, and the natives might have escaped Spanish barbarities. His interest in the New World is in striking contrast with the indifference of Bacon and of Shakespeare. In his *Henry VII.* Bacon curtly mentions the discovery, and Shakespeare, though he makes Ariel "fetch dew from the still-vex'd Bermoothes," ignores the discovery, except that in *The Comedy of Errors* Dromio compares the kitchen-wench Nell's nose to America and the Indies. Nevertheless, Shakespeare, through the passage borrowed from Montaigne, is indirectly associated with America; nor should we forget that 1892, the fourth centenary of Columbus's discovery, is the third centenary of Montaigne's death.

Hens and their — The Poetical Works of Miss Laureate. Nancy Luce, of West Tisbury, Dukes County, Massachusetts: thin, yellow, undeciduous, the wondrous volume lies before us, the sincerest exposition of a soul. No old-world Elzevir is like unto this. Fronting the first page is a pasted photograph of the author, a slender woman, in nunlike black, against the straight high back of a chair, with her faded face of Puritan length bound in a bandana, and her arms fondly clasping a hen, which figures in the ornate childish capitals below as "T. T. B. Pinky." The bard wears an expression at once delicate and disconsolate, not unrelieved by an air of proud motherly solicitude. In the breast so close and kind to Pinky, the engaging biped, is hidden the patient tragedy of the Cape and of New England. Such a meek dark face as it is, droll and piteous, as of Sappho and Aspasia pent in,—the look of one who starves in arid intellectual soil, and who might, under any other than the present cosmic conditions, be guilty of a dangerous degree of intelligence, not giving up to poultry, surely, what was meant for mankind.

In these her complete and published works Miss Nancy utters what is within her. Boldly doth the barnyard abut upon the City of the Shining Ones, for her hold is strong upon both, and ornithology and theology run into each other like Giorgione's light and shadow. I am not sufficiently versed in hymn lore to know anything further of many intermittent strophes than that they are equal to those of

Wesley and of Dr. Watts, if they be not rather bone of their bone. Every now and then rises a spurt of sacred eloquence, as if a singing seraph had dropped suddenly among the heathen bipeds, to drown the trivial gossip of the nests with —

"The meek that lie despised in dust
Salvation shall adorn!"

Miss Nancy's profaner lyrics are of a sweeping Whitmanesque character, their dominant note being the iteration that

"The greatest sin is to cruel the poor harmless dumb creatures," —

a tenet common to Charles II. of England (who lived up to that, and down to everything else), and to the liegemen of the affectionate Eastern religions, who hold "that the soul of our grandam may haply inhabit a bird." "Be clever to them," is Miss Nancy's burden, and "be kind;" for you are to understand that

"The full rank of evil ones wants all to be murders,
And deceit, and contrariness, and so on,
And plague everybody they can."

"If the will of God," she says in prose, "could be done in full, it would be a great happiness among dumb creatures, and human, too." This is the soundest philosophy. "The full rank of evil" is of our own recruiting, with the divine will, though not the divine toleration, foursquare against it. *Nos, nos, dico aperte, nos consules desumus!* And so honor is pushed to the wall, and so savages and hares and song-birds suffer. Since the cordial universal truce exists not, to one poet, at least, avenging comforts are in store. "If any one is cruel to dumb creatures, they will go to everlasting punishment, and have the greatest punishment." Sinners will be "cut asunder hereafter;" and alas, they must "gnash their teeth in agony." Mark the insistent snap of these phrases. It may be assumed that the "dumb creatures," the plaintiffs, mean hens. Evidently no cat lies, with a charming indolent grace, by the West Tisbury hearthstone; no vigilant collie parades the fields about. Cows, on presumptive evidence, there be, for in Miss Nancy's lists of recipes for such shocks as hen-flesh is heir to cures for bovine ailments figure; and as for horses, we quote one graphic sighing stanza: —

"I have had horses to run under me
So that the ground looked
All in black and white streaks!"

But hens do verily abound, a clucking and prinking host, to waft their mistress on to Parnassus. The moment prosody reaches them she becomes fluent, direct, elegiac. What is of most interest in these shrewish fowl is the manner of their several dissolutions; and to them, with a sorrow which does not cloud her circumspection, the Muse turns in chronological order. Hear this, with its sudden incomparable attack and plunge into the annals of the deceased:—

"She was catching grasshoppers and crickets
In the forenoon smart.
At twelve o'clock she was taken sick,
And grew worse.
I gave her a portion of Epsom salts,
With a little black pepper in it;"

and—steady, ladies and gentlemen!—

"I wept over her that afternoon;
I prayed to the Lord to save me her life."

"Poor Pinky's wit, and she loved me so well;
Them was the reasons
I set so much by her;
And I raised her in my lap, too.
I raised her in my lap:
She loved me dreadful dearly."

And the epitaph, duly cut in the stone, is as finished and as fitted to its subject as Theocritus could have made it:—

"She was my own heart within me.
She had more than common wit.
She is taken from the evil to come."

Then there was "Beauty Linna," a young person of the same plummy persuasion, for whose sake, saith the poet, "I never took off none of my clothes for eighteen days and nights." And of the prodigy "Ada Queetie," who "could do fifty-four wonderful cunning things" ("Poor Sissy," it seems, could do thirty-nine), we read with grave interest:—

"She died in my arms at twelve o'clock at night. Oh, heart-rending!"

Poor little heart! she used to jump down to the door to go out;
She would look around, and call to me to go with her.
She found I could not go; she would come in again,
And loved her dear friendly so well she could not go out and leave me!"

"Tweedle Tedel Bebee Pinky's" name reminds one of a Spanish infanta's christening. There is a subtle distinction in the nomenclature of some of these feathery

folk, and character in each. What a fine Magyar tang has "Jantie Jafy"! You would say she had been at Szegedin with Kossuth in '49. "Feleanyo Appe," "Kálally Roseiekey," "Levendy Ludandy,"—what a gypsy breadth and breeziness in all these! And there is "Meleany Teatolly," as if in whimsical reminiscence of an Irishman who had signed the pledge.

Peace to all good hens! Some of these have been mild egg-laying ghosts for five and thirty years, in a little world where no hawks are, where society is more vegetarian, and where fifty-four terrene accomplishments may still have their happy round of development and variation. Peace, likewise, to their lady, who, though "dreadful wore down" and "murdered alive" with long sicknesses and with the cares of missionary-in-ordinary to sagacious fowl, had yet charity for "professing inhabitants" and for "all the troubled in the wide world around"! In mid-September of 1888 she was translated; *avolavit*, as Cotton Mather cunningly says of his Duxbury divine, the Rev. Ralph Partridge. The death of "Ada Queetie," sings the Friendly in her blank verse, very humbly and innocently,

"was the first cause
Of my seeking after God."

And since her spirit afterwards cried aloud to "be landed in the best place," we imagine that Miss Nancy's paradise is to be shared with old loves, and that they and she, as ran her own stanch prophecy, have met together in some astrologer's willing star.

Tread lightly; for this is not unholy ground, and ours are no derisive gusts of laughter. Such power forever has the gracious reach of love; it can never entirely be burlesqued and wasted, "though some of it fall unseen and on barrenness." Heart's babble is the real Volapük. Austere Mary, the queen, cherishes a mishap, and stands with "Calais" graven on her breast; and when a woman of the nineteenth century faces the ages, and reveals the blazon of "Tweedle Tedel Bebee Pinky," they understand her also, and smile tenderly, and think that memory may not always be to the most memorable, save in the vagaries of private definition.

Let radiant Pallas keep her owl, so that among us giddy Greeks it shall never lack

reverence. But the spouse of Chanticleer should likewise be apart and anointed (avaunt, thou fragrant vision of giblets!), to strut, saved, before mythologists, as *avis lucis*, — Miss Nancy Luce's bird.

My First Disillusionment. — Among the trials of a sensitive and imaginative childhood, not the least is the hollow misery which comes with repeated disillusionment. However it may have appeared since, it was no jesting matter when the discovery was made that there was no Santa Claus other than the multiple loving-kindness of one's elders, that we might have saved the tears we shed for the Babes in the Wood for some better authenticated tragedy, and that no birds were ever caught by saline artifice.

I well remember the first great disenchantment which fell to my lot. One sad day I went to Boston, where I was placed by my father in charge of a maiden lady of years and oracularity. After a sojourn of some weeks, I returned to my home in Staten Island, the poorer by a revelation, — a revelation that laid low all my dreams of martial prowess, all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. It had been explained to me at Cambridge, under the shadow of Harvard University, that a soldier was *nothing but a man*; that is, a *man dressed up to look like a soldier*. This was the beginning of my disillusionment, and no round-eyed child ever mourned the unhappy scissors-gash which let the sawdust out of a pet doll as I mourned this descent from romance to reality. A soldier was nothing but a man! I speedily imparted to the junior members of my family the melancholy tidings, and was listened to with incredulity. "Yes, yes," said my youngest brother, aged four, brandishing a toy gun,

"but how could you make your face look like a soldier?" Here logic was at fault, physiology had no answer, and I stood humbly convicted of that greatest of rhetorical crimes, — the attempt to prove too much.

At this critical juncture of my moral evolution a recent war had imparted unusual interest to the soldier; militia regiments were ostentatiously displaying their hardihood on all possible occasions; and it was to those stragglers who drifted in our direction, in full uniform, that we owed such glimpses of military life as were then vouchsafed us. But it was not long permitted us to revel in our innocent hero-worship. The martial myth and demigod suffered a steady disintegration, even in the faith of the most confident among our little band of believers, until at last we were all united in the unwelcome rationalism of my unfortunate Bostonian ingraftment: we were sorrowfully agreed that a soldier, after all, was but a man, dress he never so nicely.

Something of a metaphorical value subtly attached itself to this little experience of disillusionment. In days long after, when the gray mists of doubt had rolled over my benumbed senses, when the vast array of unanswered questions, of unsolved problems, of insoluble mysteries, had accumulated, until life seemed but a maze of uncertainties, how often would I have been glad to go back to that era when our superiors in martial regimentals were something more than mere men, now that all appeal whatsoever had to be brought, in some guise or other, to another *man*, — to one who, were he statesman, poet, philosopher, theologian, metaphysician, scientist, was "nothing but a man dressed up"!